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*Igerne and Other Writings*



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Igerne, and  
Other Writings





Igerne and Other Writings  
of  
Arthur Handly Marks

*With an Introduction by*

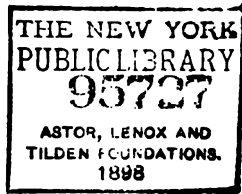
Bishop Thomas F. Gailor

New York  
The De Vinne Press  
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*1897*

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TO

**ALBERT S. MARKS**

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED IN MEMORY  
OF HIS FATHER, WITH THE HOPE THAT THE PURITY  
OF THOUGHT AND NOBILITY OF SENTIMENT  
THAT FILL ITS PAGES MAY INSPIRE HIM  
TO HIGH ENDEAVORS

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## Introduction



## INTRODUCTION

IN the summer of the year 1882 I attended for the first time the commencement exercises of the University of the South, and heard the contest in oratory between the members of the two literary societies. The speeches of the students were generally admitted by the distinguished men on the Board of Trustees to be the very best they had ever heard on such an occasion; and yet one of them was easily first in maturity of thought, in beauty of expression, and in grace and dignity of delivery. I remember very well the impression made on me by this remarkable oration. The subject was "The Dignity of Human Nature." The speaker was a boy of seventeen. He spoke with the ease of a veteran debater. His language was perhaps rather unrestrained and exuberant in its poetic warmth and color, but there was no violation of good taste in either the form or substance of the composition. It was a poem, and the boy was a poet. There was no doubt in my mind about that; and I thought of the years to come when the genius in this youth would grow, through the dis-

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cipline of education and experience, into its perfect flower.

I became the chaplain of the university, and Arthur Marks and I were warm friends. He was a good student in the departments that appealed to him. He could not help dreaming. He loved to translate the Odes of Horace and imitate the meters of the poet, but he did not exhibit much enthusiasm for the technical subtleties of the syntax. He was passionately fond of speaking and writing for the Pi Omega Literary Society, of which he was a popular and devoted member. When he was elected in 1884 to represent Sewanee in the annual intercollegiate oratorical contest at Nashville, he told me, "I know that I shall win it, for I do love Sewanee, and shall do my very best." The oration that he delivered on that occasion came hot from the anvil. His soul was in it. You could feel the throb of his heart in the sentences. He and I went out alone on the night before the contest, and in the moonlight, at one of the views, he spoke the oration for me. I wondered then whether he would live to show the full maturity of his powers. But it was not to be. He had hardly begun to do his real work—had, indeed, not written a line of what he would have called his matured message to men—when he was called home, at the age of twenty-eight years.

Arthur Handly Marks was born on the 28th of March, 1864, at La Grange, Ga. His father, Colonel Albert S. Marks, of the Seventeenth Ten-

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nessee (Confederate) Infantry, and his mother, Miss Novella E. Davis, of Wilson County, Tennessee, had been married April 29, 1863, under peculiar and romantic circumstances. Colonel Marks had been badly wounded at the battle of Murfreesboro—so badly that one of his legs had to be amputated. His betrothed, Miss Davis, was living at the time with her uncle, General J. M. Knight, of Marshall County, in order to be within the Confederate lines. After Colonel Marks's recovery the "military wedding" was celebrated, and Colonel Marks took his bride to La Grange, Ga. She remained in the South after Arthur's birth until the close of the war permitted her to return to Tennessee, where Colonel Marks immediately resumed the practice of law at his old home in Winchester, Franklin County.

Colonel Marks was a chancellor and afterward governor of Tennessee, and was a man renowned for his ability and strength of character. He was a direct descendant of the old Marks family of Loudon County, Virginia, one of his kinsmen having married a sister of Thomas Jefferson, and his father, Elisha Marks, being a colonel of militia and a well-known member of the Lewis-Clark expedition into Kentucky. His paternal grandmother was Miss Daniel, of Virginia, and his mother a near relative of Colonel Arthur S. Colyar, after whom his first child, Arthur, was named. Mrs. Marks, who survives her husband and son, is the great-granddaughter of Evan Davis,

## Introduction

who fought at the battle of Kings Mountain, and who was related to the ancestors of Jefferson Davis. The Davis family has been prominent in Wilson County for generations, and several members of it distinguished themselves in the service of the Confederacy. Mrs. Marks is also a direct descendant of John Williamson, who fought at the age of fifteen in the War of the Revolution under General Greene, and great-grandniece of Colonel Thomas Williamson, who served with General Jackson at New Orleans. Thus Arthur might well have exchanged confidences with Mr. Lowell (see the letters) about his forbears.

The town of Winchester, in Franklin County, is one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful towns of Tennessee. It lies at the foot of the Cumberland range, and, especially in the early springtime, it glows with the brightness of green hills and sparkling waters. Here the boy grew to manhood. From the first he showed himself a child of nature, and his fancy reveled in the scenery that surrounded him. He went through the usual course of schooling, perhaps with more than ordinary advantages, because the town of Winchester has ever prided itself on its educational facilities. He studied Greek and Latin and Mathematics, but devoured poetry—the poetry of books and of the rocks and streams. Whenever he spoke in after years of his education, he always said that his mother molded him both intellectually and morally in those early years more completely than all his professional instructors.

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In the summer of 1881, at the age of seventeen, he was entered as a junior student in the University of the South at Sewanee, on the plateau of the Cumberland, overlooking his own home. There, on the mountain-top, in an atmosphere that was morally, intellectually, and physically exhilarating, he spent three busy and happy years. He had the love of his professors and fellow-students. He was awarded the highest prize for oratory. He had the honor and satisfaction of successfully representing his university in a contest with other institutions. He received from the literary society to which he belonged the highest award that was in the power of its members to bestow—a diploma and medal testifying to his unswerving loyalty and his distinguished ability. He did not elect the courses necessary to a degree, but, having taken his diplomas in the schools which he had chosen, he left Sewanee in 1884, and went to Baltimore, taking a special course at the Johns Hopkins University in Greek, History, and English Literature. In the fall of 1885 he returned to Tennessee and entered upon the study of law in his father's office at Nashville. The following spring ex-Governor Porter, Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Cleveland, offered him a position in the consular service, and he went immediately to Washington and received the appointment, with the congratulations of the authorities upon his very brilliant examination. This was the opportunity he craved—to see and know the Old World. At



## Introduction

the end of a month he was assigned to the consulate at London, where he spent a year with Governor Waller, and then was transferred, at his own request, to Berlin with General Raine. While in Germany he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Mary Hunt, of Nashville, Tenn., who was then traveling on the Continent, and in a short while became engaged to her. He resigned his position in the autumn, and married Miss Hunt at Stirling, Scotland, November 13, 1888. The following February he returned to Tennessee, and with his young wife took up his residence at "Hundred Oaks," the old home in Winchester. There in the quiet of his library, enriched now with the many rare and valuable books he had gathered in his travels,—in the environment that he loved, away from the glare and tumult of the city,—he devoted himself to the improvement of the old place and to those literary pursuits for which he believed his gifts and temperament specially fitted him. He went much among the people in the immediate vicinity, and became very popular with all classes. From time to time he accepted invitations to lecture, and more than once gave public expression of his interest in political matters. His three years' residence in Europe had steadied and enlarged his mental vision, and he realized the necessity of patient and serious preparation before venturing to publish anything of acknowledged and permanent value. His religious convictions had been deepened and intensified, and he spoke often with his bishop

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about his life and his future. But the end had come. In the summer of 1892 he was making a visit with his wife and his little son to his mother at Montecagle, and was stricken with typhoid fever, which defied all the care of the nurse and the physician; and he fell asleep on the 7th of September, aged twenty-eight years, five months, and nine days.

It was my sad privilege to officiate at the funeral. The authorities of the university at Sewanee granted leave of absence to any of the students who wished to be present, and the surpliced choir volunteered unanimously to act as an escort. So we laid him away, with the solemn service of the Church, in the soil of the "red-clay hills" that he loved so well, and he waits for the resurrection.

The selections from his writings that are published in this volume represent not the labor, but the pastime, of his youth. They will appeal to the multitude of his friends who loved and admired him, and who will be glad to have even these fragments in a permanent form. I have not read them—I could not read them—with the eye of the critic, to correct and edit them. That is the work of other hands. I have written just as I feel about one of my "old boys." And behind every sentence on these printed pages I see the face and form of the bright and happy lad, full of life and hope and humor, his heart responsive to every new impression, his mind keenly sensitive beyond his years to all that was beautiful and true, his life so rich in

## Introduction

promise, his enthusiasm so contagious because so real. And I ask myself, Has it failed? Shall some broken column or shattered urn symbolize for us this career cut short, these high hopes vanished? Ah, no! we repudiate the pagan falsehood; and we say, This life was the beginning; yonder is the end. Death is but a birth, a translation, an awakening to higher activities of service. What seemed to fail here shall have unlimited opportunity of fulfilment there. Permanent loss and permanent incompleteness are incompatible with the life in Him who said, "Let not your hearts be troubled," and, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

THOMAS F. GAILOR.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

February 4, 1897.

**Igerne**  
**A Legend of the Mountains**



From "Cap and Gown," 1883 (published at Sewanee for the  
University of the South).



## IGERNE

### A LEGEND OF THE MOUNTAINS

“Burn this lump of spice;  
Its fumes will make thee drunk, and with a sight  
Strangely excited thou canst see undines  
Drenching their weedy locks in mountain springs,  
Gnomes skulking through dim, shady caves, and sylphs  
Swimming the winds in airy loveliness.”

*The Rosicrucian.*

AROUND the old mountain's neck spring had thrown her arms of tender green. She lay upon his woody bosom like a bride; her sweet, warm breath was on his rugged cheek, and down his rough sides, even to his rocky feet, descended her trailing garments of interlacing vines and moss and ferns. I love the mountains, whether they are clad in the rustic robes of summer, or winter has thrown over them his robe of white, or yet autumn his golden one; but most of all do I love them when the spirit of spring comes among their crags, as a love of a woman may come among the stern energies of a man; when the vast and lonesome spirit which sleeps and dreams among their

## Igerne, and Other Writings

echo-haunted hollows wakes and, more than Argus-eyed, opens along the hillsides a thousand blue-violet eyes.

On an afternoon in this delightful season of the year I went out alone to a spot on the western brow of the mountain to see the sunset. It was a favorite haunt of mine. I used frequently to bring my books there, for it was pleasantly shaded by a broad oak-tree and beautifully carpeted with moss. It was near a precipice, over whose rugged brow, a little way off, dashed a clear mountain spring, which, falling on the rocks below, was spattered into a thousand crystal drops, each one of which, as seen in the reddening sun, appeared to have a budding rainbow in its quivering heart. Spread out below me lay the broad, fan-shaped valley. In its lap nestled the little village of Cowan, the smoke of whose furnace streamed lazily upward, gradually mingling its misty blue with the infinite azure. Away off beyond it, like the uttermost barrier of the earth, stretched a dim blue chain of mountains, while immediately to my right a ridgy spur ran out from the main range some distance into the valley, and made it appear that the mountain upon which I stood was about to extend a hand in greeting to its gigantic and distant brother.

My cigar was out; I struck a match and relit it, and as I threw the blazing splinter from me it fell in a drift of dead leaves, which it set into instant flames. I stood by, watching the fiery conflagration creep from leaf to leaf until my attention was

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attracted by a rustling in the boughs overhead. I looked up, and saw a small yellowbird picking at what in other respects was a common oak puff-ball, except that its color, instead of the usual grayish brown, was a vivid purple. I observed that the bird, after every two or three strokes, would be seized with a trembling, and, shutting its eyes, would remain motionless for a few moments as if recovering from the effects of an intoxication. I concluded that a freak of nature had secreted in the ball a narcotic or some other stimulant so powerful that even its smell was able to make the bird dizzy. This idea had no sooner become settled in my mind than by a vigorous stroke the ball was torn from the spot upon which it had grown, and fell immediately downward into the drift of blazing leaves. I would have rescued it, but it began to burn as soon as it touched the fire. A dense blue vapor streamed up from it to about the height of a man's shoulder, and then, descending, took the form of a fountain of smoke. A rich, heavy perfume so permeated the air that it was with difficulty that I breathed it. It affected me with a sensation akin to that which accompanies a deep inhalation from an opium-pipe. My spirit, like the genie in the fable when released from the brazen cask, seemed to expand until it mingled with the sky. My senses became abnormally acute. The leaves of the tree overhead, which shook with a slight breeze, sounded to me as if agitated by a hurricane, and the patter of the cascade of which



## Igerne, and Other Writings

I spoke was magnified into the roar and rumble of a cataract. It was my sense of sight that was most excited. Far off—many miles in the valley—I could distinctly see every lamb in a flock of sheep which before had seemed simply a conglomerated blot on the landscape. The blades of grass at my feet had lost their glossy greenness and become mottled with spots of brown and yellow. I appeared to be closer to nature than I had ever before been able to get, even with the strongest microscope.

Suddenly the fountain of smoke which was boiling before me became a mountain of fire, and then, as if touched by a wind, it waved in every direction its sheets of amethystine light. "What a garment for a mountain sylph!" I involuntarily exclaimed as I looked upon the lucent scarfs of flame. I had no sooner uttered the words than, inwreathed in the flowing vapors, I saw the outlines of a female form. At my bidding some unearthly creature had taken possession of the beautiful raiment. From the vague hints of her personal appearance which my eye was able to gather, I knew she was very lovely. She was the size of an ordinary woman, but no mortal woman ever had a face like hers, except, perhaps, Eve before her fall. There dwelt in it, like the shadow of heaven in a lake, a look of perfect purity. Her golden hair, which had in it a rich, tawny tinge, rippled like Lady Godiva's in the picture, over a form that might have been taken from a sculptor's dream; and the spirit-like

## Igerne

whiteness of her brows, and the dim rosiness of her twilight cheek, in which there was the shadowy hint of a dimple, reminded me of Virgil's Venus vanishing from the eyes of Æneas. Her luminous eyes (which all the time had the appearance of being about to bud into something radiant and strange) were bent on me with a look of intense interest.

"Beautiful creature," said I, "if you are not a vision, and can speak, tell me what you are."

Her dim lips moved with a reply, and with my soul, not with my ears, I seemed to hear her say:

"I am a spirit of the air."

"And have you a name or a home?" I asked after a pause.

"I am called Igerne," she replied, "and my home is there." And she turned her eyes answeringly upon the craggy hillsides around her and the cloud-haunted air above. And after that I was silent; I did not move. I scarcely dared to think, for fear of breaking the charm which had admitted me into the presence of this beautiful being. I had not before thought that the earth contained such loveliness; at least, I knew it was not to be found in the drawing-rooms of fashion. I had dreamed that a wanderer among verdurous glooms perchance might surprise the spirit of beauty asleep upon a bank of moss, and I felt that I had been the one of whom I had dreamed; for what else than the very spirit of beauty was she who stood before me with her violet eyes bent on me with a look so earnest and strange?

## Igerne, and Other Writings

With every feeling of admiration there is twin-born a desire to possess the object that attracts us. They are as inseparable as sunlight and shadow. Therefore it was that my soul stretched out its arms toward Igerne with a deep longing, for a love of her had flushed my whole being as morning may redden the hills. Could this radiant creature ever be mine? This was the question which I tremblingly asked myself. And something said to me, "No; it may not be. The difference between your nature and hers is as wide as the gulf which separates star from star." And I said, "It is so; but still I will hope, for have I not seen the rainbow stretch its golden bridge from star to star? And however wide apart we are, may not love stretch its sympathy from my heart to hers?"

And I spoke to the maiden, saying, "Tell me, strange being, what the difference is between you and me."

"You are dust and I am air," she replied. "You tread the earth; I swim the winds. You are nourished by flesh and fruits; your wine is the crimson blood of the grape. I feed on odors and sweet sounds, and the wine I drink is the purple light of the sunrise. I quaff it from violet blooms for cups, and see how all my goblets have become empurpled from my drafts. Your race is the child of cities and science. It thirsts to know all things and seems to feel nothing. Perfect knowledge is the vision of its dreams, and, that it may at last realize this vision, God has given it unending life, so that

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when the eye of the sage is weak from reading by the dim lamps here, he may take his books to the sky with him and there study on forever by the light of the burning stars. We, on the other hand, are the children of nature and poetry. We feel rather than think; instead of knowing, we love. And as love, like a bursting rose, may attain its consummation in an hour and spread every one of its scented leaves to the air, we have no need for an immortal life. In the perfection of love all the purposes of eternity are accomplished by us here, and therefore we die utterly when we die. We simply cease to be—sink away and are no more. But oh, how often before that deep forgetfulness comes do we in single moments of burning passion outlive the frozen-hearted children of earth thousands of years!"

She paused; her wonderful eyes dilated with the enthusiasm with which she spoke, and her slender form, swaying to and fro, was outlined with perfect distinctness against the purple sky behind her, from which the sun had sunk, and which was already garnished with a delicate crescent moon and a few attendant stars.

"And do the members of your beautiful race," I asked, "never love others than their own kind? Did the bosom of any of you ever warm toward an inhabitant of the earth?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And who of you have thus loved?" I asked again.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

"She who speaks to you; I have thus loved."

"And what fortunate man was the beloved?"

"You."

I was almost suffocated with the emotions which immediately took possession of my bosom. I thrilled with joy to think that what she said was true. Yet how could it be so? It was too sweet to believe. Such heavenly happiness could never happen to a mortal being.

"But, maiden, you are mocking me," said I. "You have never seen me before."

"I have known you long," she replied. "The spirit of yonder little stream is my brother, and often in the sultry afternoons, when the air was palpitating with the heat and I would take refuge under his cool, sedgy banks, I would see you lying in the shade of this tree reading, and always, by a spell I could not resist, was I drawn to you from my cool retreat. You did not see me as, sitting by your side, I read from the same page with you, for I am invisible to the dull eyes of earth's children, except when their senses are excited with the narcotic whose influence you now feel. I kissed your cheek and smoothed your hair, but you thought the wind had touched you, and the rustle of my robes you took for the sound of the waving grass. It was not your face that attracted me, for that was common enough. My vision was keen enough to look through your body upon your soul within; and as I beheld it glowing with all the ardors of poetry, beautiful with the touch of genius,

## Igerne

I loved you. And even now, as I am gazing within your soul, I see there a love for me unfolding like a flower, and I am very happy."

And I felt that what she said was true, for, like a garden in springtime, my whole being was growing redolent of her. But I could not put aside the thought that there was between us some strange and fatal difference, and, standing in her presence, I could not help the feeling that I was hopelessly far from her. And I said to her, "Beloved, can we not approach each other nearer than this? Is there no way you can come out of that dim world which you inhabit?"

"There is a way," she replied, "but it is a path that I fear to tread, for in so doing I must trust my whole happiness in the faithfulness of one human heart."

"In the faithfulness of what human heart?" I asked.

"Of yours," she replied.

And then she told me how, if I would swear to love her always, that the rulers of the dominion of twilight, in which she dwelt, would permit her to have a soul and to come into the world as a mortal woman; how that around her radiant spirit her sisters would weave a garment of clay such as mortals wear, and, as nearly as dust could be made to resemble her, it would be like the Igerne which I first saw and loved, and then she would come and be my wife. And after she had ceased speaking I said not a word, for I felt that her eye was

## Igerne, and Other Writings

looking into my heart and could see the immortal love that was there. And I took her shadowy hand in mine, and there, in the presence of the gloomy mountain and the glistening stars, I swore an oath, the words of which were whispered to me by an intelligence I knew not of, and its promises were deep and solemn; and when I had pronounced the last word of them a holy calm came over me. Love, like an albatross sleeping on outstretched wings, slumbered above the restless sea of passion, and instead of a burning desire to possess the radiant creature before me, I felt the sweet consciousness of having her. I know not how many hours of the night we stood there talking together, but it must have been near the break of day that, having questioned her concerning the secrets of nature, which had not been hidden from her, I was telling her of what I knew of the great world she was about to enter, when I observed a deep pallor to sweep over her features like a sudden sickness. The dimple faded from her cheek, and the rich tinge died away from her hair like the color from a withering marigold. What illness had seized her? Had her heart been so tender that a bare recital of some of the sorrows of the world had been able to kill her with sympathy? I opened my arms, and she floated into my embrace; but dimmer and dimmer grew the outlines of her form, and more indistinct the features of her face, until at last there remained nothing of her but the shadows of her violet eyes, but they were bent on me with ineffable

## Igerne

love; and then even they faded away, and my spirit dropped to the earth like a bird on a broken wing. I found myself alone amid the silence of the mountain. The trance had passed away, and I fell on my face in a deep swoon. When I awoke the sun was shining, and on a pile of burnt oak-leaves before me lay the cold and ashy hull of an oak puff-ball.

And I never saw Igerne again, although I haunted the spot where I had lost her, and called upon her so often that every rock that was near came to know her name. And I asked the little stream which she said was her brother if he knew where she was, but he ran on as before, talking to himself, and said no word to me; and I thought that he knew and would not tell me, and I grew angry, and, picking up a large stone, I dashed it into his crystal bosom; and it seemed that I had wounded him, for the dirt that arose from the bottom and mingled with the water had a bloody aspect to my eyes, and I grew sorrowful (for was he not her brother?), and, stooping over, I took out the rock, and soon the wound was stanchd, and the stream ran on as clear as before. But, search where I would, I found no token of her that I had lost; and at last hope became a darkness and memory a gloom.

Spring had departed; one time she arose, drew her trailing robes of vines and ferns around her, and went down the ravine—somewhere. Summer had come and gone; autumn was here. October



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had wrought a golden miracle upon the forest, and the mountains looked like vast billows of fire which, heaving tumultuously out of the seas of sunrise, had been petrified by some sudden earthquake terror; and, as if they had been real waves, there was upon the fields below a surf of yellow corn. The season which was just closing had been a very gay one. The loveliest daughters of the South had made Sewanee beautiful with their presence. The hotels had been crowded with visitors. Each day had been dedicated to some amusement, while every night had heard either the shuffling feet of dancers or the shouts of merry picnic parties ringing through the moon-lit woods. But I was unable to interest myself in the pastimes which proved a source of such delight to others. The melancholy which had settled over me would not yield to beauty's spells, and ball-room lights could not illuminate the shadows that darkened my soul. I lived in another world. The airy being that I had loved and lost had borne off to her dim abode, wherever it was, both my memory and my hope. I neglected my books and shunned all company. I would pull down the curtains of my windows, and there in my darkened room I would sit all day until night's shadowy presence fell upon the forest, and then I would go forth alone, to wander over the long, white, sandy roads that wind like gigantic serpents around the mountain's rocky shoulder, until, feeling the freshening hours of morning, I would seek some eastern eminence, and, sitting there, would watch

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the tide of darkness ebbing away and leave the morning star, like a pearl, glowing and palpitating on the golden sands of the dawn. But I felt that, sit and watch as long as I could, the darkness within would not ebb, and that if a morning star was there, it was hid so deep under the shadows that it could never shine.

Among the very few acquaintances I made that season was a young lady who, from the moment I first entered her presence, exerted a peculiar fascination over me. I never hinted to her the strange story I might have related, but at once, by a sort of intuition, she seemed to fall into a warm and womanly sympathy with the sorrow that was at my heart. It was on this account, perhaps, that she allowed me the familiar privilege of using her first name, and I knew her only as "Annie." I did not know where she was from; I had never inquired. I knew nothing of her, and cared to know nothing more of her, except that in her presence there was for me a rest and consolation which I could find nowhere else, and so, like a lotus-eater, I fed on the fruits of her sympathy until I had almost forgotten the shipwreck and the storm. I will not attempt to analyze the process by means of which I began to love the maiden of whom I speak. The heart knows as little of the philosophy of loving as does the falling star of gravitation. I only know that one day I realized, with a sensation of the deepest terror, that I was hopelessly in love with Annie. For was I not another's? Did I not

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belong to Igerne? True, I knew not where she was, but it was also true that, wherever she was, she was my bride. The unforgetful stars heard me swear the solemn oath with which I had wedded her, and the old mountain, too, had heard it through the fern-plumed caverns which are its ears. I felt beforehand all the sorrows of a love that could never be told, for I would fear to tell Annie that I loved her while the spirit of Igerne might be hovering in the air, listening to the words as they dropped from my perjured lips. I would not dare to kiss Annie when the wronged Igerne might be standing near, ready to curse every caress I gave her with some strange and wizard spell. The gloom which before had been shadowing my spirit gave way to a frantic desperation. The calmness of melancholy was succeeded by the frenzy of despair. Existence became a torture, every moment of which was accented with a pang; and at last I resolved to kill myself. I would flee forever from the presence of Annie and the temptation to break my oath, and throughout the land of shadows, into which he of the snaky wand would lead me, I would search for Igerne; perchance I should find her, and if not her, at least I would find there some Lethe in which I could drown the memories of a distracted soul.

I had never seen the features of Annie's face. She had an affection of the eyes which rendered it necessary that even the dimmest light should be excluded from them, and at the times I had been

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with her the veil which protected them had also concealed the rest of her countenance. But I knew that under that covering were features of surpassing loveliness, and I felt that to look upon them once would forever rivet the chains which had already been wound about my heart. I desired to feel the deepest agonies of despair ; I had a grim curiosity to taste the bitter dreg in the bottom of life's cup, and I resolved to look one time, before I slew myself, upon Annie's face, for I felt that then my love of her would be perfect, and consequently my unhappiness complete.

Therefore it was, on a night when the moon was dropping her soft splendors on valley and mountain, I led Annie forth to the spot where I had lost Igerne. Before us was spread out the fan-shaped valley, and far in the moon-lit distance slumbered the dim blue chain of mountains which I had thought was the utmost barrier of the world. A hush of death was in the air, broken only by the little stream (Igerne's brother), which still ran over the rough edge of the precipice, casting his sparkling waters far below into the rocky darkness. And I shuddered to think where those waters fell to, for there I intended to cast myself after I had taken the fatal look at the face of Annie. We sat down together on a broad rock, and I said : " Annie, for the sake of the friendship which is between us, I beg a boon of you, and it is that you let me look for one time upon your face." And she said not a word, but gently undid a corner of her veil,

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which as it dropped disclosed a cheek as fair as that of Psyche, which Eros kissed, and, falling farther, revealed a chin and mouth for the loveliness of which I have no words. And I sighed to think how awfully, fatally beautiful she was. But when the covering was completely removed, and I saw the spirit-like whiteness of her brows, and marked the rich, tawny tinge in her golden hair and the light in her violet eyes (that all the time had the appearance of being about to bud into something radiant and strange), my soul leaped up with a thrill of intense and unexpected joy; for the countenance which I beheld before me was that of my lost Igerne. And I ceased to think of the precipice and death and darkness, and began to think of life and love and hope. And she said: "For the sake of thy true love the powers that rule the dominions of twilight, in which I dwelt, have permitted me to have a soul and a human form, and to come into the world of men and be thy wife. Give me now all the love you ever had for Igerne, or for Annie, inasmuch as it all can never equal my love for you. I read of an Evangeline who followed her lover throughout the world. My love is greater even than hers; for the sake of it have I journeyed from one world into another." I would have spoken, but from excess of joy I was mute; and I arose and kissed her, feeling that love had united our hearts that once were far apart—that the two stars had melted into one. And far off over the valley the dim blue chain of mountains,

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which had once seemed the utmost barrier of the world, now seemed to be God's great arm stretching its almighty protection around the sleeping earth. And the silver moon swam slowly westward like a swan, oaring herself onward with transparent feet, which were webbed with patches of purple cloud; and overhead the little stars danced and glistened as if a portion of my happiness had ascended to them.



## **Through Death to Life**



The prize oration as representative of the Pi Omega Literary Society of  
the University of the South at the intercollegiate oratorical contest,  
Nashville, Tenn., May 2, 1884.

## THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE

THE world is full of death: the finger of the destroying angel is at every latch-string; his foot-tracks are in every path. Blossom and brier, fruit and thorn, he gathers them all. He strips ambition of her honors, and to love and misery alike he gives a pillow of autumn leaves. He knows no difference between king and peasant: the scepter of one is no more to him than the plow-handle of the other; he touches his dreamless slumbers to the eyelids of both, and they fall asleep, one on his throne and the other by his furrow.

A grave is a grave, it matters not whether it be in the bosom of a marble mountain or in the shade of a hawthorn-tree. The same silence, the same mystery, inhabits them both. Ask love what it all means, and she only flings a blossom on the bier and turns away. Ask sympathy, and she drops a tear on love's flower and stands by silently. Ask reason, and she shakes her head; coffin-lids are writ all over with mystic runes that reason cannot read; she understands not the pallor of that cheek that once had roses on it, nor the voicelessness of

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that lip that was once the home of music. It took a God to solve the Almighty's riddle of death, and Christ solved it in Joseph's sepulcher. It took Divinity to comfort the world of its funeral woes, and Jesus soothed them when he gave his omnipotent promise that he would send his angels to roll the stone from every tomb. Behold how even now Christ keeps his word! Death is always busy, but God's resurrection angel is as busy as he. And death knows it; for the miser locks his chest, and the farmer locks his crib, but death never locks a grave. The sun dies every day: he sinks to rest on a death-bed of glories, the spirits of twilight lower him into a star-graveled grave among the shadows, and you would think he was gone forever; but every morning the Almighty sends his angel to unlatch his tomb and let him out. Spring dies every year: her garlands turn to dust and her songs to silence; but the west wind remembers the mystic word that can revive her blossoms and her music.

Scientists say that the stars are burning out, that day's great lord is impoverishing himself by his prodigality to us. It is in the order of things. Christ died to give light to our souls; the sun is dying to give light to our eyes: all our light comes from death. Who can say that the days of miracles are past? More wonderful than the turning of water into wine is the Almighty's way of making sunbeams out of shadows; and the wonder becomes celestial when we think how, out of a few drops of drizzly rain and a handful of sunbeams, he makes

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a rainbow—gorgeous enough to be a bridge over one of heaven's rivers of glory. It is the Almighty's way of showing his omnipotence: rainbows from mist; humanity from dust; and immortality from the shadows of a tomb.

It is the same way in the world of ideas that it is in the world of trees and flowers: life lives on death; the morning-glories of this summer grow out of the dust of the dead forget-me-nots of the last. The notes of every new song have been sung before; oblivion is the nurse of novelty; and there is nothing new under the sun. Plato said that all knowledge was but remembrance. He spoke truer than he meant. It is out of the honeycombs of the past that the sweet promises of religion drip; science is the daughter of time; and philosophy is ever looking backward. Bacon was an Aristotle impelled by a new idea in a new direction; he differed from the Stagirite not in spirit, but in application of the spirit. The ancient atomists argued almost every point that has been sprung by modern materialism, so that a few scientific discoveries constitute the only difference between Democritus and Darwin. Ingersoll is Tom Paine in better language; Dante was a melancholy, bereaved Virgil who wrote in Italian; and Milton was a Christian Æschylus who, in his grand and rugged way, sang of Lucifer and Jehovah instead of Prometheus and Zeus. The blossoms of art and poetry, where do they grow? Their roots are around the shattered plinths of Greece. Whence do we derive our laws?

## Igerne, and Other Writings

From the Pandects of the Roman Justinian. Fitly, therefore, has Rome been called the "Niobe" of nations. She gives us our laws, but gives them in tears; she weeps for the criminals they are to condemn.

Thiers said that history was narration; Guizot said that history was analysis; Michelet said that history was resurrection. Michelet is right. Life is the divinest feature of the natural universe; the life of ideas is the most interesting part of history; and resurrection is the most wonderful part of life.

The age of tilts and tournaments has passed, but its spirit still survives. A gentleman is a knight without his armor. The crusades were ghastly failures. The offering which pious valor laid upon the Holy Sepulcher was bloody enough for Moloch. Hero and cause—they both perished; but God's great heart was touched, and he sanctified the reeking oblation of their fallen cause to the eternal uses of Christianity and of civilization—which is nothing but Christianity at work outside of a church. The armies of Rome met the armies of Greece at Corinth, and Rome conquered. Bleeding Hellas fell down among her beautiful hills and died; but the resurrection angel touched her, and the spirit of Greece rose up and grappled with the spirit of Rome, and wrestled, like Jacob with the angel, until she conquered. Saxon strength fell at Hastings. The Conqueror William stepped to the throne over a prostrate and pulseless nation. But

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there was yet another battle to be fought before the complete surrender—the conflict of national spirits. The combat took place on the fields of literature; and Saxon genius conquered, with Chaucer for its general, so that all posterity acknowledges that the “Canterbury Tales” outblossom every triumph of the Norman arms.

The immutability of law is one of the axioms of the universe; therefore the principle of resurrection will continue to operate. The future, then, is full of magnificent possibilities. I think it is full of promise for America. Herbert Spencer says we are working ourselves to death. It seems to be so. Our great heart throbs as with fever; from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate all is bustle and stir. Go to our rivers—they are thick with floating boats; stand in our forests—they reverberate with whistling trains. The great genius of business rules us, Vulcan and Mercury all in one, the blacksmith god and the god of trade. He grooves our continent with canals, and tunnels mountains as a carpenter bores through a plank. According to the laws of mortality this mighty energy must perish, and according to the laws of the transformation of forces its vim must pass into something else. Is there, then, no sign in this? It is as prophetic as Jeremiah. The Scandinavians believed that the world was carved out of the carcass of a slain giant. America will repeat the process of their myth, and out of the carcass of the dead god of business she will carve a beautiful world—an intellectual uni-

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verse, with mountains of science and flowers of poetry and rivers of music, and a great ocean of religion surrounding and embracing the whole.

America is the daughter of nations, and has inherited the riches of them all. She stands midway between the dim old greatness of China and the recent splendor of England. In her the sunset and the morning mingle. She is the last speaker in the drama of history—the valedictorian of time. She will be the hero of power's last catastrophe, and when she is done oblivion's curtain falls. Her very heraldry is full of high suggestion. Her emblem is an eagle. Her flag, like a scrap of the midnight heavens, blossoms with stars. Eagles and stars belong near the sky. Yes, and she will take them home if glory's wing can lift her there.

## **The Dignity of Human Nature**



Oration delivered August 2, 1882, as a representative of the Pi Omega  
Literary Society, in the annual oratorical contest for the De Bow  
cup at the University of the South.

## THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE

**I**F of the earth around there is a clod more sacred than the common clay, a mold more hallowed than the vulgar soil, it is the dust that once held contact with a human soul, that once was molded in the shape of man ; for in him we recognize the crown the Almighty has wreathed around nature's brow, the expression and the smile he has painted on creation's face. The universe in all its sublimity of space and height and length unthinkable ; the starry plains, whereon in glittering ranks are marshaled the wheeling orbs of night ; earth, majestic in her rock-ribbed might of mountains, frowning with awe and bearded with eternal forests ; creation, soft and murmuring in the bloom and beauty of her flowers and songs of birds and brooks ; all the plan and system of law that, like a mighty heart beating with life, directs and drives the harmonious whole—all, all are but the thoughts that once flitted through the mind of Omnipotence, but which at his divine decree fell crystallized into harmonious beauty.

But the scheme and order of a human soul is a

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painted portrait of the Divinity himself. Men are sparks struck from the eternal flint, odors wafted earthward from the bloom of immortality. Before man lit on earth, like an infant Titan that had slumbered since his birth, the universe had slept; and though nature's pulsing heart beat out the vital force through a thousand veins of material life, yet still she slumbered; for as yet no thought had shot its radiance through the midnight that in-wrapped her soul. Nature lived, but lived as sleepers live: her heart was pulsing, but her brain and all the busy din and bustle of life that swarmed upon the face of earth were but the sink and heave of the dreamer's bosom. As yet, blind, unreasoning instinct had been the highest movement of her drowsy intellect; but instinct was but a dream of an awakening—was but the first faint flush of morn that heralded the coming burst of intellectual consciousness. And when a conscious soul in Adam walked the earth, when in him the vast machinery of an intellect swung into stupendous motion, then it was that nature awoke, and then first the glory of the world began, when resplendent in the east the full-orbed sun of reason rose, that set to sparkling all the dews of Mount Parnassus, and responsive to whose beams the Memnonian lyre of thought awoke to ecstasies of song. And as the morning stars had sung when our earth rolled from the Almighty's palm out into space, so at the birth of man the Muses twined their arms and beat Parnassus' crest with joyous dance,

## The Dignity of Human Nature

glad that at length a conscious ear was open to their songs. And wisdom, in her mirthful glee at man's approach,—the first pupil of her school,—struck with her spear Parnassus' rugged side, and from the wound gushed out in sparkling dance the Pierian spring. With tender care she led him up the stony steep to the fountain's source, and taught his thirsty soul to drink.

Throughout the weary ages of her toiling youth nature wondered to what end she was working all this order—to delight whose senses she, at the Almighty's bidding, had painted the flowers with celestial hues and sprinkled them with fragrance, given a voice to the babbling brooks, and tuned the silver throats of birds; for whose ornament the gloomy caverns bore the sparkling gems, and to whose soul the mountains lifted up their frowning brows and old ocean tossed his foamy mane; but her wonder ceased when in created man she hailed the king whose palace she, unconscious, had up-reared, no longer curious as to the end of this stony volume she had bound, when the Almighty bade her open and from it read man's first lesson in immortal lore, bade her lead his wondering soul into the mystic secrets of knowledge—heaven's alphabet. And as the acorn, expanding with dew, bursts its shell and unfolds its leafy beauty in the day, so his spirit, swelling under the genial influence of wisdom's blessing, bursts the hull that shuts it out in night, and lifts the leaf-stalk of its soul into the sunlight of a purer day. And as it

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grows it stretches up toward heaven. And in her sanctuary nature has so arranged that, just as in Italy all roads lead to Rome, every path along which contemplation strays shall lead her, bent and adoring, to the altar-place of God. She, unwilling that so pure an incense as human love be wasted around wooden altars and the unconscious feet of marble gods, has built a staircase of her laws and beauty, up which she leads man's reverence to the throne of God.

The world around us is aglow with beauty. It is from the rhythm and the flow of nature's loveliness that the poet draws the inspiration of his song; and that artist who can coax her to his canvas, beaming with half the smile she perpetually wears, has won an immortality among his kind. The temple that the flaming torch of science has illuminated to our view is ablaze with myriad gems of sparkling wonder; but, like the stars that hide their diminished heads before the glory of the "king of day," all terrestrial prodigies, all that is in nature beautiful and sublime, wanes and pales before the sparkle of the jewel that crowns this setting—a human soul.

With what a grand burst of harmony did the Almighty end up the diapason of creation! Within the cell of a single skull is locked up more of grandeur than will outweigh all other majesty of earth. In the bony walls of its palace hall there sits a court more august than ancient superstition ever convened on Mount Olympus: The will, a

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sceptered Jove, seated high in royal state, commanding with his beck and nod the lesser dignities—monarch most absolute that ever pressed a throne. Intellect, a grimy Vulcan, toiling at the forge of thought, fashioning the bolts with which the thunderer rules the world. Imagination, a fleet-winged Mercury, ready at volition's nod to sail the universe to bear his sovereign home some sweet perfume from Arabian groves, or lay before his raptured gaze some landscape sketched from paradise. In the airier fancy we see a glowing Hebe, cup-bearer to this Jove, who holds to her sovereign's lips the dewy goblet dipped up brimming from the fount of music or filled at the pool of poesy. Thus ancient adoration, wanting in a God to reverence, unconsciously transcribed a picture of the worshipers themselves on Mount Olympus, and adored as gods the separate dignities of the human nature.

What charm of nature can rival in poetry of expression the face of man or in stateliness of mien the human form? The countenance of brutes is bent on earth, and man alone stands erect and turns his face upon the stars. And what a touch of heaven is on that face! As the moon, though cold and passive in herself, yet steals a warm and beamy beauty from the sun, so the human countenance, though molded from a clod of clay, glows with a radiance not of earth, lighted from the stray glory of the soul within. Upon it, as on a screen, is thrown the shadow of every thought that flits

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around within. Upon that sky passion first assembled the tempest of a frown, and there beamy joy first hung her garland wreath and nature saw a smile. His eyes alone, suffused with tears, tell of the falling of the rain of woe or joy's bubbling fountain crystal overflow. Over him alone the dewy star of conscience beams a fixed and shining beacon, to light the wanderer's return to home—a tender instinct to guide the eaglets back to their airy nest, whence they had flown to try their new-fledged wings a space upon the breeze of human life. From his throat alone the poetry of language flows, and as the struck lyre murmurs back in music, his lips alone, responsive to the touch and sweep of thought, set to floating the liquid song of speech. If in brutish brains reason holds a throne, she flaps her wings around in night, and her voice dies out unheard, stifled in the silence of her dungeon cell—for brutes are dumb. But, like the cable that binds a ship to port while she loads up her precious freight, language moors souls together while they exchange their thoughtful burdens; or, as the bed of a rivulet leads the sparkling fountain from its source down to where it joins into another stream, so the thoughts gurgling up from out one heart glide along the channel of speech to a confluence with another soul. Thus every noble thought may steal like a perfume over all the space of earth, and lift universal humanity as high toward heaven as it raised the soul that gave it birth.

## The Dignity of Human Nature

The monument of literature—how grandly does it stand!—that shaft of concrete speech studded and bejeweled with myriad gems of crystallized thought, more rugged in its solid grandeur and more eternal in its sweep of years than the pyramids, which, dotting with age, have forgotten who piled them up. And on this uncrumbling face human genius alone can carve out immortality, and, handing their names over to future mouths to praise, live though they themselves are dead and dust. Plato still reasons; and though the tide of three hundred centuries has rolled over Homer's grave, yet, like a dead shell on the beach, still his lyre murmurs with its ancient song.

How grandly strong does reason stand out, and how smilingly triumphant! How tamely has all nature taken her yoke! Even the lightning, that forked demon of the clouds, she has dragged down to chains, and, like Prometheus, racks him, her captive for her sport. With forceful breath she breathes tremendous strength into the iron sinews of the locomotive, and drives it along hissing and panting beneath the burdens her master imposes. On wings of her own fabrication she sails higher in the skies than the eagle can aspire; with hardy strength she opposes her dauntless breast to the ocean's storms, before whose tempestuous breath the sea-birds flee. She has reached up and stripped their veils of mystery from the pale-faced stars, so that now the former secrets of their nature stand out as open and confessed as the beauty of their



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beams. But all her labors and victories have been the toils and triumphs of a Samson shorn of his locks.

Man is fallen. He is thus splendid in his ashes and pompous in his grave. All his luster is the sparkle of a fallen star—fallen, but still glittering in the dust. But, as a spider falling from its web draws after it the silken thread that binds it to its nest, and by which it will mount again, so man, in falling from the heaven of his Maker's love, drew after him the golden cord of mercy, unwinding from pity's breast; and up the gilded strand with hands of faith the believing, though fallen, soul may climb into the sunny glories of paradise regained.

**Edgar A. Poe**

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From "Cap and Gown," University of the South, June, 1884.

## EDGAR A. POE

A THIN volume of poems and a few prose stories are the only relics of Poe's magnificent genius. That he has written so little is a matter of regret to every lover of poetry. That he lived so aimlessly—and, it may be, shamelessly—and that he died so miserably must touch with compassion every sympathizer with human sorrow.

Poe was born in 1809, and began to write when the literary revolution which took place at the close of the last century was at its fullest flood. The artificial school had given place to the natural, and men no longer

“By numbers judged a poet's song,  
And long or short with them was right or wrong.”

The “little old man of Twickenham” had lost his literary autocracy; flushed, vigorous Macaulay stood before correct, concise Addison; Burns had succeeded nice-sentenced Gray, and Gifford had yielded to Coleridge. It had been a triumph of feeling over mathematics, and was achieved by such a phalanx of genius as the world had seldom

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seen before. Byron had just closed at Missolonghi a life of glorious shame; Wordsworth was meditating by the lakes; Keats and Shelley had died—one at Rome of consumption, the other in the waves off the Italian coast; Moore had written "Lallah Rookh"; and every few months witnessed the publication of a new novel "by the author of 'Waverley.'"

At such a time as this Poe began to sing. He identified himself with no school of poets. He was neither natural nor artificial; with some of the attributes of both, he was neither. He was essentially original—one of those literary comets that approach us with no other apparent object than to mystify poetic science with their eccentricities.

The poetry of Poe stands in peculiar contrast with the writings of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and all the other American poets whom we are accustomed to call great. His poems inculcate no moral truths. If a *hic dicit* is a necessary component of a good poem, Poe's attempts have been failures. The only moral that he ever taught is the conclusion to be drawn from the tale of his sorrowful life: that genius without morality to guide is a wandering star, that, sooner or later, must be forever lost in the light-deserted abysses of eternal night. Outside of this startling life-moral no other can be discovered in the writings of Poe. But this lack of morality is not fatal to his poetry.

We hold that poetic beauty can exist independent of any religion or philosophy. Had the Venus of Milo been represented as holding a scroll or

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compass in her hand, we do not think she would have been more beautiful. The moral of a poem does not necessarily constitute a part of it. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" contains much that is not poetry. Although it is a splendid piece of advice, yet in point of poetic spirit Poe's "Annabel Lee" far surpasses it. To be beautiful is the duty of poetry; to be useful is simply an extra privilege that it enjoys.

Spiritual beauty is the predominant characteristic of Poe's poems. In the whole range of American literature we know of no pieces so purely poetic. They flow immediately from the virgin sources of inspiration—fantastic, it may be, but fantastically beautiful. He was a master of the rhythmic art; sound and sense flow along together evenly and musically, like moonlight on a lake, rocking with the sinking and swelling of the waves.

In 1829 there was issued from the press of Messrs. Hatch & Dunning, Baltimore, a small volume of poems entitled "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems, by Edgar A. Poe." With reference to the first of these poems Stoddard declares that it was not a remarkable production for a young man of Poe's age. We are inclined to the same opinion. Its subject is too ethereal. Unearthly things, which have no direct bearing upon our personal welfare, rarely move our sympathy and therefore hardly ever excite our interest. This is the reason why Moore's "Loves of the Angels" is less popular than his "Lalla Rookh." "Al Aaraaf"

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is also to be criticized for the obscurity of its plot ; yet, notwithstanding these faults, the poem abounds with thoughts of great beauty. With exquisite fancy in one passage he represents the "idea of beauty" as falling earthward

" Through many a startled star,  
Like woman's hair 'mid pearls."

Again he speaks of the "sunny flower of Trebizond" as

" Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,  
Like guilty beauty chastened and more fair."

There is a profound truth and beauty in the following :

" Ours is a world of words ; quiet we call  
' Silence,' which is the merest word of all.  
All nature speaks, and even ideal things  
Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings."

" Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,  
The single-moonèd eve,"

is fine.

"Tamerlane" is perhaps the most natural of all of Poe's poems—or rather it is the least unnatural. It is a subject which demands the utmost reality of treatment. It represents the death-bed reflections of a warrior king who had raised himself from a cottage to a throne. It tells how ambition crept into his boyish heart, and how his passion grew and overmastered him ; how at midday on the mountain-side he would sit in deep reverie amid his bleating flocks, dreaming in a waking sleep of

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glories and a throne. Hear how tenderly he loved  
a country girl:

“ We grew in age and love together,  
Roaming the forest and the wild;  
My breast her shield in wintry weather;  
And when the friendly sunshine smiled,  
And she would mark the opening skies,  
I saw no heaven but in her eyes.”

Yet even such a love had been pushed from his heart by ambition's hand. He had lived to be what he had hoped to be. His scepter stretched over half the world. But death, the great king of all, had come for his tribute; and, delirious with the final anguish, Tamerlane's mind wandered back regretfully through

“ The lost flowers  
And sunshine of those summer hours,  
And the undying voice of that dead time,”

when life and love were partners in a wealth of joy.

Poe's poetic genius is perhaps best known by his “Bells” and “Raven.” Neither one of these poems contains any very striking thoughts. Indeed, startling conceptions would be out of place in them. They owe their effect to a certain mysterious mesmerism which draws the mind of the reader off into the shadows where Poe himself is wandering; a vigorous touch would recall the senses and dispel the illusion. In his “Raven” Poe has unconsciously given us an allegory illustrative of



## Igerne, and Other Writings

his own life. In the meditative student, surrounded by ponderous volumes and dusty tomes, we behold Poe himself. Before him sat a marble bust of Pallas, the goddess of wisdom. It was natural for Poe to worship intellect, for she had blessed him with marvelous and almost contradictory powers. She had given him at the same time a logic subtly and penetratingly acute, and a most unfettered imagination. He was capable not only of the airiest flights of fancy, but also of the severest argument. In him were locked up all the potentialities both of a great poet and a great philosopher. But behold, a ghastly raven flutters through the casement and perches upon the bust of Pallas: a filthy vulture stands with foul feet upon the marble brow of wisdom. It was the way with the real Poe. The raven of dissipation smeared with loathsomeness the Parian forehead of his intellect. Whisky quenched to ashes the fires of inspiration, and the altar where genius was wont to sacrifice to love and beauty became forever cold.

Poe has been called the Byron of America. The apparent similitude between these two characters vanishes at the first critical glance. They certainly had some points in common, but within they were totally different. Both had extraordinary reasons to be happy, and yet, in spite of youth, rank, intellect, wealth, and love, both were sorrowful; but their sadness was of a different sort. Byron was miserable; Poe was melancholy. Byron's woes were passionate; Poe's were purely intellectual.

## Edgar A. Poe

Byron was a misanthrope who hated humanity with a maniacal frenzy. The jokes of the world were lost on him; he laughed only at the foibles and failings of mankind. Nature made him a satirist, and circumstances improved his talent. He loved to picture Greece sitting amid the ruins of her temples and philosophies; it was a magnificent satire on the mortality of human greatness. He loved nobody, not even his mother. His dog and his servant were the only earthly objects for which he had a really affectionate feeling, and between these two he wished to be buried.

Poe, on the other hand, took no note of the world, either to criticize or admire, to hate or to love. He found his universe *within*. Along the dim corridors of his own mysterious intellect his fancy loved to wander, plucking shadow from its darkness or sunbeams from its glory. He was a slave to the habit of introspection, which Hawthorne pronounces the most pernicious of customs. He analyzed every emotion and dissected every passion. He seized upon them while they were yet warm and tried to find out the secret of their life. Byron once said, "I should like to feel for once the sensations of a murderer." Poe delighted in these sensations. In his imagination he would perpetrate some fiendish crime, and then coolly analyze the sense of guilt that settled over him like night descending on a mountain.

Both were fond of ruins. Byron rejoiced in them because there he beheld dilapidated glories.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Poe loved desolation for her own sake. He found a somber delight in her company; he drank in her gloomy mysteries until he himself became a mystery. In one of his prose tales he says: "I have imbibed the shadows of the columns of Baalbec, Tadmor, and Persepolis until my soul has become a ruin." It was so. Drunk on darkness, the beautiful temple of his intellect collapsed into musical madness and melodious oblivion, and then he wrote the "Raven."

As to his morals Byron was utterly vicious. He despised continence in man, and did not respect chastity in woman. His faults were all positive. Poe, on the other hand, was completely negative; he had no conscience at all. Like the marble inhabitants of the petrified city of Ishmonie, his moral sentiments had been frozen into mere inactive abstractions. He paid his vows to neither Ormuzd nor Ahriman. Like twilight, which is neither night nor day, he was neither good nor bad.

Byron, like Poe, had loved and lost, but in a different way. He had given all his young heart to Mary Chaworth, but it had been rejected. He lived to see her the wife of another man. To such a nature as Byron's there was in this one circumstance alone enough sorrow for a lifetime. It was otherwise with Poe. Death had stolen away his "Lenore." We are not jealous of the grave; we continue to love those who died loving us; our affection is mournful and hopeless, yet sweet and tender. It was the way with Poe. His love had gone away, but yet had not left him. He thought

## Edgar A. Poe

of her incessantly. His gloomy meditations fell like shadows on her tomb. He dreamed of her; and of every stray visitor that he fancied came from the mystical abodes of the departed he anxiously inquired

" If within distant Aidenn  
He would clasp the sainted maiden  
Whom the angels name Lenore."

She had loved him, and the memory of her love remained behind like sunset among the shadows, more gloomy than day, yet not so hopeless as night. Byron had been repulsed; Poe had been bereaved. Byron, therefore, was poignantly miserable; Poe was sadly melancholy. This last fact explains much of the difference between these two poets. Byron's muse is an Amazonian beauty, flushed with revengeful, almost fiendish, action; Poe's muse is sorrowful beauty in repose, plaiting a garland of cypress for her own pallid, joyless brow. Byron is the lightning, quick, fierce, and terrific, eager to blast and to destroy; Poe is the thought-like aurora that scintillates without crash or harm about the far-off poles. Byron's genius is a Phlegethon, roaring and hissing between its red-hot banks, licking out its fiery tongues to scorch whatever it can touch; Poe's genius is a Styx, dismally quiet, murmurless, without a pulse—the echoless home of solitude, the stream of the dead

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**From Boston to  
Liverpool**



## FROM BOSTON TO LIVERPOOL

THE FREIGHTING OF THE SHIP—FAREWELLS  
—REMINISCENCES OF JAMES RUSSELL  
LOWELL—A BURIAL AT SEA

IT is 8:30 o'clock of the morning of April 3, 1886, and I stand upon the deck of the royal mail steamer *Pavonia*, of the Cunard Line, to see the passengers come aboard. At nine o'clock she sails for Liverpool. At intervals during the night (I slept on board) I could hear the creak of the derricks and the cries of the sailors as they lowered the freight into the hold. She is heavily laden. Her black, iron-sheathed hulk has sunk into the water to the red line on her side. Four thousand quarters of beef, so a sailor told me, is but one of the items of our cargo. I can feel the jar and tremble of the engine which operates the refrigerator that keeps it from spoiling. Her cargo is valued at many thousands of dollars, but now she is taking on the most precious part of her freight. She appears to realize it, and seems to stoop for her load like a great beast of burden. Two bridges are thrown out to the wharf, and up these the pas-



## Igerne, and Other Writings

sengers mount—the cabin passengers on one, the steerage on the other. The steerage passengers are evidently emigrants who have been struck by homesickness. I notice two things about them: the fantastic shawls of the women, checked with red, green, and yellow, and the look of pleasant anticipation on the faces of all. They have been disappointed in America, and for months have been dreaming of this hour which will give them back to their fatherland. Through the whole winter, perhaps, they have hoarded money with which to buy the sixteen-dollar ticket, and now that they have it and are about to use it, they are happy. With the cabin passengers, who stand around in groups talking excitedly, it is otherwise. They are leaving home, and the friends of many of them have come down to say good-by. I hear a good deal of laughter, chiefly from the women, but it is hysterical, I know. An acute ear can detect in it a kinship with a sob. Some who, like myself, are even now far from home and have no friends here to part with, are strolling about over the ship inspecting the premises which will be their home for the next ten days, or rushing about excitedly looking for baggage. I am calm on that point, for mine is safe below in my state-room. It is fifteen minutes to nine. The sailors are in the rigging tightening the ropes. The noses of most of them are red, I notice, and their movements are languid. They are all sober now, but have evidently been drunk. Ten minutes to nine. In a loud voice an

## From Boston to Liverpool

officer of the ship has ordered all who are not passengers to go ashore. Now come hearty handshakings and long kisses. Some of the ladies have begun to weep, but the laughter continues. Some are both weeping and laughing. All go ashore and stop, smiling, on the wharf, searching out their friends from the crowd on deck with eager eyes. Among those who have gone ashore is one extremely pretty girl who, I had hoped, was to be a passenger. Nine o'clock has come. A cloud of steam escapes from our gigantic red funnel, and a hoarse, guttural whistle resounds through the harbor, echoing among the masts of the shipping which crowds the dock. Two little tugs, panting and blowing, have attached themselves to the side of the great vessel and begin to shoulder her away from the wharf. The bridges are lowered. We move slowly back out into the harbor. Those on shore rush in a crowd to the end of the pier, and wave their last adieus with handkerchiefs they soon will put to their eyes. The passengers lean over the rails kissing their hands to those on shore. The great ship has now turned half around, and her bow is pointed to the open space in the harbor, beyond which is seen the gray desert stretch of the sea. The tugs detach themselves from her sides and scud rapidly away, like minnows that had ventured too near a large fish. For a moment the huge hulk is motionless; she seems to feel all the dangers she is about to encounter, and is making some high resolve. Now comes the first sign of

## Igerne, and Other Writings

life. Slowly her mighty heart begins to beat. From our huge smoke-stack there comes a mingled cloud of white steam and murky smoke: the giantess has begun to breathe. Ho! we are off! The water behind is disturbed by the motion of our propeller, and on either side of us breaks into long, undulating waves which seem to nod us good-by. Slowly, as if feeling our way, we pass out of the harbor. One of the crew from his position on the side "swings the lead" and sings out the depth of the water. We are now in the gate of the sea, and now have passed into the ocean. Objects on land begin to lose their height, and soon are reduced to a thin line which lies just above the gray rim of the horizon, and now that is gone, dissolved, it seems, in the waters. After a long look at the sullen, undulating waste around me, I realize that I am very cold (the air is filled with sleety snow), and I go below to warm myself and make myself known to Mr. Lowell, to whom I sent my letters of introduction from Washington. I found him in the saloon, and, much to my delight, he gave me two letters from home which had been sent to me in his care. As I drew apart to read them, he remarked that he hoped they contained good news, for which I thanked him. I had the steward to give me a seat at the table near him, so that I will see much of him during the voyage.

April 4th. Awoke this morning expecting to find myself seasick, but was agreeably disappointed. I am beginning to think it is all a myth anyway.

## From Boston to Liverpool

The sleet continues, and it is very unpleasant on deck. At dinner this evening had a long talk with Mr. Lowell about the great men he had known—particularly about Willis, Poe, and Sumner. He said that Poe was a man of a very vicious nature, perfectly depraved in his personal character. Willis he thought a clever, indolent fellow. He seems not to have been on the best terms with Sumner. I gathered from him that Sumner was extremely conceited—oppressively so. On one occasion he was at a dinner at which Sumner was present, and Sumner was relating some of his European anecdotes, when several began to talk at the other end of the table, and Sumner interrupted them with, "I say, down there, you had better listen to this; this is historical." I asked him what he considered the cause of Sumner's phenomenal social success in England. At once he replied: "The letters of introduction which he bore from Judge Story. Ticknor was our greatest social success abroad." Poe, he said, had a streak of genius in him. I asked him if he did not think that Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of the "Culprit Fay" (a favorite of mine), was not much neglected by this generation. With a smile he shook his head. I immediately suspected that this might come from the well-known hatred and contempt the Bostonians have for everything Knickerbocker, and so changed the topic of conversation. It is a wonderful privilege to talk to this man, who has known every great man at home and abroad for the last two genera-

## Igerne, and Other Writings

tions. He dined, so he told me, with ex-President John Adams in 1825, the year before his death. Mr. Lowell is not a handsome man, yet is far from homely. I should judge him to be about five feet eight inches in height, and rather inclined to be stout. His face has indications of his having fed and drunk well; his beard is full, cut in the peculiar way indicated in the prints of him; his mouth is large, but almost concealed by the sandy, grayish beard, which is colored somewhat by smoke from his pipe, of which he is a constant user—an ordinary white-clay pipe in which he smokes plug tobacco which he chips up with his knife; his teeth have been browned by smoking; his eyes are blue and moist and clear, and very expressive; his hair, which was once light brown, but now sprinkled with gray, is parted in the middle of a shapely but not remarkable forehead. He has not the aspect of a distinguished man. A stranger meeting him would think him simply a very interesting individual. I like him immensely.

A poor woman died in the steerage of consumption last night. She was almost gone when she came on board, but she wanted to see Ireland again, she said. She was buried this morning. The ship's bell tolled her knell. After a short prayer by the chaplain, the board upon which the body lay was lifted to the rail, and the corpse, closely sewed up in sail-cloth and heavily weighted at the feet, slid off into the water. A splash, a little foam, and she was gone. Her fellow-passengers,

## From Boston to Liverpool

who stood leaning over the rail gazing with straining eyes and parted lips at the spot where she had disappeared, one by one turned away, filled with horror at the thought of that wandering tomb, a grave at sea. This occurrence added solemnity to the divine exercises which were held an hour later in the saloon. The purser read selections from the Scriptures, and offered a prayer for our safety on the great waters.

Monday, April 5th. A bulletin, posted up this morning in front of the smoking-room, announced that we were 548 miles from land. The gulls still follow us, wheeling about in our wake to pick up the scraps of food cast overboard after each meal. It is interesting to observe them; they look much like large white pigeons, except that their wings and beaks are larger. They often sit upon the water to rest. I don't think they swim; they seem merely to float. After dinner the sea became very rough, and for the first time I was a little seasick. It was simply nausea. I have had the identical feeling often on land. I had the satisfaction to know that I was not the only unfortunate on board. Happily I soon recovered, in which respect I had the advantage of several others. It is not to be doubted that it is a very disagreeable sensation, this thing of seasickness.

Tuesday, April 6th. Awoke this morning to find the waters calm and the sea smiling with a perfect day. I realize now what Æschylus meant by the "many-twinkling smile" of ocean. The sea was

## Igerne, and Other Writings

very blue, and will be bluer yet, so Mr. Lowell told me, as we get into deeper water. He told me to keep my eye on the horizon and I would doubtless see a whale spouting. It was very warm and pleasant on deck, and, hiring a reclining-chair of the deck steward, I spent the morning there reading in Mr. Lowell's "Century" the accounts of the combat of the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*. The circumstances were appropriate for the reading of a naval narrative. I could realize it so well, being on the ocean. Mr. Lowell said that Semmes acted ungentlemanly in casting his sword overboard and escaping after surrender. This very same magazine gave me an opportunity to say a very pleasant thing of Mr. Lowell this evening. Some one in my presence asked Mr. Lowell if his name was on his "Century." I reminded the questioner that for more than forty years Mr. Lowell's name had been written on his century. It seemed to tickle him somewhat.

Wednesday, April 7th, 1177 miles from Boston. Nearing mid-ocean. It is awfully solitary out here. The bright weather of yesterday is gone, and the mists have descended upon the waters, limiting the vision to a very few miles. We saw two sails yesterday, and one the day before, which I neglected to mention in my journal, but none to-day, and this of all days is the one on which we would like to see ourselves accompanied. I am singularly free from all fear of the water. I approach mid-ocean without a misgiving. We are an island plowing through the water—a floating hotel. It is beauti-

## From Boston to Liverpool

ful to stand at the prow and see the waves divide to let the ship pass, and how they foam into whiteness under her bow; or, standing at the stern, to observe how her passage wakens the waters for hundreds of yards around. A steamship has no headlight like a locomotive. On very dark nights all lamps on board are extinguished, except those which hang in the rigging for a signal to other vessels. It is said that under these circumstances those on the lookout can detect a floating object much easier. It would please me, I think, if they had more light on the subject. It is very solemn to be in one's berth at midnight, and reflect that he is plowing along in the dark more than one thousand miles from any dry land, and from two and a half to three miles from that which is under him, but toward which he sincerely trusts he is not journeying.

Thursday, April 8th, 1506 miles from Boston, about 1200 from Liverpool. We have passed the half-way line and are approaching the Old World. Passengers to-day are busy with their guide-books. The day has been fair, with the wind blowing stiffly on our beam. Our sails are spread like dingy white wings. They are much begrimed by the smoke from the funnel. It is very pretty to lean over the rail on a dark night and watch the phosphorescence. The vessel appears to be striking fire from the billows, or, standing at the stern, it seems that we have on board a cargo of fireflies, which we are gradually losing through a hole in the bottom.

Friday, April 9th, 1817 miles from Boston. We



## Igerne, and Other Writings

ran very near a steamer to-day, the *Excellent*, an "ocean tramp," our captain styled her, bound for some Mediterranean port. We passed within three hundred yards of her, but did not hail her, which I thought strange.

A beautiful new moon this evening. After dinner I went up on deck and saw it out in the west, like a delicate, feathery boat floating in a calmer sea than ours. The stars were out, and had that crystalline, jewel-like look which they have on frosty nights. As the moon went down her horn seemed to fill with an unusual splendor, like a clear goblet in which some rich wine is poured. She had already touched the horizon when I went into the smoking-room to call Mr. Lowell to see it. He came out immediately, but too late. The beautiful moon was gone—had been drowned, it seemed; for on looking closely, the tip of one of her golden horns was observable above the waves. The sun and moon sink and rise very rapidly at sea, and are very large and beautiful.

Saturday, April 10th, 570 miles from Liverpool. A man died in the steerage last night, and was buried overboard this morning. The purser says that, in the two hundred and forty-three passages he has made, this is the only one in which he has known two deaths to occur on board during one transit. When the woman died we felt we had paid our tribute to the great waters, and that for the remainder of the voyage the others of us were safe, and now another one is gone.

## From Boston to Liverpool

I begin to feel myself in the presence of the Old World. It seems to lie just under the horizon in front of us, although it is yet hundreds of miles away.

The day has been pleasant, and I have spent most of it on deck with Mr. Lowell. He wears habitually when on deck a long brown ulster, and a cap with flaps which fit his head closely. His feet, which are small and shapely, are incased in low-quartered tennis shoes. He wears on the third finger of his right hand a seal-ring, with a device of a hand holding three crossbow bolts. On the same finger of the left hand is a coiled serpent of gold with a blue jewel set in its head. His cravat is locked around his collar through a ring, as is habitually represented in cuts of him. Most of the time he wore a white flannel shirt and a suit of blue serge. He is very proud of his ancestors and often speaks of his "forbears." I asked him one day if he was related to the great English family of Russell—the dukes of Bedford. He said that while in England they had called him "cousin," but an uncle of his had styled them the "mushroom branch of the Russell family." Although a descendant of Puritans, he is a member of the English church, and I suspect he has little sympathy with many of the traits of his enterprising countrymen, although he professes to be very patriotic. He is very proud to have inherited gout from both his father and mother. To-day he offered to give me notes of introduction to Matthew Arnold, "Mat Arnold," as he called him, and to the poet Browning, for which I was very grateful.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Everybody is writing letters to-day to be mailed at Queenstown on Monday morning.

Sunday, April 11th, nearing Queenstown. Another Sunday at sea. Very serenely indeed does the calm of Sabbath rest upon the waters. The services to-day were more thanksgiving than prayer. Our voyage is nearly over, and has been very pleasant. I begin to grow very tired of ship life, although it is as luxurious as can be under the circumstances. In the morning at 8:30 a gong wakens us for breakfast, and at nine o'clock the same gong with rumbling monotone summons us to the table. The fare is excellent and improves with each day of the voyage. At the head of the table sits the captain, the monarch of this floating empire. On his right sits Mr. Lowell. Next him sits a Mr. James Baillie-Hamilton, a grandson of the Earl of Aberdeen, a very clever young Scot, returning from a visit to America; and next I sit. On my right is Mr. Stanton Blake, a prominent New York banker, who is making his sixty-third passage of the Atlantic. Opposite sits a Mr. Rodgers, a New York capitalist on his way to India to superintend a large railway contract. The captain is worthy of description. He is very large and is evidently a very strong man, and is dressed in dark-blue cloth decked with uniform buttons. I should judge him to be about sixty years of age. His hair is sandy, and his beard, which is full and long, is of the same color sprinkled with gray; his mouth is large and very determined; his cheeks full and red

## From Boston to Liverpool

—a typical English face, almost distended with good, rich blood, which has been manufactured out of double stout and good roast beef. Altogether he is such a man as I like to have in charge of the vessel I am on. He walks the deck with the solidity of a prize-fighter, with his big legs set wide apart. His manners are strong, and lack much of the elegance which characterizes those of the polished courtier at his side. But for these ten days the great diplomat and poet is his subordinate.

This afternoon Mr. Lowell sent below for me to come on deck to see a whale which was spouting in sight. I went up and looked to the windward about four hundred yards away. I saw a glistening black object break the surface, and a little puff of vapor ascend and then dissolve; then the waves submerged the back of the monster, and I had seen the whale spout.

Monday, April 12th. Awoke this morning to find ourselves anchored outside Queenstown harbor. The water was very calm and green—appropriate, I thought, for the shores of Erin. The waves had dwindled into ripples, and at some distance the surface seemed to be unbroken. There was a little fog at the other end of the calm recess in whose mouth we were anchored, or I might have made out the white cottages of Queenstown clustering to the water's edge. The coast was high and bold and bare, and presented the appearance of having been much trampled over. It looked much like a fortification. I could make out some indistinct

## Igerne, and Other Writings

lines which I was told were hedge-rows. A tender from Queenstown came out to take off our mail-bags and such passengers as desired to land there. A number of the steerage passengers went ashore. They took with them the small bundle of clothing which belonged to the poor Irish girl who died. It is sad to think that friends have come down to the shore to welcome her, who in the place of her will receive only the bundle of rags. The tender steamed away and we resumed our course. The fog thickened somewhat as the morning advanced, and the vessels (of which there were many here) that passed us on either side looked like phantom ships. The waters still have the beautiful green I observed in the early morning. All day a perfect flock of gulls have hovered around us. In mid-ocean they did not utter a sound, but wheeled after us in silence. Now they have a hungry croak like a hawk. Even the Irish gulls are ravenous and beggarly. Toward evening we lost the Irish coast on our left and again were out of sight of the land. Before nightfall we might have seen Snowdon on our right, had not the mist obscured the coast of Wales.

I have packed all my traps ready to go ashore in the morning, for then we shall be at Liverpool.

Tuesday, April 13th. Found ourselves this morning resting calmly at anchor in the Mersey outside the Liverpool Docks. The Mersey is a muddy river about the size of the Cumberland. After a hasty breakfast we donned our silk hats

## From Boston to Liverpool

(every male who has the remotest claim to gentility wears a silk hat in England) and went aboard the tender that had come to take us ashore. The buildings which I saw around me looked very old and moldy. My eye was arrested by a patch of vivid green which I observed on a hillside in front of me. It was one of the prince's parks, I was told. In our hearts bidding a tender farewell to the good ship that had borne us so safely, and which lay out in the harbor calm and still as if taking a long, deep rest after her labors, we steamed swiftly to the docks, and for the first time I set my foot down on the Old World.

I was impressed by the solidity of everything I saw around me. They appear to have built for all time. After hearty hand-shakes and an exchange of addresses with several of my friends, I got my luggage past the customs officials, put it on a four-wheeler, and was driven to the depot of the London and Northwestern Railway. Mr. Rodgers had invited me to take a seat in his private carriage. Mr. Lowell was there also. The railroad trains of England impress one as being simply exaggerated toys—working models of locomotives. Their motion is more that of a carriage on a smooth road than a railway coach. The journey from Liverpool to London is through green fields checked by hedge-rows, with views on either side of small thatched houses and distant glimpses of old castellated ruins. Arriving at London, I was driven to the Hotel Metropole, where I am to-night.



**From Liverpool  
to London**





## FROM LIVERPOOL TO LONDON

ENGLISH RAILWAYS—ENGLISH SKIES—ENGLISH  
MEADOWS—ENGLISH RIVERS

APRIL 20, 1886. When I stepped ashore in Liverpool I had a feeling that I was not only on *terra firma*, but that I had reached a land that was unusually firm. The very soil seemed to have a density greater than that to which I had been accustomed on the other side of the Atlantic, as if it had been packed down hard by being trampled over for hundreds of years. No echo accompanied my footstep as I walked along; the earth seemed to be solid to its center.

I think that this sensation was due in great part to contrast. For the ten days past I had been rocked about on uncertain waves, and had been treading the hollow boards of a deck, and land therefore appeared doubly fixed and solid. Yet I am sure that much of the feeling arose from the appearance of extreme permanence which everything around me wore. On every side I saw structures whose foundations the Cyclops might have helped to lay—huge, dingy piles which seemed

## Igerne, and Other Writings

to have been built generations past for purposes only to be accomplished generations to come, and whose present occupants were simply making use of them in the meantime. For miles up and down the Mersey stretched the long line of docks (the pride of Liverpool and England) upon which I stood, and which, if I had not known they were places built for ships to load and unload at, I should have thought were fortifications raised to keep out the monsters of the sea, so grim and wall-like did they look as against their gray limestone sides the river leaped and tossed its yellow spray when the passage of some large vessel disturbed it into waves.

A look of solidity was even to be observed in the aspect of the sky overhead, which was that, as I understood from a friend, of a typical English day. I could see none of those pure white, gently moving clouds which in the spring loll so beautifully about our western heavens. I had a sensation of being in a gigantic room with a concave ceiling rather than being out of doors. It seemed that the firmament above me was a large pane of glass which had been dimmed by having the breath of the world blown upon it. The whole day was one prolonged threat of rain. The sky was visibly filled with the vapor of water, and, after the idea of true English solidity, was arched low and securely based all around on good, substantial-looking clouds.

The sight of a castellated tower brought to mind memories of knight and plume, and "ladye faire," and the brave days of old.

## From Liverpool to London

It seemed to me that the pavements of Liverpool were unusually rough. After gliding through the water as smoothly as a fish for a week, it is very unpleasant to find one's self being jolted along in a rattle-windowed cab. Fortunately the distance to the station of the London and Northwestern Railway is not great, and I was not uncomfortable long.

The first sight of an English train of cars is liable to excite the smiles of an American. The locomotives to which he has been accustomed are giants which breathe flame and speak thunder as they rush along, dragging whole harvests behind them. The English engine looks more like a working model than a machine designed for actual service.

In America it would surely be laughed at. Every boy would tease his father to get him one. Its stature is hardly more than half that of its American cousin. The roof of the cab is lower than the head of the engineer, and has no window through which the fireman can loll in lordly state and receive the homage of the small boy. It has no bell, and no "cow-catcher" in front, and lacks many of those mysterious contrivances which, in the eyes of the simple, invest the manipulation of an engine with an indescribable dignity. The station building of the Northwestern Railway is an immense structure. Its roof, which is about ninety feet from the ground, is all one window, a perfect sky of glass, and it is very funny to see these little engines puffing and running about in the vast soli-

## Igerne, and Other Writings

tude which it shelters. The disproportion is absolutely ludicrous. The traveler is impressed with an idea that the little pony of a train which he sees drawn up by the platform will not be able to pull all the passengers who are about to get aboard, or at least he is sure that it will have to make a second trip for their luggage. This is his first impression of the locomotive. His opinion is sure to improve with a closer acquaintance, and in time he will acquire not only a genuine respect for it, but be able to detect in it features eminently characteristic of the English genius.

In the first place, it is absolutely simple. That is English. It is devoid of all ornaments which have no use. It has not a bolt or lever that can possibly be dispensed with. I was surprised to see how few things besides wheels and a boiler an engine needs. It has no cow-catcher, for the very simple and good reason that there are no cows to catch. Strict precautions are taken to keep all stock away from the trains. There are no crossings in England. Where the public roads intersect the railways arched bridges are built, usually of brick, with long, sloping approaches on either side, and over these the travelers pass high above all danger of the train which runs below.

English exclusiveness finds expression in the apartment system of the passenger coaches, which are very appropriately called "carriages"; for not only does their interior resemble that of an ordinary carriage much enlarged, but as they roll along they

## From Liverpool to London

have, owing to their shortness, a similar side-to-side rocking motion.

The prevailing characteristic of an English landscape is a bright verdure, which covers the earth as with a garment, and contrasts strangely with the dull gray waste overhead. Indeed, it seems that the color has soaked out of the heavens into the sod, so that the Englishman must look below for his sky. He treads upon his firmament, starred as it is with the daisies and their Mongolian cousins, the yellow buttercups. The greenness is not confined to the grass of the fields; it is everywhere. Green lichens cover the barks of the trees; green ivy climbs the rough gray walls of the farmer's cot and mingles with the yellow thatch; green moss waves its long filaments in the slowly flowing streams, and in this land of frequent rains the dim greenness of the rainbow is often to be seen in the sky. Even the sides of the railroad cuts are sodded with emerald. The effect of this is very agreeable. There are at home many long red-clay cuts, which to me always had the appearance of being reeking gashes in the breast of the earth which refused to be healed.

I fancied that I could observe some very English characteristics in the rivers that I passed. They flowed along in a very slow and stately way, as if observing some formality, some fluvial etiquette. So very sluggish were their currents that it seemed that it would cost them but little effort to turn round and flow the other way. Down the whole

## Igerne, and Other Writings

length of any of them the Culprit Fay might have floated in his cockle-shell and never dreaded shipwreck. Their color is generally a dingy green, which gives them an appearance of extraordinary depth, although in reality they may be very shallow. They are such streams as the catfish loves and the trout abhors. They never ripple; they creep along without a sound and steal into the sea. I now understand the signification of the phrase, "the river's brim," so common in English poetry.

American streams, as they rush impetuously along, wear deep channels in the soil and have banks. English channels go "brimming" along on a level with the surrounding meadows, and give to the landscape that peculiar swimming look which the full, watery eyes of a *bon vivant* impart to the rest of his countenance. The margin of these rivers is generally planted with willows, set about ten steps apart. These are cut off every year at the height of about ten feet, and a profusion of sprouts spring out and droop down toward the water, over which lean their rough, yellow-barked trunks. In the dusk of moonlight they present a very grotesque appearance. They seem to be a procession of old men who have come down to the water to drink, but, finding themselves too stiff to stoop down to the water, can only stand and look at what they cannot reach.

Frame houses are extremely rare in England. Between Liverpool and London I saw but two or three, and they were temporary affairs which were

## From Liverpool to London

to be removed. Dwellings are never roofed with shingles. The humbler ones are thatched with straw, and the more pretentious are covered with slate or red-clay tiles, which, when put on in the usual way, give to the roof a peculiar fluted appearance, each tile fitting into the one below it to form a gutter. Verily the Englishman loves his country. He lives with native land below, around, and above him.

When the train stopped at Euston Station I had nothing but the word of the guard to assure me that I was indeed in the world's greatest city. There was nothing remarkable about the dull gray buildings of brick with which I found myself surrounded, and I could see but very few indeed of the five millions of people who are said to dwell there. But when I had entered a cab and was being driven away to a hotel, and my eye, wandering along the sides of houses, encountered such names as Fleet Street and the Strand, and I saw advertisements posted of performances that night at Drury Lane Theater and the Globe, I realized with a thrill that I was indeed in London, and was even then looking out upon the pavement along which, less than a hundred years ago, Sir Walter Scott might have walked, or Wellington, or Byron, or any one of a hundred others whose names are bright forever.





## **A Reception at St. George's Club**

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## A RECEPTION AT ST. GEORGE'S CLUB

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

MAY 24, 1886. When I went to St. George's Club this morning, in response to an invitation to meet Dr. Holmes, I found its reception-room crowded with tall, distinguished-looking men standing around a small, gray-haired gentleman, whom I immediately knew to be the immortal Autocrat of the Breakfast-table. I was presented, shook his soft, wrinkled hand, and then made way for others who were waiting to be introduced. I engaged in conversation with an American acquaintance a few steps away, but, like most of those present, was really devoted to a close scrutiny of the little man who was the giant of the occasion, and I noticed about him these things: He is quite old; he has passed threescore and perhaps added the ten. He appears to have grown old gently; the snows of age came not down in a storm, but sifted softly on his head; among the wrinkles of the patriarch he preserves the smile of youth. He is very small; his slight figure is perfectly erect, yet his forehead scarcely reaches to

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the shoulders of most of those around him. His head is remarkable only as having been the birth-place of so many beautiful thoughts; it is simply a good head, and has no prominent developments in any direction; it is covered thickly with gray hair cut moderately short. His eyebrows are unusual; they are bushy and long, and project from his brow with a twirl not unlike mustaches; they look fierce; they have refused to put on the livery of age, and are grizzled brown in color. His hazel eyes are bright and quick. Years ago, when I first began to delight in the quaint puns and the other delicacies served at the Breakfast-table of the witty philosopher, I knew that his eye had in it just such a twinkle as I now observed—a gleam which may be either humorous or pathetic, the glance of laughter's dart or the sheen of a rising tear. Around his eyes are collected those merry wrinkles which show that during the long life in which he has made so many people laugh he has laughed not a little himself. These wrinkles, converging in his eyes like minute channels, seem to drain into them all the expression of his upper face, and thus account for their brightness. His nose is short, and has a decided inclination upward, and gives an inquisitive expression to his countenance. His mouth is very large, and would be absolutely ugly in any one else. Genius is not only able to redeem, but almost to beautify, the defect. His thick lips are cleanly shaven, as if to expose their sweet expression; they look eloquent; they seem to have syllabled many

## A Reception at St. George's Club

a burning word; his lips have the appearance of being such as would twitch and gather when his emotions are excited. I never saw before such a sympathetic expression. Sure *that* man never was a physician, as I read in his biography he was. I see in his countenance more than enough good will toward his fellow-man to make him devote his life to the relief of his sufferings, but I am certain that he could not stand to hear the groans of his disease. He never had anything to do with the scalpel and the corpse. His chin has in it a number of those gentle indentations which may be observed in the chin of a child that is about to cry, and which may be called the dimples of grief. Thin gray whiskers fringe his throat under his chin, which slopes away so decidedly as to give almost an appearance of weakness to his countenance. I am conscious, however, that if this indecision exists, it extends only to his emotions. Vice could never tempt him, but he would be powerless to hold his tears when his pity is excited. Glancing upward, I am therefore able to see in his broad forehead and his stern brow signs that he is a strong man and a philosopher. In his bright eye I see the sparkle of his wit, and in the smile of his lips I see expressed that broad human sympathy which enables him to taste of every joy and sorrow in the world, and supplies inexhaustible material to his philosophy and his wit. And, combining all the features, I am able to recognize the face of the poet, which is greater than either the man, the wit,

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or the philosopher, for the whole is more than any of its parts.

By this time the crowd around him was beginning to thin ; the guests were departing. I went up to bid him adieu, and as I shook his hand told him that I was a dweller among Craddock's Tennessee mountains, but that I had not lived too far from Boston to admire and love the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table. He thanked me in a voice that was soft and winningly sweet. He detained me to talk of the scenes of Craddock's tales, and seemed to be interested to meet so far away from home one who had been reared within twenty miles of the lonesome waters of "Lost Creek."

While we were speaking a servant gave him a letter, and as he broke the seal to read it I took my final leave and retired, feeling that I had been talking to some good boy's grandfather.

## Derby Day





## DERBY DAY

ORMONDE, RIDDEN BY ARCHER, THE WINNER

MAY 26, 1886. When I mounted an omnibus this morning to go to London Bridge Station on my way to Epsom Downs, even if I had not known that it was the Derby day, at least I should have perceived that London was undergoing some unusual excitement. The air was full of the windings of the bugles and the lumber of four-in-hand stage-coaches. Epsom Downs, where the Derby is held, is about twenty miles from London, and it is very fashionable to drive down in a four-in-hand. But as this method, including luncheon and seat on the grand stand, costs five pounds, I took the more plebeian and crowded railway. The apartment in which I went down was filled with roughs, whose conversation, while it disgusted me, was not altogether uninteresting as an outcrop of one of the lower strata of English society. I had a seat nearest one window, and spent most of my time looking at the landscape which was gliding past me. For some distance the Thames was visible, not by its waters, but by the masts of vessels which

## Igerne, and Other Writings

crowd its docks. Much of the way lay through market-gardens, and I saw rows of women on their knees, their heads dressed in red turbans, either plucking the weeds from some vegetables or the vegetables themselves. In the fields I noticed that the clover-blossoms have a much deeper red than at home; they look like drops of blood spattered in the grass. The greensward is yellowed with patches of buttercups and empurpled with bluebells. At Epsom Station I got out and followed the crowd over the downs about half a mile to the race-course. On the way over I passed a number of beggars, who, touching their tattered caps with their grimy fingers, followed me for some steps begging for coppers. On either side of the pathway maimed and deformed persons of every description were playing organs, with a hat or cap set beside them for charity. Little clumps of rough-looking men were collected around card monte sharpeners, who were shuffling the pasteboards on their coats spread upon the ground. When I got to the race-course I found it occupied even then by a large crowd. In the little valley on the other side of the grand stand I saw a line of booths and show-tents, which I went over to see. The spectacles consisted of iron-jawed women carrying barrels in their teeth, sparring-matches, Zulus dressed in their native costume, shooting-galleries, fantastic swingings, and stalls at which a profusion of toys and red-cheeked wax dolls was displayed. When I returned I found that the crowd had perceptibly increased. There

## Derby Day

were now fully twenty thousand people on the grounds, most of them very vulgar. I had to give up my idea of spending the day among them, and hire a seat in one of the stands for six shillings, that is, a dollar and a half. I had a splendid place. About forty yards to my left was the royal pavilion, and almost in my front was the goal at which the race was to be terminated. I could then observe the supreme moment. Growing a little hungry, I went into the refreshment stand under me and got some sandwiches. I came back and selected a good seat, and took a survey of the crowd, which was then fast blackening the downs, and this is what I saw and heard.

A lot of green gently rolling fields without fences between them, fringed at the horizon with forests of small, evenly branched, fresh-leaved trees. Here and there a church spire pricked the horizon. To the right lay the parks of some lord whose name I forget ; through the foliage were visible the dim gray walls of his country house. In front of me the race-course stretched its broad and verdant horse-shoe. I was half-way up in the amphitheater, or rather pavilion with plank seats rising like an amphitheater. The crowd was to my left filling all the area between the prongs of the horseshoe, but packed densest on this side. The scene is a very animated one. There rises a confused buzz and murmur from the vast multitude. The aspect of the crowd is black, shirt-fronts and faces making numerous white patches. They cover the whole

## Igerne, and Other Writings

of the race-course. I notice currents among them; streams are moving one way and streams are moving another way. Venders of provisions are moving about with their trays on their heads and crying forth the excellence of their wares. Some of the cries I hear are: "Good boiled eggs, bread and butter, three ha'pence," that is, three cents; "Good beer, a penny," two cents, etc. In the race-course near the goal a clown on stilts is walking above the heads of the crowd to attract attention to some sharper, who is surrounded by the crowd he draws. Perhaps the most interesting persons to be seen are the pool-sellers, who, in every place where they can raise their stands, are calling for bets on the approaching race. Their dress is very gaudy, consisting of some light material striped with black, white hats with black bands. They cry in the monotonous voice which betokens it their business.

The bell rings. A race is about to be run. The policemen clear the track. The crowd eddies back on either side. It is now vacant, showing scraps of paper left by the crowd fluttering over the greenness. Two mounted policemen gallop up and down it. Then the jockeys ride by to show their animals. They pass on up and then race to the goal. It is not important and attracts not much attention, and again the crowd overflows the race-course. The next race is the great Derby. The pool-sellers redouble their efforts and are getting hoarse. The bettors are more excited, some of them rushing around in a frantic way. Again the

## Derby Day

course is cleared by policemen, and everybody regards the splendid horses with interest, which pass the grand stand led by grooms and mounted by jockies in gaudy dress. Ormonde is the favorite, and is bestridden by Archer, the greatest rider in the world. This race began in the paddock at the opposite prong of the horseshoe. It was a beautiful sight to see them speeding up to the bend. Archer fell back, and it seemed that he was going to lose, but on the home stretch he came up even with the Bard. Now it was truly exciting. Trembling fingers held a thousand field-glasses leveled upon the flying animals. Not a word was uttered, not a sound to be heard save the rumble of hoofs on the turf. Archer pushes ahead by half a neck and wins the race. After this there were several other races which did not interest me, and about five o'clock I went to the station and embarked for London, feeling that the day had cost me dearly.



## **A Conservative Meeting**





## A CONSERVATIVE MEETING

### SPEECH BY THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

LONDON, June 1st. I have just come away from a great Conservative meeting in St. James Hall, at which the Marquis of Salisbury made a speech; and while my impressions are fresh I will record a few things I noticed there. I read on the large blue ticket with which I had been provided that the doors were to be opened at seven and the chair was to be taken promptly at eight o'clock; so to get a good seat I presented myself a few minutes after the first hour mentioned, when, to my surprise and disappointment, I found that the hall was not only crowded, but that many were standing up—such was the eagerness with which Conservatives from all over England had crowded to hear the great marquis. I pushed through to the front, and had almost assigned myself to an evening of perpendicularity when a tier of vacant reserved seats immediately in front of the speakers' stand was thrown open, and I was fortunate enough to get into one of them. I had now a splendid place of observation, and could take in all the de-

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tails of the beautiful hall, whose ceiling of blue and gilt bent its glittering concave above me. It seemed to be just the place for a Tory meeting. It had a royal aspect, imparted, no doubt, by the profusion of flags and national symbols with which it was decorated. Three sides of it were occupied by low balconies, behind whose hangings of purple, gold-fringed cloth sat a company of grand ladies who had come to hear a defense by their favorite champion of those principles which secured to them their titles and their wealth. In the rear, high above them, was a gallery filled with a rather noisy crowd. Upon the raised platform in front of me there stood a square table covered with a green cloth, and on it stood a glass goblet and a decanter of water. Behind the table were several vacant chairs reserved for the orators of the evening. Farther in the rear rose an amphitheater, whose seats, mounting tier above tier, would probably accommodate two hundred persons. These had been reserved for peers and other notables, and were for the most part filled by dignified, elderly gentlemen in evening dress. I noticed among them quite a tendency to bald heads and full red faces, fringed on either side with grayish, sandy whiskers. Yet above the amphitheater arose a grand organ, whose gilt pipes seemed to extend almost to the sky, for the vaulted ceiling overhead was painted blue and spangled with gold stars. The floor upon which I sat was occupied by a very interesting audience—nearly a thousand exceedingly refined-looking men, most of them

## A Conservative Meeting

evidently descended from those Cavaliers who have been traditionally devoted to the Tory party. Each one was earnestly discussing the political situation with his neighbor, or, as at intervals the great organ broke out into national anthems, joined in the general chorus.

It is eight o'clock, and a hush has fallen on the great concourse; the marquis may come in at any moment. A thousand eyes are bent anxiously on the front doors. There is a stir at the entrance to the ladies' balcony, and a stately man is seen to descend the stairway which leads thence to the platform. His head is bowed as if careful of his steps. There is no mistaking who he is. In different parts of the building several have leaped to their feet with the cry, "The marquis! the marquis!" The whole multitude rises. The gallery thunders, and those below cheer. A thousand arms are waving silk hats and umbrellas; some have hoisted their hats on their umbrellas. The ladies flaunt their lace handkerchiefs and smile radiantly. The red-faced old peers clap their gouty hands as vigorously as they dare. The marquis advances slowly to the table and stops. He has not yet looked up; his eyes are bent down as if looking at something on the table. He is evidently used to these honors, and receives them in a dignified, matter-of-course way. For some minutes he stands thus. The uproar grows perceptibly fainter. The gallery is hoarse and coughing. The thousand arms which were waving hats and umbrellas and

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handkerchiefs have grown weary and for the most part subsided. The smiles of the ladies have lost their radiance and dwindled into mere looks of expectation. The marquis takes his seat, and everybody follows his example, and the speaking begins.

The first of the orators who rises anything above elegant commonplace is Mr. Dumphreys, the working-man politician, celebrated for the vigor with which he contested Mr. Chamberlain's seat in the last election. If he is a bona-fide working-man, as he avers he is in the beginning of his speech, he has none of the attributes of his class, which is in England generally meanly shaped and ill-looking. He is slender and tall; his features are finely cut and intellectual, and from a high, white forehead his dark-brown hair is neatly roached back. He is a Scotchman, and has, therefore, a national right to the red whiskers which, parting on either side of a firm, cleanly shaven chin, sweep down to the lapels of his coat. The only sign that he has been a toiler is to be observed in his hands, that hang half opened at his side. They are large, and knotted at the knuckles, and look as though they had just unloosed from the handle of a tool. He is very vehement, and gesticulates more than Englishmen generally do. He quotes too much poetry. The ordinary Englishman does not like poetry, or even humor, except that of the broadest description, whose point may be grasped by the dullest mind; he begins to feel uneasy so

## A Conservative Meeting

soon as he is called upon to use any other faculty than his common sense. However, Dumphreys has scored a hit. Amid great applause he sits down with the smiling look of one who is contented with what he has done. His friends on either side nod to him their congratulations.

There is a lull. The marquis is about to speak. He rises, and the multitude gets up with him. Again the air glistens with silk hats and is white with waving handkerchiefs; cheer after cheer shakes the hall, and as he stands there waiting for the uproar to subside let us look at him more closely. He is a magnificent specimen of a man. He is every inch of six feet two, and towers a full half-head above all who stand near him. His noble brow is bent forward as if to receive a crown. What brighter diadem can be placed upon it than the homage he is now receiving? In such an attitude as this his great ancestor, Lord Burleigh, might have stood before Elizabeth when she told him that she had made him her Secretary of State. And thus the marquis himself a few months ago might have received his commission from Victoria. He has the aspect of a great nobleman. Looking at him, I can understand how it was that in ages past, when the people were more ignorant and impressionable than they now are, a few great individuals were able "to get the start of the majestic world and bear the palms alone." His fine head, which is bald on top, is very broad across the brows, indicating unusual calculating power. I

## Igerne, and Other Writings

remember now that at Oxford he won a medal for his mathematics. His dark-brown hair, which is somewhat silvered now, for he is fifty-six years of age, descends below his ears and has a slight tendency to curl at the end ; he has the full, eloquent eye of an orator, and his nose, which is rather short and thick, gives something of the bulldog look to his face without marring the symmetry of his features, and is expressive of that determination which during his long career, most of which has been spent in hopeless opposition, has sustained him in his vigorous attacks upon the ministry. He looks like Bismarck with a full beard. There is a German bushiness about the whiskers which cover the lower portion of his face and conceal the lips whose utterances are expected with so much anxiety. The cheers are dying away, and with his left hand the marquis raises the goblet of water and barely touches it to his lips. As he slowly replaces it on the table I wonder what will be the quality of his voice. Judging from his great bulk, surely it must be a deep bass. I am, therefore, surprised to hear him say " My lords, ladies and gentlemen " in a voice that is more of a treble than a bass. This, however, is unnatural, and after a few sentences his tone becomes deep and sonorous. The marquis is a master of the oratory which is peculiar to the English, and which bears about the same relation to true eloquence that didactic verse does to genuine poetry. It is not vehement and moving ; it does not make the heart beat faster and

## A Conservative Meeting

fill the bosom with strange and high emotions ; it is a sedative rather than a stimulant ; it clears the judgment instead of exciting the feelings ; it is not the force which could stir a revolution, but would be quite effective in allaying one. And this is the precise end toward which the marquis has applied his eloquence for the last thirty-five years, during which he has regularly opposed all those measures of reform which have been as regularly championed by Mr. Gladstone. His political sentiments may be summed up in a sentence taken from a paper on "Parliamentary Reform," which he contributed in 1848 to a volume of Oxford essays: "Let that which has worked well work on," with the addition, which the marquis no doubt silently supplies, "Everything that has worked has worked well." Great and honored as he has been, there is yet something pathetic about his career. He is the champion of a failing cause. The age of successful Toryism has passed away with that of powdered wigs and knee-breeches, and that it has passed away forever is proved by the fact that such a man as the marquis cannot recall it.

In his endeavors to stop the course of progress he has flung himself in front of a Juggernaut, which only crushes him and moves irresistibly on. His first speech in Parliament was a vehement attack upon the right of a committee appointed by Lord John Russell to revise the statutes of Oxford University. He made a brilliant effort ; Gladstone praised it ; but it was unsuccessful. Ever since he



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has been constantly making splendid speeches in vain. He may be called the hero of defeat. Yet as he stands there, pouring out that splendid sophistry, he looks more like the hero of a hundred victories. His dress is perfectly simple; not even a watch-chain relieves the blackness of his broad-cloth vest. His person is as bare of jewelry as is his speech of the gaudier ornaments of rhetoric. Two thin black lines extending down the broad whiteness of his shirt-front show the guard from which his eye-glasses are suspended, and which, as he turns from side to side, tick gently against the buckle of the blue sash which, extending over his shoulder and around his breast, betokens him a Knight of the Garter. One corner of the silver star which is the badge of the order gleams from under the left lapel of his coat. The marquis makes no gestures, but occasionally the thumb of his left hand wanders into the crease of the fold and more than half reveals the glittering emblem, intentionally or not I cannot tell. The marquis grows facetious and sarcastic. Whenever he mentions Mr. Gladstone's name he is interrupted by hisses and groans. An English groan is *sui generis*, and may be called a despondent yell. It very much resembles the "moo" of a cow, except that it does not have the sharp rising note at the end. The accent of the marquis is something exquisite. Like a tasteful dress on a woman, it becomes every sentiment he utters. It seems to strip and peel the word from around the idea and leaves it bare and

## A Conservative Meeting

plain. It is a delight to hear him pronounce the French proper names he has occasion to use, such as Louis Quatorze and Robespierre.

He has just said very truly, "Nobody argues in these days; a sentiment expressed in two lines will carry further than an argument in two pages." He is more inclined to the argument in two pages, but when circumstances compel can put his sentiment into two lines. He has spoken now for nearly an hour, yet shows no sign of fatigue. He speaks so calmly and easily that he might go on for hours without weariness. The men in front of him sit with a half-smile on their faces, eagerly drinking in every syllable he utters. The ladies have grown a little tired; I don't think they understand it. They are more interested in looking at the faces of the crowd below. The marquis at last takes his seat amid another storm of applause, after having delivered a speech which to-morrow will be read throughout the world.

Several speakers follow, some of them noble, but none can compare with the marquis. It is like the whistling of winds through a keyhole after the boom of a hurricane. At least it helps us to get used to common things again.

The meeting adjourns with "God Save the Queen." The great organ pours forth its tremendous note, and the vast multitude rises and lifts up its voice in Britain's political doxology.



**The Strand: by Day—by Night**  
**—Nell Gwynn**



THE STRAND: BY DAY—BY NIGHT—  
NELL GWYNN

LONDON, June 9th. The Strand (so named from lying along the banks of the Thames) is during the day one of the busiest streets of London. Its narrow roadway is crowded with traffic, its sidewalks thronged. The rattle of loaded vans, the rumble of yellow omnibuses, the importunities of flower-girls holding out their nosegays to each passer-by, fill the air. All this is business, but business of a legitimate kind. With dusk the scene changes. The crowd does not diminish, but rather increases. It is the crowd which changes. The Strand has ceased to be a market of books and cloth and drugs; it has become the mart where other wares are sold, merchandise not carried in baskets. The theaters are open. The Café Gatti is in full blast. The liveried servant at the door each moment opens it to some swell couple. The lamps are lit, and those who walk in the street see one another by gaslight. Pimlico, Putney, Dalston, and all the other suburbs of London have each sent its quota of frail charmers, and now the Strand

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is the most Babylonish street of the "modern Babylon."

It is a place in which to moralize. The only trouble is, a man feels a little skittish from always expecting a shower of brimstone, for Gomorrah could be repeopled with its appropriate inhabitants from those who at this hour are abroad in the Strand.

We stand now in the shadow of the new law courts. (I suppose, reader, that you have consented to become my companion for the evening.) Yes, this is the Castle of Justice; for it looks like a castle with its loophole windows and battlemented turrets, and it is presumed to be the abode of justice. There before that low Gothic door, the entrance to the left wing, I saw the noisy rabble assembled which waited to mob Sir Charles Dilke when he showed himself after his trial. Sir Charles very prudently escaped through a back way. That unsightly monument standing in the middle of the street is the new Temple Bar, an unattractive pile of grayish stones, surmounted by a very poor statue of the Queen holding the earth in her hand. The old Temple Bar, which marked the western limit of the ancient City of London, the one which Scott described, the one at which the sovereigns used always to halt their trains, when on their way to the City of London, to get the leave of the lord mayor to enter his domain, the one upon which the heads of traitors were exposed, has been removed, and all good people are sorry. The city fathers

## The Strand

said, forsooth, that it blocked the traffic. Talk about American greed for gold! There is nothing in the world so reckless as John Bull in the pursuit of a ten-pound note. On the other side of Temple Bar, leading off toward the Tower, is Fleet Street, the great newspaper district of London. There are more papers printed there each night than all London can read in a week.

Do you see that low, dark, round-topped door opening from the right-hand pavement? It looks very old. It is heavily riveted with iron. Well, that is the entrance to the Inner Temple Law Court. There Goldsmith lived, died, and is buried. At one time Johnson lived there. Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries" there. There is still preserved in the records of the Middle Temple (which adjoins the Inner Temple) an item of a fine of two shillings against one George F. Chaucer (the poet) for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street. If we had been then where we now are, we would probably have heard the thwack of the young law student's stick as it came down on the bald pate of the monk. I suspect that George F. was drunk.

Somewhat farther down on the left side is the little, tunnel-like entrance to Bolt Court, so long Dr. Johnson's home. Yet farther down on the same side is Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, the tavern at which the doctor and Reynolds and Goldsmith used to hobnob and drink one another's health until the health of all (for the night at least) was gone.



## Igerne, and Other Writings

Our way lies westward toward Charing Cross. What noise! what bustle! It is not the hurry of business; it is the nervous haste of those who make pleasure a business. Most of those in the street are women. An occasional dude variegates the throng. We hear much laughter, but it is hysterical; it comes from hearts which most of the day are sad and full of repinings. The door of the ale-house stands half open; it invites us. Shall we enter? In most of the drinking-places of London (pardon the bull) the waiters are waitresses. So you see four or five girls behind the zinc-covered counter. Observe these separate partitions, like stalls, for the different classes. In that "stall" where you see the laborer in hodden-gray drinking, the beer is worth but three ha'pence a glass—about three cents; but it is vile stuff; it makes those who drink it surly and mean. Here we pay slightly more for our ale. "Two glasses of bitter, miss." You must always put this "miss" on it speaking to these girls. The courtesy always promptly returns in the quality of your beer and the smile with which she gives it to you. Now that is a typical barmaid. A neat figure clad in a black jersey, a red rose at her throat, probably the evening offering of "'er 'Arry." Her sleeves are rolled up to show her small wrist and white arm. Ah, was ever woman pretty and knew it not? She is now pumping our ale.

There is a series of pump-like fixtures in the opposite counter. One is for porter, another for

## The Strand

stout, and one for "bitter ale," or "aeil," as our Hebe would pronounce it. It is not a liquid to be sipped lingeringly; it is too bitter. Well, here's to you! I may remark that it is not the proper thing for gentlemen to come into these "public houses." I came here to study the peculiar phases of English life to be found in such places. A "pub" will show you in an hour more of Saxon England than you may see elsewhere in a week. The Saxon in England is still the serf, the swineherd and loutish laborer. Gurth and Wamba have not yet taken completely off the badges of their servitude.

Ah, see here on the wall (in England you frequently find interesting pieces of art in the most unexpected places) this picture in encaustic tiles of Nell Gwynn dancing before her royal lover, Charles, whose saturnine features are relaxed into a smile under the charm of the woman whom perhaps he loved as truly as he could love anything. Look at Nellie; she seems to be dancing for a kingdom as well as for a king. I will have more to say of Nellie when we get into the street. Down here a piece, near the old church of St. Mary-le-Strand (where Johnson used to worship and pray off on Sunday his weekly sins), Wych Street, narrow and crooked, turns up to the right toward Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The gas-lamps in it flicker and burn low. Its dark angles and recesses are inhabited by many a memory of Nell. Here in an obscure court, called Coal-house Yard, she was born, the daughter of a petty shopkeeper.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Here, a rosy-cheeked child combing her flaxen hair with her fingers, she rollicked and romped with her humble playmates at alley games, or circled around the May-pole, which every springtime was set up near by in the Strand. From here, where the dawning woman budded fair in her, conscious that men looked after her when she passed, would she go forth, her orange-basket on her arm printing the figure of its plaited handle upon her bare white skin. What was more natural than that she would find her way with her wares up Wych Street to the King's play-house, the fashionable theater of that day? What more natural than, being there and listening to the music to which the girls danced, she should feel that, like them, she could cut jigs and crack saucy jokes, and so become an actress? She set her orange-basket down forever, and in it left most of her childish happiness. She became the rage. Pepys, the diarist, used to go to the play-house nightly to see her until Mrs. Pepys grew jealous. Doubtless there were many others who went as regularly, but they did not keep diaries. Lord Buckhurst, the courtier, made love to her and won her heart, and she gave him more than her heart. Lord Buckhurst had not enjoyed his prize more than a month before pretty Nellie stole one night the heart of King Charles as he sat in the royal box. He sent for her, and the world knows the rest. She became his mistress, and by him the ancestress of the present Duke of St. Albans. What a romance! What leaps! First from the pit to

## The Strand

the stage, and then from the stage into the arms of a king and the velvet splendors of Whitehall. And then at last what a fall! From a palace into a wanton's grave! Poor Nellie!

There are many less attractive Nellies in the Strand to-night.

Hear the hum and the scraping of the multitude of feet upon the sidewalks, the rattle of cabs in the street with their red lights glaring in front. See in that hansom that rakish-looking young fellow in evening dress. A large jewel glistens in the center of the white shirt-front. Observe how fondly he leans against the plump shoulder at his side. They have left the theater early and are heading for the West End. Is he another Buckhurst with another Nellie?

There to the right is the Lyceum Theater, with its tall pillars in front. That low, tunnel-like passage with its sides plastered with yellow playbills is the entrance to the pit. You can have a seat in there for two shillings, if you can stand to be roasted and squeezed to death by the crowd. Hear the low, subterranean rumble. The audience is now calling Irving and Miss Terry before the curtain.

We passed several girls standing against the wall at an obscure place of the street, where the lamps cannot fully reveal their features. These are the lepers of the carnival; they are French, and from the vilest scum of Paris. Most of them have committed some crime there and have fled here to escape arrest. They keep in the dark to prevent

## Igerne, and Other Writings

the paint from being seen on their hollow cheeks, and also to escape the notice of detectives who may be interested in them. Give one a glance, and she will at once smile and address you in broken English. They are to be pitied. Exiled from their native country, they have found their way into a land which loathes them. London, down to its vilest courtesan, turns from them in disgust.

Here is the Adelphi Theater and there the Vaudeville. We are approaching one of the most historic spots in London.

This is Charing Cross. Do you remember what Dr. Johnson said of Charing Cross? "Sir," said he to his faithful Boswell, when the two were perhaps standing on this very spot, "sir, Fleet Street is very busy, but I think the very tide of human existence is at Charing Cross." The doctor's tide has become a flood. Charing Cross is the wrist of London, and here you can feel the full pulse of the mighty city, the throb of five million souls. Where did so many people come from? Where are they all going? It is easy to see what many of them are about. Notice that dude following that girl. She pretends to be endeavoring to escape from him. Her flight only makes him more ardent in pursuit. See, he speaks to her; she turns and looks him over from his high collar to his patent-leather buttoned shoes. She is pleased; she smiles. She takes his arm, and they pass on. Flower-girls stick their wire-wrapped nosegays under their noses. "Penny er bunch, sweet violets—penny er bunch."

## The Strand

See that old man chucking that pretty flower-girl  
under the chin.

A solemn bell near by tolls the hour. It hangs  
in the steeple of a church—St. Martin-in-the-Fields.  
Its iron voice seems to utter a warning to the gay  
crowd shuffling below that life is short and too much  
pleasure makes it shorter. Nell Gwynn is buried  
in that church. There, underneath that holy roof,  
she has sought shelter from the retribution which  
may come to the erring, and the bell slowly knell-  
ing above her seems to take the moral of her un-  
happy life as the text from which it preaches in  
intermittent monotone to the giddy throng which  
walks and laughs in the Strand by the gas-light.



## **A Stroll through Windsor Park**





## A STROLL THROUGH WINDSOR PARK

LONDON, June 20, 1886. A double avenue of elms, with a broad carriageway swelling up between, stretches out from the grand entrance of the castle about three miles into the forest; one avenue is for riding, the other for walking. This is the "Long Walk." I have traversed half the length and stopped here to rest. The old oaken bench on which I sit is scarred with names and notches cut by idle whittlers. A placard tacked on an elm near by is inscribed with this warning:

"The public are notified that it is dangerous to sit under these trees.

"BARTLEY CAMPBELL, *Ranger*."

I don't see why; I suspect it to be a piece of over-caution. These English always err on the side of prudence. These trees look as safe as any I know of; at least I am sitting here comfortably. The breezes which blow on me from the mossed recesses of the new-leaved woods seem never to have been outside the pale of this beautiful park,

## Igerne, and Other Writings

but to have wandered about these shades, growing more sweet and refreshing ever since the days they lifted the flaxen curls from the brow of William the Norman, who, I believe, used to come here to hunt. To my right and to my left stretches away the green arcade. I cannot see the end in either direction. Each way it grows narrower and lower until the branches of the trees seem to touch the white sandy walk and shut out the view. The trees are set about thirty feet apart—elms, very old. On their huge brown trunks the rough bark stands out like muscles which have been corded and knotted by a long wrestling with the storm. Thin, fine mosses cover their trunks like a coat of green paint; overhead their dark arms intertwine; each seems to be resting in the embrace of the one opposite. Their small, fresh green leaves rustle against one another pleasantly. On each side of the carriageway the grass grows thick and tall; the long, glossy green blades bend over with their own weight; as the wind passes over them they ripple into little billows. A small brown dog is playing upon the grass; his tongue is lolling out, and as he rolls over a brass collar on his neck glistens. His master whistles to him; off he bounds. Beyond the road in an inclosure, hemmed in by a fence made of iron rods about eight feet tall set two inches or so apart, I see some of the Queen's cattle, their noses in the cool grass, grazing. They switch their tails against their smooth sides with an air of perfect contentment. I am

## A Stroll through Windsor Park

sure that the Queen's cows are not the least happy of her Majesty's subjects. Farther on to the right I can make out through the foliage, which now and then sways apart with the wind, the outlines of several large yellow cones. They are straw-stacks; not ragged and uneven like those too common at home, but smoothly round as if some artistic idler had shaved them down with a sharp blade; they look like huge inverted tops.

From the village of Windsor, to my left about a mile and a half, comes the sound of a brass band. I hear the cornets and other instruments indistinctly, but the regular thump of the bass drum is very plain. The picturesque little village clusters its red-roofed cottages under the great castle walls like vassals at the feet of a lord. When I came through there an hour ago, the calm of a Sabbath afternoon was in its narrow, crooked streets. I wonder what has roused it into this sudden jubilee.

Everybody is out this afternoon. A continual stream of walkers passes me. I am interested in observing their great variety. Some of them seem to take a kind of quizzical interest in me; they evidently see something queer in my appearance. At home I would be called "tough"-looking, I think. I have on a suit of light homespun. A gray tourist's cap is pulled down over my eyes. At my collar and cuffs a flannel shirt is visible. My shoes are old and unblackened; they are rough with the scars of many miles of traveling; in one of them a long, gaping crack displays my dusty

## Igerne, and Other Writings

sock. But what matter is it? I am full of the glory of comfort, and scorn the sneers of the dudes. Most of those who pass, seeing me using paper and pencil, think that I am an artist. I smile to see them look around for the object I am drawing. I wish I were an artist; I would make a sketch of this tramp-like individual who comes limping down the walk. He steps painfully. Through the holes in his rough shoes I see his bare feet; they are red and swollen. His soiled corduroy trousers are tattered at the ends and hang in shreds about his ankles. As he walks they gape apart and show his thin, sockless leg. What an object to be seen in the Queen's park! What a contrast to even the cows over the way! There is a hungry glare on his face which is very pitiful. On his cheeks, which are sunken in like old graves, grows a thin, grizzly beard. His mouth hangs half open, as if constant groans had got it used to that position. His lips are covered with white blisters. He sees me regarding him closely, and, thinking my heart must feel the dint of pity, comes up and extends his withered, trembling hand while he mumbles his petition for a penny. I give it to him, and he limps off fumbling in his tattered garments for a safe place in which to put the coin.

Yes, and side by side with him, for the sake of a contrast, I would put a sketch of the red-coated soldier who stalks after him with step as firm as that of the beggar is weak and wavering. His scarlet jacket is braided with white. His white-gloved

## A Stroll through Windsor Park

hand grasps a small cane in the middle. A turban-like cap, with black strap falling in front of his face, sits jauntily on one side of his head, which is thrown back in the pride of his strength. With each step the red stripe down his leg bends at the knee. The gravels crunch under his firm tread. Thus does Mars follow poverty. Usually it is reversed; penury lingers and starves in the foot-prints of war.

Now this old fellow who, clad in a sober suit of black cloth, comes loitering down the walk with spectacles on nose and hands clasped meditatively behind him, he is a professor, I know. He glances knowingly at trees and grass and flowers.

Love treads in the steps of science. A young couple follow, a mechanic and his sweetheart. I know he is a mechanic from his big rough hands; from the wrinkles about his knuckles he has not been able to wash the grime even for this holiday occasion; but I am sure the red-cheeked girl at his side will not refuse his hand because it is dark with the signs of toil. How unlike to the professor they are! He observes everything, but they take notice of nothing; each sees and hears but the other. As they walk slowly along, arm in arm, they meet a company of laborers, one of whom attracts my attention. He is low and thick-set, has broad shoulders and is thrifty-looking. From his mid-thigh to his ankles brown leather leggings, frayed and whitened somewhat at the bottoms, cover his corduroy trousers; his white cotton jacket

## Igerne, and Other Writings

is somewhat soiled ; the pockets on either side have been pulled down by heavy things carried in them ; his cheeks are ruddy with health, his neck brown with sunburn. On his head sits a small, turban-like hat, upon whose band there is an attempt at embroidery ; from under it escape several inches of straight, uncombed flaxen hair. His face is surely Saxon. He reminds me of Gurth in "Ivanhoe." His shoes are heavy and clouted ; 'tis this, perhaps, that gives him that ungainly gait. He walks as if stepping over clods. He seems to be stumbling behind a plow. What a contrast to the graceful little couple who follow—an Eton boy and his sister, or it may be his sweetheart, out for a walk ! I know that he is an Etonian from his silk hat, short broad-cloth jacket, and rolling collar. The thick flaxen hair of his companion falls over her shoulders ; the wind lifts it as she steps, walking out into the road. I see at one end of the elm-lined avenue the gray walls of the castle. At the other end, on a pedestal of rough granite blocks piled up on a hill, an equestrian statue of George III. His horse rears in air ; over his shoulders a bronze cloak is thrown.

Under a beech-tree on Statue Hill. On my way to Virginia Water I have passed under this tree, whose ashy trunk is scarred with many names, and whose branches, green on the under sides as if they caught the reflection of the grass below, droop beautifully to the ground. I see a hole made by some burrowing animal. The ground is covered with the brown hulls of beech-nuts. To my left,

## A Stroll through Windsor Park

with his back to me, the bronze George bestrides his rearing horse. Swelling from the center of the green, wooded landscape in front of me rise the gray turrets of Windsor Castle. No flag flutters from the pole which rises from the main tower, and this shows that the Queen is not in her fortress home. Away off beyond the castle the living verdure grows gradually blue and mingles with the azure overhead. At different portions of the horizon church steeples thrust up their sharp spires, and dun clouds of smoke lazily ascend.

At Virginia Water, sitting on the fence surrounding Johnson's Pond. After leaving the beech on Statue Hill the road led through a wilder part of the forest. I saw a herd of fallow-deer. Rabbits darted through the weedy fens. A red squirrel ran across the road, dragging his bushy, undulating tail behind him. He stopped at the foot of a tree; I approached. He leaped upon the tree and lingered to listen, his little black eyes shining. I heard his sharp claws rattle on the bark, and he was gone. I passed Cumberland Lodge, the residence of some of the royal family. Under the trees a few hundred yards away I saw its red brick walls; in front of it flamed a line of scarlet rhododendrons. Farther on, the road went through an open field where the skylarks were singing. To the right, in a little bottom, I saw the pheasant-coops, in which a number of hens were endeavoring to perform the offices of mother pheasants. A few of the broods had been hatched, and the young ones were run-



## Igerne, and Other Writings

ning about the pens cheeping like young turkeys. Then the road led down a ravine, gloomily shaded with funereal larch and sadly sounding pines; and I am here sitting on this rail looking into this beautiful, calm sheet of water. What can be more placid! In it are cast the dark shadows of insects. A dragon-fly drones past like a javelin of glistening green; a swallow circling about disturbs the calm surface at intervals by dipping in the point of his sharp black wing. The margin is fringed with water-lilies; their rosy blooms float about whichever way the wind blows; their broad, half-submerged leaves, lying flat upon the water, seem to be the palettes from which the almighty Artist painted their blossoms of snow. Across the upper end of the pond a brown, long-tailed pheasant has just flown. Not far away I see another swimming among the rushes. Down the path along which I came a big-eyed rabbit lopes toward me; he sees me and stops, then lopes back. Not far away from me two bicyclists are resting, smoking pipes; cloth hats on their heads, woolen stockings cover their legs to their knees. Their nickel-plated machines lean against the fence as if they were resting too. Behind my back the half-sunken sun grows redder and redder; the shadows gather in the forest. Twilight has arisen—exhaled, it seems, like a spirit from the dark, beautiful pool before me. It grows too dark to write. I will walk on half a mile farther to the Seven Stars, the inn where I am to spend the night.

**Stoke-Newington: Poe—Watts**



## STOKE-NEWINGTON: POE—WATTS

LONDON, July 10, 1886. Who of late years has heard the name of Stoke-Newington and not thought of Poe and Quakers? Stoke-Newington was once a little village lying northeast of London, where the coaches stopped on their way to Cambridge. It is now a part of that great city which is stretching itself over England as England widens her dominion over the world. Its historic landmarks nearly all have gone. Travelers to Cambridge are now whirled through it by rail. The Quakers have almost entirely left the quiet place since the stir of metropolitan business has invaded it; but they have left behind them a kind of solemnity in the air which visitors may yet feel.

Students of Poe, who have sought to find in every circumstance of his unhappy life the root from which grew that gloom and love of mystery which characterized his genius, have not paid enough attention to the influences which were brought to bear on him while he was a pupil of Dr. Busby, among the yew-trees and Quakers of Stoke-Newington. Here it was, I think, that the

## Igerne, and Other Writings

shadow first fell on him, and he began to listen for the croaking of the raven. I visited Stoke-Newington lately. "This is Church Street, sir," said the red-cheeked bus-driver to me, who sat on the box-seat at his side. The huge, lumbering yellow vehicle came to a halt, and unbuttoning the water-proof lap-cloth which covered me (for it had been raining), I grasped the strap and swung off to the pavement. With the crack of the whip the bus rumbled on over the cobblestones, and I stood alone where seventy years ago an American child had played whom his companions called Eddy Poe, little knowing that they pronounced the name of one of the world's brightest geniuses.

It was Sunday afternoon. The drops of the recent shower hung glistening on the trees. Workmen with their best clothes on and white-clay pipes in their mouths were walking in the streets. The older ones were alone, the younger had their sweethearts with them. A Sabbath stillness was in the air. A bell near by was ringing for afternoon services. I walked toward it, and found an old church whose gray, blunt-cornered buttresses were overgrown with ivy. I sought the door, but found it locked. I went all around looking for another entrance, but found none. I stood off among the graves and the leaning tombstones, and looked up at the towers from which came the solemn tolling of the bell, and I was pleased to think that no sexton was ringing it; but at this hour every day it awoke itself with a memory of Poe. I began to

## Stoke-Newington: Poe—Watts

look around among the gravestones, and found several which Poe might have seen, and, grave-lover that he was, have scraped away with a stick the green moss which was growing in the inscriptions.

Opening a little iron gate, I was again in Church Street. I saw a man sitting on a fence reading a newspaper, and I knew from that that he lived in the neighborhood. I went up to him and asked if he could tell me where the old manor-house had stood in Church Street, for it was there that grim Dr. Busby had his school.

"You are after Poe," said he, smiling, and taking off his eye-glasses as he folded up his "Telegram."

"Precisely," I replied.

"Well," said he, as he got down from the iron rail upon which he sat, "you will find Stoke-Newington very different from the village which Poe knew. The old manor-house stood about three hundred yards from here, and as I have nothing to do I will walk down there with you. I remember it well. It was a solemn-looking building, set back from the street among trees and fenced from the world with high brick walls, on whose top sharp pieces of glass were set in mortar to keep out intruders. I remember well the rusty rivets of iron on its tall, arched gate, which in my whole life I never saw opened more than a dozen times, and then only to let out the solemn-faced children for a walk over the fields near by. Of course Dr.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Busby was before my time, but my father was a pupil of his, and he died before Poe's fame reached across the waters, and I do not know whether he knew him or not. Church Street is the same width that it was in Poe's day. Most of the houses, however, are new. Those on the right side of the street, though, are old—much older than the century. Undoubtedly Poe saw them." I glanced at the row of low, red-roofed cottages to which he pointed. The stains of age were on their ashy bricks. Fresh green vines, spangled with rain, ran over their small-paned windows. At one window I saw an old woman bent over a book, which I think was a Bible. She appeared old enough to have known Poe.

"Here," continued my very pleasant guide, pausing before a new brick building, "here, as near as I can remember, stood the old manor-house. There was the green upon which boys played foot-ball and cricket; it is now taken up by workmen's cottages. Often as a child have I come by the solemn wall which guarded and at the same time imprisoned them, and heard their shouts as they kicked or bowled the balls about the turf. My father insisted that I become a pupil there, but the place was too dismal and melancholy for me. The garden was full of yew-trees, and their shadows were dark and heavy on the ground. The boys had the solemn faces of old men. I did not feel that I would be a congenial companion with them. Dr. Busby died without knowing that



## Stoke-Newington : Poe—Watts

he had begun the education of a genius. His pupils were mostly the sons of city merchants, and most of them became business men in London. Their chief pride was that one of their number had become an alderman, which in England, you know, means more than it does in America. They seem all to have forgotten Poe. I, however, am a warm admirer of him, and have frequently read his best pieces while sitting in that park yonder."

"What park?" I asked.

"Well," he continued, "it is scarcely a park. It is Abney Park Cemetery, but there are groves there where one may wander and not feel that he is in the presence of the dead. It is an historical old place, and if you like I will walk that way with you. In the time of Elizabeth this was one vast game forest, and was a famous place for hunting. I have no doubt that the steed upon which Bess sat sidewise often galloped over this very spot after fox and stag. Do you see that public house, or saloon, across the way, with 'Falcon' written above it in gilt letters? Well, the proprietor of that does not pay any tax. Anciently the falconer who lived there, in the middle of the forest, had the right to sell beer without license, and the immunity has continued to this day. So much do we English love old ways. Rogers, the poet, once lived in this neighborhood. The elder Disraeli, father of Benjamin, also lived here. That little church, out of whose gate I saw you come, was the first Christian house of worship that young Ben was ever in. His



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father allowed him to go home with Rogers, who had been spending the morning with him, and Rogers took him to chapel with him in the afternoon, and the little Jewish boy witnessed for the first time the ceremonies of the church to which he afterward became so devotedly attached; for Disraeli was the ultra-Tory in everything, and was the highest of High-churchmen. My father knew both the Disraelis well."

Here we passed before a wide, solemn gate. I looked in and saw acres and acres of white tombstones. The further side was fringed with a skirt of forest. We passed within. Many people were walking slowly along the paths. Some had flowers in their hands made up in funeral wreaths, which they were taking to lay on some grave.

"A knight by the name of Abney," continued my friend, "once owned these grounds. His house stood where you see that chapel-like structure. He once invited Watts, the hymn-writer, to come to visit him; Watts came and stayed thirty years—in fact, died there. Abney was devotedly attached to the saintly old song-maker, and insisted that he become a member of his household. Not far from here is a little hillock which pious pilgrims have named the 'Mount of Vision,' for it was there in the shade of a drooping chestnut, which still stands, that Watts went most often to meditate and compose his hymns. It was to show you that that I brought you here."

So we walked down a path leading to the site,

## Stoke-Newington: Poe—Watts

and soon were at the foot of the "Mount of Vision." Tacked to the rough bark of the chestnut-tree was an inscription to the effect of what my friend had told me. Several visitors with hats off stood reverently around it. And, indeed, I thought if there is a holy spot to be buried in, it is here where the muse of religion has consecrated the soil. The trees through whose boughs the murmur of Watts's prayer once ascended must be very quiet ones to rest under. Here I had to bid my very interesting acquaintance good evening, for some members of his family whom he wished to join passed by.

My thoughts turned to Poe. What had been the effect of this solemn neighborhood upon his childish mind? The stiff, white-ruffled, unapproachable doctor; his prison school; the streets every day as quiet as Sunday, the only walkers in them being demure Quaker lassies, with their bonnets circled about their faces, or their staid-faced fathers in white cravats and trousers buttoned below the knee; the yew-trees, and the church hard by; no laughter; no sounds of merriment—could any boy live a year of the superstitious period of his life a close neighbor of thousands of graves, and not feel the effects forever afterward? What must have been its influence on a poet's childhood? No doubt that every ghoul which Poe afterward pictured arose before him from Abney Park burial-ground. With solemn feelings I turned away from the spot where Poe first fell in love with sadness and the memories of elf.



## **A Whitebait Dinner at Crosby Hall**





## A WHITEBAIT DINNER AT CROSBY HALL

LONDON, July 13, 1886. Reader, did you never eat whitebait? No? Then you have not tasted the choicest delicacy which the waters of the earth or the waters under it have to give. What is whitebait? Nobody knows, and I am glad of it. The mystery of what it is adds to it its most delectable flavor. It is certainly a fish, but what kind of a fish it is ichthyologists only conjecture, but cannot say surely. The only things known about it are these: it lives in the Thames, and is good. In the spring the fishermen drag it up by the millions in their nets, and epicures by the thousand feed upon it. Stand any morning on the water-steps of Billingsgate Market, and you can see the fishermen come trudging up from their barges with boxes on their shoulders full of small, glistening fishes, and with grunts of relief deposit them on the landing-steps. These are whitebait. There are, however, circumstances more pleasant under which to observe them, namely, with a napkin on your knee and a dish of them before you. So

## Igerne, and Other Writings

I pray you come with me to Crosby Hall and have a look at them from this standpoint.

Crosby Hall is a famous restaurant in the old City of London. It is one of the few buildings of great historical interest which have survived the vandalism of the modern cockney. See, we stand before it in Billingsgate Street—an antique pile with front slightly overhanging the pavement. In a niche of its façade stands a figure in armor. We enter through this swinging door. The floor is tessellated and the walls covered with historical paintings. A marble counter stretches in a sort of half-moon around the room; behind it waitresses clad in neat-fitting suits of light calico serve with sandwiches and ale the young fellows who lean indolently on the white marble slabs. There at a side table a carver in white jacket and turban is cutting invisible slices from a leg of mutton. Our way lies through a door to the dining-room. Here we can sit—please take that chair. A noble hall, is it not? It looks more like an ancient chapel than a dining-room. Flowers on the table, the waitresses prettier than those outside. Ah, see that very pretty one near the door! We will have her serve us. It is fit that you should have your first dish of whitebait from the hands of such a one. You are not simply in the best room of a London eating-house; you sit now where once kings reveled and ambassadors held their state. This is the banquet-hall of Gloucester's favorite palace. This is not only the spot, but these are

## A Whitebait Dinner at Crosby Hall

the very walls which resounded to the clashing goblets which were lifted up to his health. It was here that he plotted for a throne and laid the dark schemes which made him Richard III. From here he sent the ruffians to murder the little princes in the Tower. No doubt there still exists in some corner of this old building the secret cabinet in which, nervous and with pale face, he awaited the return of the executioners to hear that their bloody deed had been well done. Here he forced the lord mayor to do homage to him as king, and here with prayers and threats he wooed the gentle Anne Warwick, whose royal husband he had secretly slain. You can read the whole story in "The Last of the Barons," and in Shakespeare's "Richard III." By the way, when Shakespeare was writing that drama he probably lived in this neighborhood, for old records show that at that time he was paying the taxes on a dwelling-house in this immediate vicinity.

There are other memories than those of bloody Richard associated with Crosby Hall. It afterward became the residence of Sir Thomas More. Here he entertained Erasmus, who has left such a charming account of the domestic life at Crosby Hall, and here "Utopia" was written. Afterward Lady Pembroke lived here, where she was frequently visited by her brother, Sir Philip Sidney, that rose of chivalry and favorite of the muses. In the time of Cromwell it became a nonconformist chapel, and when Charles was restored fell to the



## Igerne, and Other Writings

base usage of a store-room. Think of the hall in which Richard had bent his crooked back among his courtiers, where More and Erasmus had gravely discussed philosophy, and where Sidney had paid his compliments and had been loved by all who saw him, becoming a place for bags of hemp and bolts of cloth to be packed in, and for rats to run about and gnaw the panels of historic oak! For more than a century, however, it has been restored to its original condition.

Look up at the wonderful woodwork of this lofty ceiling. It is so far to the top that Richard's wassailers might have drunk half their flagons before the echo of their shouts came down to them. See those tall windows of pictured glass, each pane of which paints the light which comes through it a different hue—the figures of heraldry, unicorns, thistles, gules, fleurs-de-lis, stone shields, and scutcheons. There in that bow-window shines the "Yellow Sun of York," which once made glorious summer of a winter of discontent. In one side there is a huge fireplace. That, however, is modern. When the hall was built there were no fireplaces. The fire was made on an altar-like hearth in the center of the floor, and the smoke arising escaped through an opening you may yet see in the roof.

At one end is a minstrels' gallery in which great persons sat. More than once Elizabeth sat there, buried in flounces and ruffles to conceal the thinness of her figure, while Raleigh and

## A Whitebait Dinner at Crosby Hall

Spenser and Leicester vied in flattering speeches to her.

But hold! here comes our whitebait, and if you have a real taste for good things the next few minutes of the present will be more pleasant than any memories of the past. "Are they fresh, miss?" "Wet from the Thames this morning, sir."

See, she uncovers the dish and reveals on the bottom a double handful of small fish. They lie on a piece of perforated paper which, here and there, has caught spots of grease from them. They are all of a size, each being something more than an inch in length. Their wide-open eyes are dimmed with grease. Their slender silver bodies are warped and twisted by the process of frying, so that they appear to be endeavoring to flop out of the dish. Have no fear that they are not clean; they have lived all of their life in the water, and how could they be otherwise? Allow me to help you. See, a spoon contains a dozen or more of them. Now you must make them red with Cayenne pepper. Red pepper not only helps the fish, but adds to the flavor of the wine. You remember that the poet Keats used to fill his mouth with red pepper just for the pleasure of tasting afterward "the delicious coolness of claret in all of its glory." Thin slices from a Graham loaf, buttered and with their buttered sides folded on each other to prevent them from soiling the fingers, is the accepted bread to be eaten with whitebait. The ice clicks in the claret-glass, so squeeze your lemon over your silver

## Igerne, and Other Writings

minnows, take your first mouthful, and tell me how you like them. Ah! the readiness with which your fork returns to your plate tells me very plainly your opinion of the first taste.

What veal is to ox-flesh, what the tender pullet is to the tough and all unlovely hen, that whitebait is to the fish. They are finny infants taken in their first innocence. They taste less like fish than like things which after a while may become fish. It is strange that whitebait is to be found only in the Thames. They have elsewhere what they call whitebait, but it is not such as comes out of London's river. The most renowned places for whitebait are the Star and Garter at Richmond, and the Ship Tavern at Greenwich. Every year Parliament adjourns to Greenwich for a whitebait dinner. Crosby Hall is, however, good enough.

Whitebait has always been a favorite with literary men. This delicate food agrees well, it seems, with those long-haired persons who think much of ambrosia and the skyey people who eat it. Charles Lamb used to jokingly say he counted his money, not by shillings, but by the number of plates of whitebait it would buy. By the way, the old South Sea House is just around the corner. When we have finished our lunch I will take you there—which, indeed, is now, for I perceive that all the minnows which a moment ago were before us have gone.

There yet remains a draft of wine in our glasses. Let us drink it to the ancient memories of Crosby

## A Whitebait Dinner at Crosby Hall

Hall, and to our pretty waitress (see how she blushes, red as the rose at her throat, as, smiling and with head inclined, she sets about clearing away our empty plates), to the evergreen name of "Elia," and an eternal abundance of whitebait.



## **The South Sea House**



## THE SOUTH SEA HOUSE

LONDON, July 15, 1886. Yes, there it stands, "where Threadneedle Street abuts on Bishopsgate," much the same as when it witnessed the bursting of the famous "Bubble," and when Charles Lamb in his younger days was a clerk there, and a generation later made it the subject of the first essay which he signed with the name of "Elia"; indeed, he took the name which is so immortal from an Italian, a fellow-clerk at the South Sea House.

Threadneedle Street is congested with traffic. Canvas-covered vans, loaded with spices, tea, gums, and everything that was ever bought or sold, hitch their wheels in their endeavor to pass one another in the narrow roadway. The drivers swear and brandish their long whips, while a policeman pointing with his club tells them how they can unlock themselves. The pavement shuffles with footsteps: clerks with papers in their hands hurrying on business errands; merchants with down-looking eyes calculating the probabilities of their ventures in Indian rice or American tobacco; tour-



## Igerne, and Other Writings

ists with red-backed guide-books under their arms gazing up at the solemn structure, which was built about the time that Washington was born. Let us stand on the other side with the tourists. It is not much to look at, the South Sea House isn't. A plain four-story building with an arched doorway of white stone, which now has been begrimed by the touch of many a fog and smoky day. It is obviously a relic of a time past. Newness crowds it from every side, but note how it stands aloof from the fresh brick and mortar which would thrust themselves into a too intimate acquaintance with it. It has an introspective look, as if wrapt with memories of what it has seen. Ah! and how many things does it remember? It remembers how, when the mortar was fresh between its bricks, great ladies and gentlemen passed through its portals, their silk purses heavy with gold, which they put upon the South Sea venture. It remembers, too, how, after the collapsing of the "Bubble," a clamorous crowd thronged about its closed portals, the men yelling and cursing, the women on their knees begging the return of some of their money, the loss of which had made them penniless, who, after a night's dream of enormous wealth, awoke in the morning to find that not only their dreams, but all they had in the world, was gone. It remembers the Gordon riots, and it saw the spectacled merchants reading the bulletins which announced the news of America's independence. It remembers a little boy with wild brown eyes,

## The South Sea House

who lived in the neighborhood, and who must have often passed its somber portals and stopped to look up at the fluttering pigeons about its windows; it remembers Keats. It remembers, too, how about 1804 a nurse used to roll, every fine afternoon, a baby-carriage along Threadneedle Street on her way to the Drapers' Garden; yes, it has often cast its shadow over Macaulay in long dresses, for he it was that was in the carriage. I can see now the infant eyes of England's most eloquent historian gazing up questioningly (in one sense Macaulay never was a child) at the solemn building, as he lay on his back among the pillows. Surely it must remember every feature of the youthful "Elia," his thin figure clad in somber black, his dark stockings and silver-buckled shoes, his swarthy Jewish face, his stammer, and his furtive, embarrassed gait. It has seen him many a time at noon steal out to Anderton's chop-house for his mug of ale and cutlet, clasp under his arm some beloved, ancient-backed volume of "Old Plays." Quaint Charles Lamb, the dearest, most delightful name in literary history!

The South Sea House stands on the site of an ancient Roman villa. This is known from the tessellated pavements which have been dug up from around its foundation. It might have been Agricola's residence. If we had stood fifteen hundred years ago on this spot, we might have heard the sound of an orator's voice; for the forum of ancient Londinium, upon the ruins of which the

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Mansion House, the palace of the lord mayor, now stands, is not more than four hundred yards from here; and looking in that direction we might have seen a bare-armed man, clad in a toga, haranguing the crowd in Latin about the alarming condition of affairs at Rome, and, listening attentively, we could have heard in the applause or jeers of the mob exclamations with which Plautus and Terence have made us familiar.

Pope and Gray were born just around the corner, and Sir Philip Sidney saw the light first not twenty steps from here. After his heroic end at Zutphen, he was borne along this street in state to his mausoleum in old St. Paul's. A thousand other spectacles and incidents of history this spot and old building have witnessed. Some show of business is still kept up at the South Sea House, but the gilt-braided janitor who guards the door is not disturbed often from his box. Two foreign-looking men lean against its door-post talking about the grain market, but they have a sleepy look in their eyes and puff indolently at their cigarettes, as if the spirit of the place had affected them. The vaults beneath, where, as "Elia" says, "Dollars and pieces of eight once lay in unsunned heaps," are now occupied by a printing-press. Listen! you can hear now the click of type and the shake and rattle of paper as it is lifted from the machine, while through that low row of windows you can see the grimy workmen with their coats off fingering the little strips of lead.

## The South Sea House

The time to see the South Sea House best is at night, when the noise of traffic has been hushed in the street and that deep calm has settled over this part of London which makes it seem to be the graveyard of a thousand buried years, when all of these old buildings, with doors closed and window-blinds pulled down, appear to sleep and dream their lives over again. Come, then, and in the dim and foggy silence of the night you can see more, because feel more, of the South Sea House than in the glare of day, when the tides of business are rushing past it in the narrow street.

It is growing late and I am hungry. I remember that this evening they have rump-steak pudding at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street. Come to dine with me there, and I will promise you a seat on the very old oaken bench on which Dr. Johnson used to stretch himself and smoke his long clay pipe, while, with one finger tangled in the ruffle of his shirt-bosom, he charmed Boswell and Goldsmith and Reynolds with his delightful talk.



**Leather Lane  
and the Haunts of Dickens**



## LEATHER LANE AND THE HAUNTS OF DICKENS

LONDON, August 8, 1886. In all my rambles about London I have come upon no spot which reminds me more of Dickens and the scenes he loves to describe than the narrow, dingy street which leads out of Holborn a few doors from Furnivall's Inn, and upon whose left side, entering from Holborn Viaduct, the following appropriate name is painted on a blackboard in white letters: "Leather Lane, E. C.," the "E. C." meaning East Central division of London. It was in Furnivall's Inn, you know, that young Dickens resided when he wrote "Pickwick Papers," and we may be sure that Leather Lane was not unknown to the footsteps of "Boz," who doubtless got from it many hints for the novels with which the world has been delighted for the past forty years. Come, stroll with me down Leather Lane. This house to the left as we enter belongs to the old buildings of London. At the height of about ten feet it projects, as you see, into a sort of elbow which overhangs the sidewalk, so that the room on the



## Igerne, and Other Writings

second floor is larger than the one on the ground. It is of white plaster. Whatever was its ancient use, it has now been turned into a pot-house, as is to be seen from its glass-faced door, upon which in frosted letters these words appear: "Wines, ales, and liquors." Through the window I see the barmaid scrubbing the counter with a rag. Above a shop door on the other side "J. G. Moore" in yellow letters is daubed upon a green board. I would be somewhat in doubt as to Mr. Moore's occupation if on the window below a framed card did not appear, and printed as follows:

### CLEANLINESS, COMFORT, CIVILITY.

#### *WHY PAY MORE?*

SHAVE . . . . . 2*d*.

HAIR BRUSHED, OILED . . . . 1*d*.

WATER, WITH THE USE OF CLEAN  
BRUSHES . . . . . 1*d*.

HAIR CUT BY AN EXPERIENCED HAND,  
WITH USE OF CLEAN COMB AND  
BRUSH . . . . . 2*d*.

SHAMPOOING . . . . . 3*d*.

HAIR-CURLING . . . . . 3*d*.

THE LITTLE WONDER,

1 LEATHER LANE.

## Leather Lane and the Haunts of Dickens

Now, considering that a penny, or rather a *d.* (from Latin *denarius*), is only two cents, I think that Mr. Moore makes a very reasonable offer of his tonsorial services.

A little farther up on the same side "A. Voikengs" has put his name over a shop which contains, as you may see through the windows, a very varied collection of mirrors,—some of them new, others glistening in gilt frames, and others second-hand,—pawned, perhaps, by some drunken wretches who were glad enough to get rid of the objects which showed them their swollen faces as often as they passed before them. Immediately across the lane there is another interesting establishment, an old-clothes shop. Does this not remind you of Fagin—these Derby coats and hollow-legged pantaloons swaying to and fro in the breeze, which blows down Leather Lane as cool and pleasant as if it were the most fashionable thoroughfare in London? Ah, I see you are looking for the same thing I am trying to find—the bunches of second-hand handkerchiefs which once used to hang in front of these shops, which young thieves such as the "Artful Dodger" abstracted from the pockets of unsuspecting old gentlemen like Mr. Brownlow at the book-stall, and brought here to be disposed of. I don't see the handkerchiefs, but I do see almost everything else. The topmost tier or cornice of the motley architecture consists of a line of rough boots hung upon a string, which in the middle sags into a decided

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## Igerne, and Other Writings

bow. The space below this is occupied by old clothes. Yet below this are displayed some half-worn rugs and bits of carpet, while at the bottom sits a row of cheap chromos—wild, impossible landscapes, lighted by the most curious copper-colored suns. In the right-hand window a placard says that "weekly payments will be taken." It is surrounded by such a variety of articles as might have been the result of a collection taken up in Babel. The upper portion is hung by a most complete assortment of female garments, which, to an eye not accustomed to their intricacies, are very bewildering indeed. I do recognize, however, the rawhide-covered circle hanging by a string beneath that petticoat; it is the head of a banjo; it looks natural, like those I have often heard "plooned" by dusky fingers. Worn-out jewelry is displayed in the window, and I wonder where all these old watches came from? Do you have the feeling about a watch which has ceased to run that it has died? I do. Its ticking pulse has stopped, and time with it is no more. Notice, too, how these dead watches, as if they were human corpses, have been laid with their faces up; and if the run-down watch is like the dead man, is not the dead man like the run-down watch? Yes; each lies waiting for the hand which made it and knows the secret of its mechanism to wind it up again.

Let us pass on. Here is something interesting indeed—the shop of a plaster-workman. His

## Leather Lane and the Haunts of Dickens

show-window is full of showy figures: angels with chalky wings outspread; Apollos frowning with milk-white brows upon Pythons, which they have just destroyed. Notice Hyperion's curl upon the forehead of that terra-cotta bust of Beaconsfield, and the lofty look upon that of a similar bust of Gladstone sitting beside it. Is it not appropriate that these busts should be made of clay? for who knew better than these the empty honors of this clay world? A glance into the narrow door shows the little apartment crowded with snowy images, among which glimmers a gas-jet half turned down as if out of feeling for the modesty of the various nymphs and Venuses, who stand around upon their pedestals in a most reckless state of unadornment. A narrow staircase, whose steps are covered with plaster-dust, conducts to the studio of the artist. Listen! can't you hear him picking away up there?

Let us walk on. There on the right, as the sign declares, furniture is to be bought and sold. Next door a woman sits behind a counter upon which are arranged hampers of charcoal, which she is willing to part with for sixpence a peck. A cart of coal has stopped in the lane just before us. The coal is contained in sacks, which sit upright in the cart. Look at the children that are playing with the loose chains that hang down from the end of the cart. Poor little ones! they have so few play-things that it gives them pleasure even to rattle a

## Igerne, and Other Writings

chain. The asphalt pavement is covered with strange chalk-marks made by them, used for paper in some alley game. In the windows above me, used for bedrooms, no doubt, I see two or three dirty-faced urchins leaning their uncombed heads. Before almost every window there hangs a cage in which a bird, chirping sadly at intervals, hops about. How could they be gay in such a desolate spot? We walk on past the Robin Hood, a bar-room (notice how many saloons there are), past the dirty window of a milliner's shop, in which battered bonnets and bunches of withered plumes are exposed for sale, to the Leathern Bottle, another bar-room on the corner. Immediately across the street we encounter a curious establishment, in which it seems that everything which was ever made of iron and got old has found its way. Pumps, spoons, knives, keys, swords, rusted armor, hatchets, locks. I do not see a locomotive, but I would not be surprised to hear the black-eyed, nervous little man who superintends this Babel drift say he had one back of the shop. Notice that clock standing against the wall, with its side panels removed and its intricacy of brass wheels exposed to the vulgar eye. I think that it is a criminal offense against the mystery which should invest a clock. The secrets of time should be sacred. Have you seen enough of Leather Lane? Then we shall turn back from this corner, from which four streets diverge that plunge yet deeper into one of the most squalid quarters of London, and

## Leather Lane and the Haunts of Dickens

along whose sides are set the boards from which penny trucksters have already begun to deal out the wilted cabbage and lettuce and withered potatoes, the refuse of other markets, which furnish the scanty subsistence of these miserable people.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, arranged in two columns. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list appears to be a record of some kind, possibly a roster or a list of events.

2. The second part of the document is a single, large, handwritten mark or signature, located at the bottom left of the page. It is written in a bold, cursive style, and its meaning is not clear from the context.

## London Bridge at Midnight





## LONDON BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT

LONDON, August 15, 1886. Do you know Oliver Twist? I say "know" Oliver Twist, for the characters of Dickens are so human that we can become acquainted with them as with other persons—get hold on them with our feelings, love them, hate them, pity them. If you do know Oliver you will probably be interested in a twelve-o'clock ramble I had last night through a quarter of London rarely visited by respectable people at that hour, but which is closely associated with the strange fortunes of the young gentleman mentioned.

Yesterday evening I finished re-reading the memoirs of our workhouse hero. It was about dusk that I laid the book aside, and went to refresh myself with a walk in Hyde Park. I could not dismiss from my society the imaginary characters with whose doings and sayings I had occupied the day. They crowded around me closer than the gay promenaders who brushed past me in the real flesh. I heard Fagin's hollow laugh, and the rough oaths of Sikes. I heard Oliver moaning in the ditch,

## Igerne, and Other Writings

and Nancy pleading with her executioner. The spell of the romance was over me like the influence of an intoxicating draft which lingers after the goblet has been set down. Strange to say, I had forgotten all the sunny, humorous parts, and remembered only those portions which were grisly and horrible. I could not recall a single one of the love-passages between Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, or the good-natured acerbities of Mr. Grimweg, although they had shaken my sides when I went over them. But there was present to my mind every detail of that last awful night which Fagin spent in prison—the crust, the chain, the narrow bed, the beard tangled and knotted on his wasted cheeks, the bleared eyes with which he watched through his dungeon grates for the dawning of day, and the hollow sound of the boards as they fell from the shoulders of the workmen who were building his scaffold in the prison yard. And I thought of Nancy, murdered by the hand she loved. I saw Sikes strike the blow, and then, in terrified remorse, draw the rug over her mutilated face to shut out the glare of the eyes which finally haunted him to death. And then I thought of the cause of her taking off—that midnight meeting on London Bridge, in which she communicated Monk's secret to Rose Maylie, which was overheard by Noah Claypole, concealed near by, and who, acquainting Sikes with her perfidy, caused him to take the life of the unhappy girl that very night.

## London Bridge at Midnight

It occurred to me to visit the scene of this interview. London Bridge was not far away. I glanced at my watch. It was nearing midnight of the very day (Sunday) on which the novel supposed the event to have happened. Before my watch could have counted another minute I had climbed upon a passing bus, and was rumbling along Oxford Street toward the Bank of England. About half-way down I passed on the left the yellow, pillared portico of Furnivall's Inn, in room No. 63 of which young Dickens saw fame dawn upon him, for there he was residing when he wrote the first chapters of "Pickwick Papers."

Farther down on the same side I passed St. Sepulcher's Church, in the chancel of which Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, is buried. Nearly opposite gloomed the walls of Newgate Jail, in which Fagin and the "Artful Dodger" were imprisoned. Then emerging into Cheapside, we rattled down its smooth asphalt incline, past the site of the ancient Mermaid Tavern, where Shakespeare and Jonson used to come to drink and jest, past Bow Church, upon whose spire is impaled the famous gilded dragon, into the open area in front of the Bank of England. Alighting on the spot where in the days of the Roman occupation of Britain the forum of Londinium had stood, the walk of a few minutes through Lombard Street (in which, you remember, dwelt Master Heriot in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel") brought me to the Middlesex end of London Bridge. I

## Igerne, and Other Writings

crossed to the Surrey side, for it was there, as a reference to "Oliver Twist" will show, on the stairs leading down to the water from the right side, that the meeting in which I was interested took place. I found the stairs exactly as described, and had descended several of the steps when a policeman laid his hand on my arm and told me that I could go no farther. I inquired the cause of the interruption. "I have orders to let no one come down here, sir. This is the place where suicides jump off into the river." I endeavored to explain to him that I not only had no intention of jumping into the river, but that I had a particular desire not to jump into it; that I had merely come down to verify a literary allusion. Here I made a mistake—a fatal one. If his Majesty of the blue coat and silver buttons had before entertained any doubts of my insanity and suicidal intent, they vanished at this. Now he was sure that I was a crank. Literary allusion! He regarded this as a weak excuse emanating from a mind distracted and desperate and longing for the Lethean depths of the river. No; he would neither let me descend alone, nor would he accompany me. I turned back with reluctance after a long look at the river, which flowed by the foot of the stairs, dark and silent enough to invite the miserable to partake of its gloomy rest. Might it not have been on those solid steps of stone that the water dripped from the garments of Hood's "one more unfortunate" as she was being borne from the bed she had

## London Bridge at Midnight

sought in the river? It might have been. I sauntered back up the bridge, and, leaning upon one of the parapets, penciled the notes from which the following description is taken.

Nearly midnight, on the Surrey end of London Bridge. The Thames here is about as wide as the Cumberland at Nashville. This bridge looks like a great highway leaping across it. It is all of stone. On either side it is guarded by granite walls rising to about the height of my breast. The polished surface of the granite is speckled white and black. In it little chips of mica glisten in the gas-light. The bridge is as broad as a public road, and swells up in the middle. At intervals there are recesses in the granite walls provided with stone seats. These are occupied by tramps, some of them stretched out to sleep. The passengers who are crossing the bridge are of very poor quality—drunken laborers returning from the low theaters and pot-houses in the city; the most abandoned of loose women, whose tinsel even has become tarnished, features swollen by intoxication, eyes bloated with vice. Behind me buses with tops crowded with passengers, as if they were decks of steamers, rumble over the bridge. The red lights gleam from the sides of the hackney-cabs as they jolt past. Below the bridge the river is crowded with shipping. Their sails are taken in; like great birds they rest with wings folded. Their bare yard-arms and masts gleam white against the sky. The beams of a moon nearly full, hanging 'way over toward

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Greenwich, struggle through a rising mist and dimly reveal the gray turrets of the Tower, which stands a few hundred yards away. The moonbeams are broken on the water—are zigzagged about on its surface. Just below the bridge is Billingsgate Market, famous for its fish and slang. From where I stand I could almost fling a dried codfish on its landing-pier, around which a perfect shoal of boats is moored. Lanterns hang about in the rigging of the steamers, half revealing the details of their huge forms. Above the bridge there are no vessels. The eye encounters a series of bridges spanning the river at short intervals. Over the nearest one railway trains are constantly passing. I see the square lights streaming from the windows of the moving carriages. On either side the river is lined with warehouses rising story above story. Here and there a few barges are moored; a red light, rising and falling as the wave lifts or sinks, marks the position of each one. Off to the right St. Paul's dome looms up like the forehead of London, like the bump of veneration. The golden cross which surmounts it gleams high and clear in the moonlight. As my eye rests upon it, its great bell solemnly tolls the knell of to-day—it is midnight. From this spot that New Zealand artist of whom Macaulay speaks is to "take his stand to sketch the ruins of St. Paul." It seems to me that its bells toll the hours sadly, as if conscious they would some day outrun its pride and still go chiming on from other clocks while its

## London Bridge at Midnight

towers are silent and speechless. Thinking of strange things to come reminded me of the remarkable things which have been, and leaning over the parapet, I looked at the dark river running silently below, and I thought how little it resembled the royal highway it once was, along which, in barges, kings and queens moved in splendor. I was standing there thinking of all the illustrious personages whom, under different circumstances, this spot had known, when the voice of a conductor standing on the little platform on the outside of an approaching bus announced that it was the last one for the West End ; and, scrambling into position, my back was soon turned to the historic spot at which I fain would have lingered longer.





**115 Cornwall Road  
and Mill Wall Docks**



115 CORNWALL ROAD AND MILL  
WALL DOCKS

LONDON, November 6, 1886. I had to-day a glimpse of one of the most squalid quarters of London. I was sent from the United States Consulate to accompany an old woman from Lambeth to the Mill Wall Docks, on the Thames, whence she was to sail for New York. The poor creature was evidently touched in the forehead. She was an American, and at the age of seventy-five had sold her few household effects and purchased a steerage ticket to London—to see the Queen. Naturally, after her arrival she had some difficulty in making the acquaintance of her Majesty. She found herself hungry and out of money, and applied to the consulate for aid. The result was a purchase of an intermediate ticket on one of the Monarch steamships for her, and my being detailed for her escort to the point of embarkation. I was much pleased with the commission. I felt that it would show me something interesting. Therefore, this morning about ten o'clock I crossed Waterloo Bridge (called the

## Igerne, and Other Writings

"English Bridge of Sighs," from the number of suicides committed from it), and found myself in that district in which "115 Cornwall Road" was to be found, the address of the old woman for whom I was looking. Information from several policemen soon enabled me to find my way into the squalid thoroughfare bearing the above name. I suspect that mine was the first silk hat that has been in it during the present month. Blear-eyed, unshaven men, with dingy mufflers about their necks, and slatternly women, with ale-pots in their hands, returning from the nearest bar (to swill in the seclusion of their rooms), were shuffling along the sidewalks. Each gave me a curious look as I passed, as if wondering what my business was there. I found the door upon whose topmost panel was painted the number I sought, and rapped. A red-faced Irish woman, at whose back peered the dirty faces of a half-dozen frowzy-headed brats, inquired my business. I wanted to see her lodger. The old woman soon made her appearance. She was very much emaciated. It made me sick to suspect it was from starvation. She seemed overjoyed to see me. She was as much taken up by the idea of going home as she had been with that of seeing the Queen. Minds diseased like hers become incapable of accommodating more than one idea at a time. I told her to take me to her room, so that I could see what luggage she had. Up two flights of narrow wooden steps, spotted with grease, she led me, and stopped before a door, in front of

## 115 Cornwall Road and Mill Wall Docks

which was spread a much-worn mat. Fumbling in her pocket for a moment, she produced a key with which she admitted me to her room,—a narrow, low receptacle rather than apartment,—which had in it just enough space for the bed (whose clothes were disarranged by the last night's tossings of her miserable old body), and two huge boxes which stood upon their ends. I took hold of them; they seemed to be filled with some heavy materials. I asked her what they contained. After some hesitation she told me that their contents were knives and forks and crockery. It seems that at one period of her life she had kept a hotel in California, and had inherited these articles from her kitchen. I asked her if she had intended to go to housekeeping with the Queen. She said she had brought them along in case she and the Queen might need them. Upon the mantel-shelf stood a plate containing the scraps of her morning meal. A decanter standing beside it seemed once to have been filled with wine. I went out and got a carriage and two stout fellows to move her boxes down. As the vehicle in which I sat rumbled down Cornwall Road, it excited to an unwonted degree its inhabitants, who are accustomed to regard the presence of respectability, in any of its forms, as an invasion. And when I alighted and stood on the narrow front steps of "115," while the men went up for the old woman and her boxes and bundles, I became conscious that I was the object of at least a hundred pairs of eyes, which

## Igerne, and Other Writings

peered at me from every conceivable direction from around and above. The doors of the lodging-houses opposite opened, cautiously at first, but each gradually increasing the aperture until it exposed the stout, calico-clad, corsetless form of its landlady, who, with fat, bare arms akimbo, wondered whether I was a detective about to make an arrest, or simply the coroner come to sit on the body of one of her esteemed neighbors. I was an object (I and my cab) of especial interest to the scores of urchins with whom the street swarmed. I have observed that human spawn, like turtle eggs, generate best in the mire. They gathered around me as if expecting to hear me make some grave and important proclamation. They quit their games. Two or three, who were munching the ends of long yellow cones, which I recognized to be raw carrots, left off their munching and lent me their lips as well as their ears. I had nothing to say, and was almost embarrassed by the considerable audience which had assembled about me. One boy I noticed had but one leg. However, he hopped about on his crutch as nimbly as any. I thought at the time there was very little difference (so far as the size goes) between a good robust crutch and the leg of one of these starving boys. Down came the boxes and the old woman after, with her arms full of bundles. I bestowed her and them safely inside, and, with the crockery of our portable pantry rattling on top, we drove off toward the railway station.

## 115 Cornwall Road and Mill Wall Docks

I had now leisure in which to calmly examine my eccentric companion. She was very small and thin. Her mouth had about it that peculiar smile which might prelude a fit of laughter or a flood of tears. Her small black eyes burned with an intense fire, which I felt had been lit by madness. I was much touched when I glanced down at her wrinkled hands, folded in her lap, and saw upon one of her large, pointed fingers the thin golden circlet that had once been her wedding-ring. Under how different circumstances had it been put on! I looked at her face and was sure that I found there signs that she once was beautiful. She was perfectly rational upon every subject save that of her acquaintance with the Queen. She claimed to have once been entertained at Buckingham Palace, and even remembered the colors of the velvet lining of the coach of state which bore her there.

While speaking of the Queen her manner grew unusually excited, her eyes glistened more intensely, and she would clasp her hands at intervals in a sort of ecstasy. When I got to the station I never handed my sweetheart more courteously and tenderly than I did that poor old lady up the steps and into a railway carriage. In a half-hour we had arrived at the docks and ascended into the great ship which stood there ready to take her home. I saw that she had a good berth, and commended her to the good care of the officers, to whom I brought letters from the consulate. I went ashore



## Igerne, and Other Writings

and stood on the pier until the black monster had disengaged herself from the surrounding shipping and had set her bow seaward, when I waved an adieu to the old lady, who stood leaning on the rails, and, turning around, I went away.

## **Greenwich—Relics of Nelson**



## GREENWICH—RELICS OF NELSON

LONDON, November 10, 1886. Mill Wall Docks, at which I took leave of the old woman, are about two miles from Greenwich, so thitherward I turned my steps when I left her. There is a line of small steamers which ply up and down the Thames for about twenty miles of its length, and, making my way through a wilderness of warehouses, within whose solemn gray walls of brick repose the riches of half the world, I embarked on one of these miniature steamboats, and in a few minutes found myself alongside the pier at Greenwich. Greenwich, you know, is the famous place for whitebait, and whitebait, you know, is an exceedingly small and delicate fish, which, during the spring and summer months, abounds in the Thames, and is regarded with great favor by epicures, and with much reason, too, I think, for it is surely the most delightful form of the finny tribe that I have yet happened upon. Each year the members of Parliament at a stated time adjourn here for whitebait dinners, and with such a parliamentary precedent it was perfectly natural, there-

## Igerne, and Other Writings

fore, that when the white-aproned, frill-capped waitress of the coffee-house into which my appetite had led me soon after disembarking inquired what I would wish, I should respond, "Whitebait," as if it would not be an epicurean sacrilege for a stranger in Greenwich to order anything else than whitebait.

"The season has been over, sir, the past two months." So it had, I remembered, or at least for that length of time its cherished name had been missing from the bills of fare of the London restaurants; but Greenwich and whitebait were indissolubly wedded, I had thought. Here it was never wanting, and when its departure (marked in mourning in the almanacs of all epicures) had left the rest of the world desolate and hungry, I had fondly imagined that it retired to Greenwich, even as did King Arthur to the vale of Avalon. Another delusion shattered. I consoled my disappointed appetite with a generous round of roast beef (which in England is eaten skirted so thickly with mustard that it would bring tears to your eyes if you did not feel a reluctance to add more moisture to this already too humid climate) and a flagon of stout, nappy ale, and set forth to see what might be seen. I went first to the Painted Hall, which is the national naval picture-gallery. On either side as you advance from the portal, rank after rank of admirals, commodores, and other naval bigwigs glance down on you with a condescension which seems to arise from a consciousness that

## Greenwich—Relics of Nelson

each of them has pounds and yards of gold lace about him and you have none. Another space of the wall is taken up by representations of sea-fights. The ocean seems actually to have made its way into the hall, and surges around you, bloody with mangled corpses and lurid with flashing guns. John Bull has the very happy faculty, I observe, of remembering vividly, most picturesquely, all those engagements which terminated honorably to himself, while those which brought him disaster he forgets, it seems, absolutely. In this great hall I looked in vain for a representation of the battle of New Orleans, and several others which the British might be supposed to remember. I saw them not. The explanation of this, which I arrived at in my own mind, was that all those who were sent against us in those fatal days when "our blood was up" we annihilated so completely that even their memories died in the minds of their countrymen. England's painters, though, have glorified her victories. Turner has one battle-piece, which seems actually to boom and bleed with war. Through all of this you advance as through the outer court of a temple toward the holy of holies, in which are enshrined the sacred relics of Nelson. Not his body, for that is interred in St. Paul's, but the uniform and the sword he wore when, at Trafalgar, he perished in the moment of a victory which saved England from the invasion of Bonaparte. There are two names which in England are sacred—Wellington and Nelson, the hero of the land and

## Igerne, and Other Writings

the hero of the sea. How great, then, was Napoleon when two men could derive everlasting honors from his defeat—two Achilles made immortal by the fall of one Hector! Nelson has the advantage of Wellington in that he died in battle. Wellington survived to enjoy the fruits of his victory, but also to suffer the misfortune of being disenchanted into an ordinary mortal. England gave him a palace to live in, and loaded him with civic honors. She saw him dwindle from the hero into a man, and then saw the gray hairs and feebleness of old age overtake the man. She beheld "him conquered, who had conquered kings," saw the "Iron Duke," like his good sword, rust, until fit for no further use. It was different with Nelson. That whole battle of Trafalgar was his funeral pyre. His bier, like that of Balder, was a flaming ship. The candles which burned at his head and at his feet were the men-of-war of the enemy in conflagration. It was his apotheosis. Like the storm which descended and swept away Romulus from the eyes of the Quirinal fathers so soon as the founding of Rome had been fully accomplished, the unseen powers, who seemed to be jealous of the hero's delay on earth, snatched him away from it the very moment England could spare him. He saw no ebb of his tide of glory; he perished on the crest of its highest wave. This whole country, therefore, mourns for him as if it were his mother. All over the kingdom one is constantly confronted with images of him on canvas and in stone and

## Greenwich—Relics of Nelson

bronze. But this peculiar spot, being a precinct of her great naval school, England seems to have dedicated to his single memory, and has collected here those memorials of him with which, as the relics of saints are said to make Christians of those who kneel before them, she endeavors to make heroes of her young sailors. The walls were hung with paintings of him in youth, manhood, and the glorious moment of his death. I was sincerely affected when I paused above the oak-framed glass beneath which lay his sword and the garments, bloody with mortal wound, which on that fatal day had been stripped from him by hands that trembled with fear that their beloved leader had been slain. In the epaulet on the left shoulder of his blue coat could be seen the hole made by the bullet as it crashed through into the marrow of its victim. The passage of the bullet through the epaulet had unwound several strands of the golden thread of which it was woven, and I could scarcely repress an inward smile at a thought that arose within me as I looked at it. It struck me as so curious that a missile speeding on such an important mission as the death of Nelson, when on the very point of committing a deed that was to throw a nation into perpetual mourning, should stop in its solemn career to uncoil a few threads of golden wire.

From the Painted Hall I went into the naval museum which is near. I was not interested in the models of ironclads and forts with which its numerous rooms are filled. It did contain, how-



## Igerme, and Other Writings

ever, two objects over which I lingered: the compass with which Captain Cook circumnavigated the globe, and the astrolabe presented by Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake, and which led his adventures about the seas. These were relics of projects perilous, but successfully executed. Within an adjoining case, as if to contrast triumph with failure, lay the miserable scraps brought back from the region of the pole by the party sent out to rescue Sir John Franklin—a dog-collar, a half-eaten biscuit, hoarded, perhaps, by some starving wretch until too weak to eat it, and a Book of Common Prayer opened at a most solemn passage. From the museum I went into the park, which lay but a few paces away, and which is celebrated as the one in which King Jamie rode a-hunting when he had the adventure with Nigel Olifaunt, recorded by Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel." I wandered about on the smooth turf, which is spread like green velvet under the long-armed oaks, until I came to a meadow upon which a game of foot-ball was being waged; I say "waged," for it was more of a battle than a game. The dense crowd, which completely circled the grounds, was very vociferous in its cheers at every unusual feat of strength. I reflected that I had never heard an orator (and I had heard those reputed to be their best) draw from an English audience such loud and hearty huzzas as followed a successful feint or long kick of one of these players. There is something essentially earthy, turfy, about the English genius.

## Greenwich—Relics of Nelson

Upon a lofty but gently sloping hill, at whose foot the crowd I speak of had assembled, lay a low, irregular mass of brick buildings which had much resemblance to a castle. These, I was told, constituted the observatory at which the astronomers royal calculated continually the true time for Greenwich longitude. "This, then," I reflected, "is England's foreign office, for here she does her business with the stars, which are immeasurably farther from her than are those stars which are connected with the stripes." Occupied by such vagrant thoughts as these, I climbed the winding path which led toward the top, and turning sharply to the right when I reached the end of it, found myself face to face with the dial of a clock set low in a brick wall. It had an unusual appearance. The hours were numbered with figures up to twenty-four; at the top a very long second-hand incessantly jerked around its pivot. It was six minutes past four. This is the only time in my life that I ever knew exactly what time it was. That clock seemed to be keeping two separate times—one recorded by the slow-moving hour-hand, which lagged over the dial, and the other counted out by the second-hand, which flirted the time away. "One," I thought, "is sorrow dragging herself slowly and painfully along; the other is pleasure squandering noisily the happy seconds." Leading out from the astronomer's private study I saw the thin black wires over which, each day, to the remotest corner of the kingdom, is telegraphed the

## Igerne, and Other Writings

state of Father Time's pulse. I passed down the opposite side of the hill, where some children were sporting in the dry, crisp leaves. "What a conjunction is here!" I thought. "Spring playing with autumn in the very presence of time itself." I made my way to the pier and embarked on the next steamer, and I soon saw the lights of the five-millioned city dancing on the glistening bosom of the Thames.

## Funeral of Fred Archer



## FUNERAL OF FRED ARCHER

LONDON, November 15, 1886. When it was announced yesterday in Fleet Street that Archer, the famous jockey, had committed suicide, the news was received with incredulity. The despatches of to-day, however, confirm the rumors of yesterday, and, at the age of twenty-nine, the most celebrated horseman whom the British turf has ever known perished by his own hand. That his death should create a greater commotion in all grades of English society than would follow the demise of a great statesman or poet, or even a royal prince, is a very significant fact. It shows how strong is the hold which pleasures of the turf have upon the mind of the English people; and it shows also that in any vocation, however humble and lacking in the opportunities by which immortalities are usually achieved, talent, pluck, and honesty may give their possessor a vast influence and a memorable name.

Frederick Archer was the son of a noted steeple-chase rider, and, early evincing a fondness for the horse, was bred to the saddle from his very infancy.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

In 1870 he made his first winning mount at the Chesterfield races, when, at the age of thirteen, he steered Athol Daisy to victory. Since then each year has witnessed a series of achievements more brilliant than the last, until the name of Archer has spread over all the world.

Archer owed his unrivaled eminence to the fact that he possessed in perfection all the qualities which make up a great jockey. He was vigilant, bold, and patient, he never took his eyes from the flag, and was nearly always first at the starting-point, when he would set his horse forward with a touch of the spur, and not a jerk of the reins, as is the habit of others. His mouth-fingering was perfect. He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of all the qualities of the creature he bestrode. He had perceptions quick to see an advantage, and courage to thrust himself into an opening which nine out of ten would have avoided. He was a consummate judge of pace, and knew the exact moment when to call upon his horse for the supreme effort. I saw Archer ride the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde in the Derby of 1886. I will never forget the hum of applause which arose from the grand stand when, just before the race, he rode along the track to show his horse. His head was bent over; he appeared to be unconscious of the vast crowd around him. His entire attention seemed to be centered on Ormonde, whose fine limbs had already begun to tremble with the excitement of the approaching struggle. But when

## Funeral of Fred Archer

the race was over, and the black and buff of Archer had been first at the winning-post, and he returned, amid the huzzas of the crowd, to receive the badge of victory and the congratulations of his noble patrons, it seemed to me surely that it must be better to be a successful jockey than a disappointed statesman. He did not seem to be elated in the slightest. There was no smile of triumph on the thin, sallow features, which were wasted by the abstinence he had been forced to observe. But, under that appearance of indifference, I felt that his pulse beat quick with the flush of the victory he had won. At one gulp the appetite which had starved for weeks was satisfied. Golden visions would visit his dreams that night. Over his head duchesses leaned from their boxes and waved their lace handkerchiefs, and through their field-glasses proud-eyed peers looked smilingly at him. As he rode away amid the tumult of applause which arose from two hundred thousand spectators I thought, surely if there was ever a happy man, it was he. I could not have imagined that in six months from that proud moment he could be miserable enough to take his own life. An hallucination, however, that he had been stricken with a fatal disease so preyed upon his mind that, rather than await its lingering termination, he ended it so abruptly himself. Arising from his delirium from his bed, throwing one arm around the neck of his sister, he placed a pistol in his mouth and discharged it. The ball severed the spinal cord, and he fell down dead.



## Igerne, and Other Writings

More swiftly than he approached the winning-post, the soul of Archer sped from the mutilated clay. To-night upon the breast of the dead jockey lie the fingers which, during his career of sixteen years, guided the reins of more than twenty-seven hundred winners, and which, as if in retribution, fired the fatal bullet which dismounted him forever. On the day of his interment Newmarket will exhibit all the signs of sorrow. The Prince of Wales has already telegraphed his condolences to the bereaved family, and will be represented at the funeral by one of his equerries. Each train that comes in brings loads of flowers. More illustrious company did not assemble around the bier of the late Lord Dalkeith than will follow the dead jockey to his grave. The question is, Is all this over-demonstration? Is it ludicrous, or is it proper? I think it is all right. If I were in Newmarket on that day, I would take off my hat and reverently fall into the procession. He was a great man—the head of his profession. He was an honest man under circumstances which attach to honesty more than its ordinary value. His bier deserves all these flowers. His name is worthy to be remembered. Another Archer will probably never mount the pigskin.

**The Prince of Wales at the Laying of  
the Corner-stone of the Tower Bridge  
—Memories of the Tower**



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE LAY-  
ING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF  
THE TOWER BRIDGE—MEMO-  
RIES OF THE TOWER

LONDON, November 23, 1886. Not long since I had the good fortune to see the Prince of Wales at the Tower of London. Very rarely indeed does the heir of the present dynasty visit the fortress palace which is associated more intimately than any other structure now standing with the history of the country upon whose throne he may one day be called to sit. The occasion of the visit to which I allude was the laying of the corner-stone of the new Tower Bridge across the Thames, in the ceremonies of which his Royal Highness was to participate. He came, as a prince should come to the fortress home of so many kings, heralded by trumpets, amid the clangor of bells and the clank of mounted soldiery. The narrow streets through which he was to make his progress were lined hours beforehand by crowds eager for a glimpse of royalty. "Poor wretches," I thought as I shouldered my way among them, "who are con-

## Igerne, and Other Writings

tented to bear any burden of taxes if only they may have once or twice a year a glimpse of the splendor they have provided!" I made my way to Tower Hill, and there took up a position from which I could best witness the approach of the Prince. To the left of the spot which I selected swept down to the gates of the Tower the broad, stone-paved way along which the princely train was to pass, while to my right a few paces was the site of the wooden scaffold upon which most of those perished who are known to history as having been beheaded at the Tower. I might have heard from where I stood the stroke of the ax which descended upon the neck of Sir Walter Raleigh, and seen the red blood spurt upon the straw at the feet of the executioner. I could have heard the feeble words of Simon, Lord Lovat, the last person to be beheaded in England, when, on that bright April day of 1747 which witnessed his execution, he mounted the scaffold, and, looking around the vast multitude which had assembled, wondered aloud why so many people had come to see the head stricken from the shoulders of an old graybeard. There was no more historic spot in the world than the one upon which I stood. Around the corner a few steps was the Czar's Head Tavern, to which Peter the Great, when serving his apprenticeship to a ship-carpenter in London, used to come with his companions to smoke and booze. Milton once lived in the vicinity.

A walk of two minutes would have brought me

## Memories of the Tower

to the threshold over which the infant footsteps of Edmund Spenser toddled into the world. It was "in a by-cutler's shop of Tower Hill" that Fenton purchased the knife with which he assassinated the Duke of Buckingham, the famous George Villiers, the "Steenie" of James I. Very near at hand was the Bull Inn, at which Thomas Otway, the brilliant but erratic poet, was found dead one day—had starved to death. Glancing toward the river, I could see the opening of Lower Thames Street, in which, a few doors to the right, the poet Chaucer, when a boy, had measured ale in his father's tavern. Behind me rose the gray towers, upon every one of whose stones time had written history. I turned toward the palace of William the Conqueror. It lay beside the Thames, silent, stately, as if claiming twinship with that ancient river. The deep moat which surrounded it was dry. It seemed to be trusting the safety of its old age to the chivalry of the young world. I saw the Bloody Tower in which the young princes were smothered. I remembered the rusty portcullis, which, hanging up-raised in the grooves of the archway underneath, seems always about to fall and make prisoners of those who have passed within. In front of it the sad waters used to lap the stairs of Traitors' Gate. Glancing at the White Tower, I could see the small windows of the banquet-hall, through which Gloucester, before he became Richard III., leaned on his satin sleeve and smiled at the bloody work which his executioners did upon the body of the

## Igerne, and Other Writings

brave and handsome Hastings, whose head he had ordered to be hacked off on a log in Tower Green, while the wine of the feast at which he had been his companion was yet wet on his lips. Hastings—I thought of him not as the powerful chamberlain covered with orders and honors; I thought of him as the world knows him best—as the lover and beloved of Sibyl, the tale of whose devotion Bulwer has told so pathetically in “The Last of the Barons.” In a summer which is now under the dead leaves of four centuries of summers, might they not have wandered out in the evening, past the very spot on which I stood, toward the pleasant lime-trees on the hill? And then my thoughts turned from the cruel Richard and the unfortunate princes to poor Anne Boleyn, whose mutilated form, once fair enough to be coveted by a king, headless and streaked with its own blood, was thrust, within a few paces of where I stood, into an elm-wood chest which had been made to contain arrows, and put hastily into the ground. My eyes were closed in reverie. There was echoing in my imagination the loud report of the culverin which, fired from the battlements of the Tower at noon of that fatal day, announced to a city breathless with suspense that the King again was wifeless, when I was startled by the explosion of ordnance which seemed to be near at hand.

Was it the death-gun of poor Anne Boleyn which I heard resounding through all these generations? Could the ghost of a sound come back so vividly?

## Memories of the Tower

Was it possible that a dream should be so loud? I opened my eyes. I had heard no echo from the past. Near the bank of the river, inwreathed with the smoke of its recent discharge, I saw the black smoked wheels and the protruding muzzle of a cannon. The message which it had reverberated among the solemn warehouses which lined the banks and the tall masts of the shipping which covered the Thames was not one of disaster and death. It announced the approach of the Prince, and the crowd responded with clamorous huzzas. A perfect flow of humanity had poured into the open area. The housetops swarmed with spectators. It was altogether such a spectacle, I felt, as the unfortunates who perished here had looked upon with eyes swimming with the dizzy agony of the last moment. There were needed but a scaffold, a victim, and a few mounted guards to complete the scene. This concourse was occupied by calmer and more pleasant anticipations. The joyous inflection of the cannon-peal had climbed, it seemed, to the tall steeples of the churches, and the air was filled with the chimes of swiftly ringing bells. War and religion appeared to be mingling their welcome. And now down the narrow lane leading to the Tower, formed in the crowd by two lines of sturdy, blue-coated policemen, began to roll the carriages of those distinguished individuals who had been personally invited to witness the ceremonies. Some came in hackney-cabs, and some in coaches of state. In the curtained recess of a



## Igerne, and Other Writings

modest brougham I recognized the dark, handsome features of the Greek minister. After him rolled the magnificent carriage of the Turkish ambassador—a big, sultanlike-looking man, black peaked beard, long mustaches twirled upward, a tasseled red fez on his head, his rich coat stiff with gold embroidery. He had a look of vast importance. One could readily imagine that he would require a half-dozen wives before he would be considered thoroughly married. After him four white horses drew the state coach of the lord mayor. The coachman, who sat upon the box as proudly as if he occupied a throne, bewigged and braided, with gold lace, had an aspect of greater dignity than the lord mayor himself—a thin, gray-bearded old gentleman who appeared to have the dyspepsia, and who bore in the clasp of his withered hands the golden mace of office. Powdered flunkies were mounted behind. Then succeeded a long line of equipages containing distinguished-looking individuals; and then, amid a blast of bugles, appeared a troop of the Horse Guards—magnificent fellows, gorgeously arrayed, who halted on the brow of Tower Hill, and, forcing the crowd back with the fear of being trampled by their restless steeds, drew up on either side of the road along which the royal carriages were about to pass. Down the roughly paved hill lumbered the great coaches of state. In the first one lolled the Duke of Cambridge—big, red-faced, bald-headed. In the one that followed sat the Princess of Wales,

## Memories of the Tower

accompanied by two of her daughters, nice-looking girls of seventeen or thereabout. The Princess, while not so beautiful as she is famed to be, has a look of exceeding refinement, which is mingled with an expression of great haughtiness, as I observed as she leaned to the window of the carriage and bowed stiffly in response to the cheers of the crowd through which she passed. Not so with the Prince of Wales, whose coach, most magnificent of all, followed, and terminated appropriately the splendid procession. His jovial countenance beamed its smile of good nature into the crowd, which redoubled its cheers at the sight of his pleasant face. The features of the Prince indicate that he has consumed an indefinite number of good dinners. The lower part of the military coat which he wore was buttoned around a mass of digestive apparatus more bulky than is usually considered to comport with symmetry of figure. The impression that he is a *bon vivant* is increased by a glance at his highly colored complexion and his full blue eyes. An aquiline nose, which descends from his forehead with a comely curve, would give an aspect of firmness to a countenance which had in it more hard lines and less evidences of good cheer. A silky brown beard covers his cheeks and chin. The top of his head is almost bald. It seems that nature, deeming it appropriate that a prince should exhibit at least some symptom of wisdom, has invested him with the peculiarity of the sage. Her idea, however, does not attract the Prince, who is

## Igerne, and Other Writings

said to be very sensitive about the unthatched state of his roof. Even as a private individual the Prince would be considered by most people to be very good-looking. He has the appearance of a gentleman of fashion rather than a man of intellect. You would think it more likely that he could hand a lady down to dinner gracefully, and say agreeable and appropriate things to her when there, than that he could make a good speech. He will be altogether just such a king as England desires. He will continue to shoot, fox-hunt, dine with the richest of his subjects, and, mayhap, occasionally flirt with their daughters and their wives; but such stupid matters as making laws and governing the state he will leave to others who seem to have tastes for such senseless pursuits. The accession to the English throne of a really great man, with ideas and a will of his own, would be the signal for the overthrow of the British monarchy. So long as a sovereign and a court can be maintained for a few millions a year, the British people will be disposed to support the luxury; but the moment that a ruler begins to interfere with the machinery of state, and assert a will different from that of the people, he will awake to find that his crown is not bound upon his brow. With reflections such as these, my eye followed the coach of the Prince until the powdered wigs and the gilt-rimmed cockades of the flunkies mounted behind it disappeared among the gray buildings of the Tower. The ponderous gates closed. A flourish of trumpets

## Memories of the Tower

from within announced that the Prince had alighted. There in the presence of the ancient river, which had seen the past and would see the future, the past and future had met. The king to be stood where had schemed, plotted, murdered, lived, loved, and died those who once were kings.



**Houndsditch**  
**and its Store of Toys**





## HOUNDSDITCH AND ITS STORE OF TOYS

LONDON, December 1, 1886. Imagine, reader, that in your progress with me through Bishopsgate Street we have paused where a smaller artery of that rushing stream of trade runs off in the direction of Whitechapel and the squalid districts surrounding Tower Hill. If the old walls of London were to arise from the dust in which they have been prostrated these many generations, we should find ourselves standing immediately outside them, and so near that we might touch without moving from our tracks the rough stones which the legions of Constantine set in their places, which repelled the assaults of the Danes, and which frowned upon the Conqueror when he came to take up his abode where their grim, parapeted line once ran precipitately down toward the Thames. Such a resurrection as I suggest would not be very pleasant to us if it should take place; for, standing where we do, we should be immersed above our waists in the foul water of the moat, whose chief office in time of peace was to receive the bodies of dead dogs,



## Igerne, and Other Writings

which were dragged to the walls and flung over. Observe what a solemn, practical joke oblivion has played here. It has brought down the walls and filled up the moat, but, as if in mockery, has allowed the unsubstantial burden of the air to survive; the odor of those carcasses which rotted hundreds of years ago yet taints the breeze, for it has given to this street the name of "Houndsditch." Houndsditch is appropriated almost entirely by Jewish merchants, whose various and unusual wares displayed in the windows give it a picturesqueness which is hardly surpassed by any other street of London. The Hebrew scorns the beaten paths of trade; he prefers to speculate with strange commodities—those unnecessary necessities of life, such as gems, ornamental feathers, sponges, spices, and toys, whose prices, being unsettled, often yield enormous profits to his shrewdness. Such, then, are the merchants of Houndsditch. Notice that its buildings in the vicinity of Bishopsgate are lofty and imposing, but as the crooked little street retires into the obscurity of a less respectable neighborhood it dispenses with its stateliness, and lounges along like a sloven between rows of low-roofed shops. I have brought you here to make you wish you were a child again. We are standing now in the center of one of the largest wholesale toy markets in the world. Yes; in the dull, windowless stories that arise around us, so high that they narrow our glimpse of the sky into a strip of gray overhead, lie packed in bales and boxes the Christmas dreams

## Houndsditch and its Store of Toys

of ten thousand thousand children—trumpets, drums, rattles, dolls, soldiers tin and wooden, and all the other bestreaked and loud-smelling inhabitants of the fairy-land of unborn babes in heaven waiting for the coming of that holiday which is their birthday hour, when childish fingers will beat the reveille on the aforesaid drums, and the striped hussars come forth, in all the pride of scarlet and vermilion, to parade (with legs, alas! wooden before their first engagement) the nursery floor a few brief campaigns, and then, with uniforms tarnished and scaling away from the nakedness, mutilated, broken in spirit and back, will be thrust under a coal-box, unsung, unhospitaled, unpensioned, forgotten even by the chubby-fingered czar for whose pleasure they were sacrificed. Yes, even a wooden man can be mistreated. What a Christmas array crowds to yonder shop-window, as if anxious to catch a glimpse of the world for whose enjoyment they soon are to spend their fragile lives! They seem to be the advance-guard of a long procession, which, halting in the dark recesses of the building, awaits but a command from Santa Claus to step forth. The wax-cheeked doll leaning against the glass appears to be glancing sidewise down the pavement, watching with eyes that never wink for the coming of her little mistress, who will speedily supply with garments of her own making her present insufficiency of clothing, which must be a source of much embarrassment to her if she be a modest doll, for at her side stands on perpetual guard a

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dashing musketeer in whose eyes (of ocher) mayhap she fain would be fair. See how that line of masks strung at the top grin and stare down at the passers-by—grotesque, empty-headed countenances with scarlet cheeks and bulbous noses, like expressions detached from the faces of sneering, once laughing drunkards. The mirth of these convulsed countenances, like that of many real persons, extends no deeper than the thickness of the brown paper of which they are composed, and the sneers, like those of many cynics, have no brains to back them. But look across the way. There, through the clear glass of that broad window, is to be seen the goodliest sight of all. It seems that we are gazing through a partition of crystal into the interior of one of the stables of Liebbert, for upon the platform before us, bridled and saddled as if awaiting their riders, a whole herd of hobby-horses career and prance upon their curved rockers. See the big fine one in the midst, rearing his head like the stallion of the herd. I should like to have fifteen years stricken from my life and be again a boy of seven, just to have the hope of possessing him. Think not that the age of chivalry is buried under centuries of history; it renews itself in the life of every boy who has a hobby-horse and knows how to guide his steed into the enchanted lands. He rides through the vales of Roncesvalles and Avalon, and under the towers of Camelot, only he does not know the names of the places he has passed. He hears the splash of Excalibur in

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the tide and the winding of Roland's horn clearer than poet ever did, but he knows not what they were until the echoes have died in his ear. The saddest hour in the life of such a boy (but he knows it not) is that one in which, the sun shining more brightly than usual through the nursery window, he suddenly realizes, with a feeling of disgust at the deception, that the ears of his Pegasus are not the silky, hearing things he had imagined them to be, but are made of leather, and that the flowing mane is pegged into his wooden neck—when he finds that his legs have grown too long for the stirrups, and he dismounts from his steed forever, and allows him to be led away to a dismal stall in the attic among other discarded things. Unhappy moment! It is like the one in which he learns that Santa Claus is not supernatural. If some Circe should ever turn me into a piece of wood, I would not regret the transformation so much if I could be made into a hobby-horse.

Now there is a thing melancholy to see. A ragged starveling of a boy has paused before the hobby-horses, but regards them with no expression of acquisitiveness on his face. No desire to possess glows in his eye. He knows them not. He wonders what those curious figures are. Alas, that there should exist a human being whose pleasures have never risen so high above the mire of the gutter as to the saddle of the hobby-horse!

It does my heart good to see the narrow street crowded with carts, each of which is bearing to the

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various railway stations and docks a load of these Christmas treasures, to be distributed to all parts of the world. The children are about to come into their own. Many of these boxes are marked for America—some, perchance, for Tennessee. Mayhap from this very region came some of the trinkets which, five thousand miles from here, these hands once clasped when their knuckles had dimples in them, for Houndsditch has long been one of the fountain-heads of Christmas.

But the thought which chills and causes me to suggest that we move on is the reflection that the owners of these delights are but cold men of business, and not agents of the free bounty of Santa Claus, such as we had fondly imagined. Yonder doll is exposed in that window because her owner desires to sell her, for he has figured that in selling her he will make a ha'penny profit. Each one of those boxes contains a statement of account and a "Please remit." Thus ever does Pluto, the money-god, limp awkwardly by the side of pleasure and tread upon her skirts.

**A Meeting of a Club of Socialists**  
**—Dr. Aveling**



## A MEETING OF A CLUB OF SOCIALISTS

—DR. AVELING

LONDON, January 23, 1887. There is perhaps some connection between earthquakes and social revolutions. The child sympathizes with its mother, weeps with her, smiles with her; and why may not humanity, the many-millioned child of the great earth, be disturbed even more deeply than the simple tremor it feels while the shock is passing when its mother is in convulsions? If force is indestructible, what has become of the strange power which a few months ago was heaving mountains on its back and pulling down valleys with its giant hands? Has it gone off to the stars to shake them in their places, or has it been transformed by some Titan alchemy into a subtler influence, entered into the institutions of men, and is even now giving the premonitory rumble of an upheaval of a very different character?

The power which in the last century demolished Lisbon might have been the same which, appearing in a different form more than a generation later, shook down Paris with a Reign of Terror. The



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shock which cracked the walls of St. Michael's in Charleston may, in a shorter time than one may expect, jar the crowns from the heads of every king and queen in Europe. Socialism and earthquake are twins. Both are revolutionary, both are levelers, and it is quite possible that the disturbances which lately have unsettled the foundations of two continents are in some way connected with the electrical storm of socialism which is just now prevailing in the entire civilized world — which causes the political needles to aberrate, and which at length, passing by, will leave them calm again.

Socialism in London offers a very curious study for an inquiring mind. London is in everything England set in a smaller type, and in the communistic societies of the metropolis one may see why it is that there must always be agitators of this class in the British Isles, and why their theories can never be realized.

Socialists in London are sharply divided into two classes: the visionary, eloquent, long-haired leaders, poetic, impractical fellows frenzied with the beauty of their impossible schemes, and the densely ignorant, awkward, and sleepy crowd who follow them with white-clay pipes in their mouths, which they remove only to yell at some sentence uttered by their idol about striking the chains from the arms of workingmen.

I have among this first class several very interesting acquaintances with whom I have met since

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I became an inhabitant of "Bohemia." One of them, Burgoyne by name (a grandnephew, by the way, of the general of Revolutionary fame, and a lineal descendant from Rob Roy McGregor), recently invited me to attend with him a lecture by Dr. Aveling, who had just returned from America and was about to give to his associates his views upon the condition of socialism in the United States. Accordingly at eight o'clock on Friday evening I found myself walking with my friend down Farringdon Street, which runs along the top of the famous Fleet Ditch (now arched over), at whose side once stood the Fleet Prison for debtors, too often visited by those whose books we love.

Bolt Court and memories of Johnson were near at hand, and in a little street called Shoe Lane, which the walk of a minute would have brought us to, Chatterton committed suicide. Burgoyne was in the midst of an eloquent tirade against the artificiality of society when we paused at a low door, above which, on a strip of red glass lighted by a gas-jet flickering behind it, were these words in white: "Socialists' Club." I remarked to my friend, as we passed into the darkened entry, that their sign was appropriate, for their innocent schemes were really set upon a background of blood. "'Tis better, perhaps," he replied, "that some should bleed a little than that many should sweat too much." We mounted a pair of dirty stairs, and then another flight, passing an open door upon which "Office" was inscribed. I saw

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within several German-looking roughs smoking pipes, and heard them joking in their harsh guttural over some papers with which they were engaged. Another series of short steps upward brought us to the top of the building, and we found ourselves in a room which resembled more an exaggerated attic than a hall. The rafters were but a few feet overhead, and the rough brick walls were hung with red flags—the very ones, perhaps, which I had seen flourished in Trafalgar Square in the great labor demonstration of November. The crowd, which filled more than half of the rude benches parallel across half its length, would have offered many interesting studies to an artist. Strange-looking men, with genius in their wild eyes, with necks adorned with all manner of curiously cut collars and red scarfs fantastically tied, and slouched hats set on their disordered locks, they evidently were possessed of the madness to which great wit is near allied. Among them were some women socialists and free-lovers—generally of a decided German cast of feature—with spectacles on their noses and note-books in their hands. By far the larger portion of the audience consisted of street roughs, costermongers whose hands not an hour since had relaxed their hold on the handles of their carts, boot-blacks, rag-pickers—in fact, the refuse of a great, foul city. Burgoyne and I had not been long seated when a young fellow, the chairman, whom I remember to have often seen in the parks speaking to crowds assembled about, arose and

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introduced Dr. Aveling; and a thin, sallow-faced man, buttoned loosely in a double-breasted brown coat, began to address the crowd, whose strong pipes, exhaling the fumes of the vilest "shag" tobacco, had already put the atmosphere into such a state of haze that he could barely be made out at the other end of the room.

Dr. Aveling was very enthusiastic about the prospects of socialism in America. He said that his hopes arose more from indications than any decided results which could now be called history. He said that in the United States there was no middle class, that every man was either bourgeois or a workman; that socialism, when it once got under way in the States, would reflect its influence upon Europe and quicken it into active life, and sympathy and universal brotherhood would take the places of injustice and inequality, which now make more than half the world miserable.

This was the tenor of his discourse. He was an eloquent speaker, something of a thinker, more of an orator. As he went on the spectacled women with scarlet handkerchiefs about their necks scribbled vigorously in their note-books, the wild-eyed enthusiasts turned in their seats, clapped their hands, and smiled joyously at one another, and the sleepy-eyed artisan sat stolidly puffing his pipe, and seemed to have but the remotest idea of what was going on. And I plainly saw why socialism was powerless to assert itself. These long-haired dreamers were too few to accomplish anything

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alone, and their stolid, sleepy followers were too ignorant to help them. I was thoroughly glad when the lecture was over and I could escape from the close, man-tainted room. "What do you think of what he says?" Burgoyne asked me, as we stepped into the street. "'Tis bosh," I replied. "Instead of having no middle class in America, we are a nation of the middle class, and we are too free and happy ever to be socialists. Socialism is a desperate remedy for a desperate case. We will not give up the piece of gold in our hand for hope of the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow. There is no pressure upon any class of our society, and there can never be a revolution. If a man be poor in America, it is certain evidence of his own thriftlessness. There is no order of things which he can blame. His only revolt may be from his own idle habits. The powder which if confined would have burst a cannon explodes harmlessly when touched off on a board. Russian nihilism, held in on all sides by the tyranny of a czar, may, when some genius arrives to set it off, split that empire to pieces. When America is attempted to be split with the same force, it will be found that the charge will spend itself harmlessly in the air. We are now as free as socialism could make us."

Burgoyne smiled and shook his head, but I think I was right.

**London the Cosmopolis—Its Famous  
Streets**



## LONDON THE COSMOPOLIS—ITS FAMOUS STREETS

LONDON, March 25, 1887. London is an analytical index to the world. Everything the volume contains is represented here. If another deluge were to destroy all life on the globe, yet leave what is in London, in much less than a geological age the earth might be again what it is now. From the botanical gardens of Regent Park the forests of Africa and Asia and America might be replanted with their appropriate trees and flowers. Its zoological gardens could supply to each jungle and mountain-top and plain the native animals. Among the nations of men not a shade of color would be lost; every variety of every race would be preserved here. The throng in the streets of London is as promiscuous as that which crowded the gang-plank of the ark. The Turk devoutly fingering the beads of his rosary as he walks along, the slight-figured, gliding Bengali, the pigtailed Chinaman, the turbaned Abyssinian and shiny black negro, whose feet perhaps not three weeks since left their tracks in Ethiopian sands—all jostle



## Igerne, and Other Writings

John Bull on his pavement. It is an outdoor congress of nations assembled at a spot which to Americans must be among the most interesting in the world. Therefore, my friend, whoever you may be that reads this, I invite you for a ramble with me about this foggy old memory-enchanted town. I am sure that I will be able to show you and tell you some things which will be interesting. You will pardon me, I trust, if I take advantage of your silence and do most of the talking. You will permit me, also, as we are to talk in our ramble, to ramble in my talk.

Notice how crooked these streets are, especially the narrow ones. Observe the dull, ashy color of the bricks of which the buildings are constructed. No wonder that the French and Italian traveler, and the American too, for that matter, shivers and sighs for home as he passes between these rows of houses, which stare at one another across the street with such dead, blank looks that they have an appearance of great antiquity. In fact most of them are modern, built in the last twenty years. Everything in England has a way of getting old quickly. Let the Queen create a new peer, and immediately the pedigree of the rich butcher or beer-maker, or whoever he may be, runs back to the Norman Conquest. The scaffolding has not been removed from a new house in London for three months before it acquires the venerable aspect of a building which has stood for generations. I think the fog does it—"besmears the stone with sluttish time."

## London the Cosmopolis

After being smoked for a few weeks, and licked by the yellow vapors which sometimes fill the streets, it is no wonder that their newness is no longer fresh. The wonder is that the men who inhabit them do not become graybeards in their youth, for anything more foul and uncomfortable than a London fog it has never occurred to the demons of the weather to invent. I will take you out one evening when "the fog is on," as the cockneys say, and give you a taste—for, indeed, it is more of a taste and smell than a breath of this Plutonic exhalation.

This is a typical London day. Observe how conservative even daylight is in the English metropolis. It is more of a haze than a light—a kind of cast-off, second-hand Indian summer. Don't look for the sun; you will not find him. Like the Queen, he is invisible to her people. He seems to illumine this portion of the world by proxy, as her Majesty governs by ministers. I think one of the reasons why the English are so religious is that they have a constant exercise of their faith in their endeavor to believe that the sun exists. When you do catch a glimpse of him, you will half suspect, from the red, inflamed look in the old fellow's eye, that his absence has been due to a violent and protracted debauch from which he is just recovering. A dull-gray, smoke-charged atmosphere hangs above the dull-gray houses. Particles of floating soot speck the air; there! one of the smutty flakes has settled on your nose. Allow me to brush it away, for any attempt to do it yourself will inevi-

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tably leave a fresco in charcoal upon your picturesque visage. London soot finds an appropriate adjective in the cockney word "beastly." It makes one feel like a negro minstrel.

Here we are at Oxford Circus. Oxford Circus is not, as its name would imply, a place of amusement. It is simply, as you see, a circular area covering about half an acre which marks the intersection of Oxford Street with Regent Street. Oxford Circus is one of the centers of the West End. You must understand that the West End, or Town of London, is very different from the City of London. The City comprises that portion of the metropolis which was once inclosed in the walls. In it most of the wholesale trade with foreign countries is done. It is the district of Cockaigne—the dwellers in it are cockneys. In it are situated the Bank of England, the Exchange, the Tower, the Guildhall, the Mansion House of the lord mayor, and almost all the historical remains which are interesting to the intelligent visitor. A City man means a business man. You would shock a fashionable young lady very much if you were to ask her when she came up to the City. Many of the bigoted denizens of Mayfair and Belgravia, the districts surrounding Westminster and Buckingham Palace, boast that they have never been in the City. The aristocracy dwells in the shadow of the court. Here at Oxford Circus we are almost midway between the City and the most fashionable quarter of the West End. Down that way Oxford Street

## London the Cosmopolis

sweeps with its smooth asphalt length past St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where Milton is buried, down Holborn Hill, past Cock Lane, the precinct of the famous ghost, over Fleet Ditch, by Newgate and the post-office into Cheapside, which in turn terminates at the Bank of England. It has different names, one section being called Holborn Viaduct, another Newgate Street, but it is practically the same thoroughfare. In the other direction it extends to Hyde Park, around which the gloomy mansions of the nobility are congregated, so that it connects London's purse with its palaces.

Oxford Street is as ancient as London. It was an old Roman road; yes, along it were once lifted up the eagles of the legions who marched to the northwest to fight the British savages. Standing where we do we could have heard Agricola giving orders to his troops as they filed past, casting lingering glances behind them at Londinium in the distance, nestling under a hill on the banks of the Thames.

Regent Street is broader than Oxford Street, but it is not nearly so old. It was laid out in the early part of the present century. It may be called the pulmonary artery of London, for it joins Regent Park, which has appropriately been styled a "lung" of the metropolis, with the region lying about Piccadilly and Pall Mall, which certainly is its heart. It is a street of handsome shops. In its broad plate-glass windows, protected by iron blinds which are pulled down at night, is displayed enough finery to distract a large portion of our female population.

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It was cut through the place once occupied by St. James Market, where George IV., I think it was, when prince regent, met Hannah Lightfoot, the pretty Quakeress, whose fortunes became so closely allied with his own. Yet the atmosphere is as calm as if a prince had never lost his heart within two hundred yards of this spot. Toward the right lies Regent Park. Do you see that conical cupola of brown stone rising in the smoky vista? That is All Souls' Church. It is considered to be a very perfect bit of architecture. Dickens mentions it somewhere. You frequently see representations of it on Christmas cards and fancy pictures. It was built in the early part of the century by Nash, the introducer of stucco as an outside finish for buildings. There is a current epigram which, after an allusion to Augustus finding Rome mud and leaving it marble, concludes:

“ But we think our Nash is a very great master,  
For he found us all brick and left us all plaster.”

Immediately opposite All Souls' is the Langham, one of the most fashionable hotels of London, much resorted to by Americans. “ Ouida ” is stopping there at present. Within two minutes' walk of here is St. George's Chapel in Hanover Square, the little church in which the Duke of Wellington gave away so many brides—like Mars assisting Hymen. It remains, with the Chapel of Henry VII., in the Abbey, the most fashionable place for marriages in London. In it perhaps more earls and dukes

## London the Cosmopolis

have been granted leave to be born than in any other similar structure in the kingdom. Down Oxford Street about two hundred yards hence Holles Street turns to the right into Cavendish Square. At No. 26 Lord Byron was born in 1778. Lady Mary Montagu, the famous letter-writer, had her residence in Cavendish Square. There, in her Turkish garments and, if we are to believe Horace Walpole, her dirt, she charmed those who had the honor of being her friends. The Duke of Portland lives in Cavendish Square. Oxford Circus is a focus of life. You can get a bus here for anywhere. See them roll in from all directions. That one labeled in large letters "Elephant and Castle" will take you to Spurgeon's Tabernacle. We will mount it one of these days. That one with "Kilburn" painted on its side will take us to the meadows over which Keats walked with Haydon when he chanted to him his immortal "Ode to a Nightingale" before it was ever written on paper.

My friend, there are around us a thousand places of interest to which I would be your guide; and if you will meet me here to-morrow afternoon at half-past five, I will begin by showing you the little chemist's shop (as they call drug-stores here) in which De Quincey took his first dose of opium. Remember the hour; I have a special reason for appointing it. I will not promise to show you the exact bottle from which the "heavenly chemist," as De Quincey called the apothecary, took the drug.

## Igerne and Other Writings

At least we shall have the pleasure of treading for half an hour in the steps of one of the rarest geniuses which the century has produced. Re-read the autobiographical passages of the "Confessions," and let me see you here at the hour named.

## Glimpses of Holland





## GLIMPSES OF HOLLAND

THE HAGUE, April 26, 1887. The first glimpse I had of Holland was about ten o'clock on a blustering morning in April. I had been twelve hours on the Channel. The *Adelaide* was crowded with pleasure-seekers on their way to the Continent to spend the Easter holidays. They had not enjoyed the last half-day. Of the two hundred and fifty passengers on board probably two hundred and forty-five had been dreadfully sick every hour of the voyage. I was, fortunately, one of the happy five "whose only sorrow was the sorrow of others." I was standing on deck—my overcoat closely buttoned about me, for a very cold, piercing wind swept down from the coasts of Norway—talking with a German merchant, and glancing occasionally at the smooth, curved line of the eastern horizon, when suddenly I saw the top of the lighthouse; and gradually, as we approached it, the structure rose like a mushroom out of the sea, and then the line where the ocean and sky met grew dark with the dawning coast of Holland. It was simply a flat, apparently bare

## Igerne, and Other Writings

meadow lying in the distance, crumpled here and there into a scarcely perceptible hill. The coast of Ireland as you near it is revealed high and bold ; it breaks impetuously on the vision, like the Irish character upon the heart. Holland, full of Dutch indolence, lies flat and lazy among the waves. You surprise it in bed, as it were. The green waters of the Channel began to be tinged by the muddy current of the Scheldt. The sea became decidedly more calm. The river seemed to have tamed the boisterousness of the ocean by mixing with it the quietude of the land. One by one, with pale countenances and fever-blistered lips, the passengers appeared on deck to hail the new San Salvador. As we passed into the mouth of the Scheldt we all sat down to a bountiful breakfast. When I went again on deck I found that we were gliding along within a stone's throw, on either side, of the fatherland of Ichabod Vedder and Rip Van Winkle.

There is something very peaceful about the Dutch landscape. Everything is neat and in order, but it is the neatness of a quiet old woman who does not bustle about enough to disarrange things. They seemed to have been put to rights a long time ago, and to have been never since disturbed. The only motion in the scene is the turning arms of the windmills, which if the sails were taken down would look like inland lighthouses. There are really no more windmills in Holland than in some portions of England. The flatness

## Glimpses of Holland

of the country, however, causes many to be in sight at the same time. I could see no forests. Such a thing as a wild, irregular wood would be out of place. There were plenty of trees, each about the size of the others, set in geometrical rows. The courses of canals were indicated by ranks of old willows knotted and gnarled by constant cutting. I noticed the slim, silvery barked, white birch, so common in New England. I saw no castles, or manor-houses, or game preserves, as I would have seen had it been England. Aristocracy was absent. Society seemed to have fashioned itself after the flatness of the land. A man's field was on a level with that of his neighbor—and so was he. The peasants' homes appeared large and comfortable. English cottages are small, from having furnished most of their stones to build some castle. The Dutch cottager can use all his material for his own dwelling. The Dutch houses were usually square, with angular roofs covered with reddish tiles. I remarked the absence of any kind of porch or veranda. As we slid through the quiet waters of the narrowing Scheldt, suddenly a large, red-roofed town, clustering about the left bank of the river, came in sight. Then we had to pass group after group of clumsy Dutch vessels lying idly moored on either side, and then, with the quiet stream swelling with our passage, we ran alongside the wharf in Rotterdam. What shall I say of Rotterdam? It is difficult to recollect anything particular about this quaint old town. The stranger

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wanders through its quiet streets as he does along the ways of a dream ; he thinks of them afterward as belonging to a vision.

Rotterdam is a commercial Venice. It is streeted with canals, whose tawny waters are disturbed only by slowly moving barges. Everything in Holland has a clumsy, antique shade. I thought I could discern in the curiously carved vessels on the canals types of old Norse ships ; and in the fair cheeks and light curling hair of the boatmen I felt that I saw features of Hrothgar and Hagen. There was a constant clack of wooden shoes on the pavement ; these have no heels, the foot being thrust into a receptacle hollowed in a block of wood. The wonder to me was that the wearer was able to walk. If one of those boys had fallen into the canal, it would have made little difference to him ; he would have taken two life-boats in with him. This kind of foot-apparel leaves the heels exposed ; and while I must have seen portions of a thousand pairs of socks in Rotterdam, I did not see a single dirty one or one that needed darning. Nearly all had been darned, as I could see, but the Dutch housewives had done their work neatly, and done it up to date. The prevailing color of the peasants' dress was blue.

In the afternoon the sun came out warm and pleasant, and the boatmen, with their legs crossed, got in rows along the sides of the canals, their caps pulled down over their eyes, lazily enjoying the weather. I noticed that nearly all smoked cigars ; tobacco is very cheap in Holland.



## Glimpses of Holland

After all, the world is very much the same all over. Most of the people I saw on the streets might have been Americans for aught strange I could observe in their manners and dress, and there was scarcely a house which might not have a counterpart in some American city. It was when I looked at the peasants that I felt that I was in a strange land.

Caps are almost universally worn by the lower classes in Holland, and dogs harnessed under little carts help the hucksters to carry their wares about.

Holland is a splendid country in which to build a railroad. For fifty miles of the way, after I left the station in Rotterdam, I am sure there was neither a grade nor cut. I saw no growing crops; everything appeared to be pasture. Perhaps the grain had not yet been planted. There were no fences. The fields were checked with small canals, which served the purposes of irrigation and took the place of fences. I saw many ducks swimming about, and here and there a swan. I noticed peasants poling boats along, and reaching over the side to stir, with a kind of pitchfork, straw which was lying at the bottom of the canal, and which next year was to be fished up and used for fertilizing.

All the pigs I saw were white, and I never saw more than two together. Each had a little house, which looked more like a fancy dog-kennel than a pig-pen. Dutch pigs are the most luxurious of the race I know of.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

When the shadows began to fall I observed that we were mounting into a high country. The soil became less rich. Forests of pine and cedar became frequent, until we came to a sandy strip of broken land where all vegetation but stunted firs refused to grow. I saw no houses. The district was uninhabitable—much poorer than any Tennessee barren. It was the desert boundary dividing Holland from the dominion of the Kaiser. I felt as I passed it that I was entering a great military camp. Forts began to frown and cannon to threaten from every hilltop. At every station soldiers in uniform formed at least one third of the people on the platform. I seemed to have come from a land of perpetual peace among a nation of warriors preparing for battle.

**Berlin :**  
**Its Bayonets and its Beer**





## BERLIN: ITS BAYONETS AND ITS BEER

BERLIN, June 14, 1887. I understand now why Germany is called the Fatherland. The iron discipline of its military government is too harsh and strict to be that of a mother. It commands and rewards—does not beg and caress. It has pensions for its soldiers, not for its scholars; but somehow or other it manages to make scholars of its soldiers, yet they ever remain more soldiers than scholars.

The great feature of Germany is its army. There is not a town in Deutschland whose pavements are not flowered with uniforms—Berlin fairly blossoms with them. They are composed, seemingly, of all the colors of several rainbows, blue, red, and yellow in every shade predominating. The girls all love the soldiers; consequently the civilians, to a man, envy them. Only the students, of whom there are six thousand at the University of Berlin (two hundred of them being Americans, and the most intelligent and industrious of the lot, too), have a contemptuous sneer for the German Mars; they wage a higher battle than

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those fought with the swords. They trust to the art of pleading, learned from Isocrates, and sweet words, remembered from Catullus, to neutralize the effect upon the fair of gilt-threaded epaulets and the grace of silver swaying scabbards. American girls go wild over these officers; they would rather have a smile from one of them than a proposal of marriage from any other fellow.

A captain here is an individual of great importance. A general is a thing to be stared at and followed down the street. He bears himself like some banished heathen god who is spending the season of retirement on earth, and those who meet him accordingly worship. He seems to be pregnant with a thousand to-be-won victories, and every hair of his upward curling waxed mustaches appears stiff enough for a Frenchman to be hung upon it.

Everything is in uniform. The Kaiser drives out in uniform, the historic Prussian helmet, fronted with a golden flying eagle and topped with a spike, set on his venerable head. Bismarck goes to the Reichstag in uniform. The ministers of state are all generals. The postmen and street-car drivers are all in uniform. The idle *cocher*, or cabby, as he nods upon the seat of his *Droschke* waiting for a fare, "looks like a soldier taking his rest, with a martial cloak around him"; for the cloak around him is martial—dark blue on the outside, with light, Yankee-blue lining. It is flung back over his shoulders in quite a military fashion.

The boys in the street wear caps and mimic

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helmets and dangle tin swords at their sides. Everything is in line and keeps step. Surely Mars has made his camp in this capital of Deutschland.

The two most important factors of German civilization are bayonets and beer. To the habit of beer-drinking, and the military training which every youth in Germany is compelled to receive, may be referred most of Fritz's peculiarities of body and mind.

I don't think there are a dozen positively lean men in Berlin. This comes from drinking beer. Even the invalids here are robust, and hunchbacks have double chins. I saw the other day a paralytic hobbling along the street; his legs were withered, but his face was as round and fresh as a very type of health. His crutches, I knew, often leaned against a beer-table.

The amount of beer drunk in Germany during a day would inundate a prairie. It is of every color, from the inky *dunkel* or *bairisch* to the pale-yellow *weiss*. It is drunk from every kind of vessel: mugs with and without covers; bowls (I have actually seen a *cocher* through the window of a *Keller* restaurant drink *Weissbier* from a bowl large enough for a hen—a small hen—to make her nest in; it was full, and he lapped the last drop, and then licked the foam from his beard), jugs, pots—everything, in fact, which will hold liquid. And everybody drinks it. The Kaiser drinks it, the Kaiserin sips it from cut glass, the ladies of the court grow fat and *frauisch* upon it. I sat the

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other day in the Café Justi, a fashionable rendezvous in Leipziger Platz. A swell equipage with liveried driver stopped at the door. What did the two ladies who sat in it want? Beer. It was brought to them. One of the ladies was a *Frau*, barrel-waisted, heavy-jowled. It was easy to see from the manner in which she emptied her glass that she had done it often before. The other was a *Fräulein*, evidently her daughter, slight, swan-white, and very pretty. She sipped her beer more daintily and left a portion in her glass; yet she sipped it. With countenances visibly more contented they beckoned the driver to move on. I have seen this but once, but I saw it once; that tells much; and nobody seemed to think it strange or indecorous.

If other Germans drink beer, German students swill it. If one is unable to toss off his fifteen glasses in an hour, it is regarded by his fellows as a sign of puerility only less strong than that he has the scar of no duel on his cheek.

Where an American laborer would take a "chaw of terbacker" the German workman takes a drink of beer. I have been watching brick-masons working on a new house. One of them would suddenly stop as if he had lost something, lay down his trowel, fumble a moment in his coat hanging near, and draw forth a bottle,—big-bellied like himself,—shake it a moment to raise the foam, without which beer is not beer, and then, wiping his lips with his rough, lime-dusted hand, throw back his

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head for the draft, while the quick, successive pumping of the "Adam's apple" in his brawny neck told what was happening.

In short, beer is drunk everywhere, at all times, by everybody.

And what is the result? The German. A man of robust body and therefore clear head; one who does not use spirits, because the craving which causes other persons to drink wine and whisky has been satisfied in him by something which does not weaken, but strengthens; a dull, fat-welted fellow when he attempts to tread in the more airy regions of humor and fancy (I have never heard that the Muses drank beer); but keep him on the ground and he is sensible and level-headed, always a bit of the philosopher. Hence his language is full of aphorisms and proverbs.

The great war of 1870 was not between the Germans and the French, but between beer and red wine. When the wine-flask came in contact with the beer-barrel, it was natural for the glass to be shattered.

The empire of the Kaiser is propped upon beer-barrels and cannons. Beer makes his subjects strong. The military discipline which he enforces among them makes them soldiers, and the first duty of a soldier is to obey without question his superior officer; consequently the Kaiser. So long as the military spirit is predominant in Germany to the extent that it is, it will remain a monarchy. One of the strongest warrants of the truth of re-

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publican principles is that all people drift toward them during periods of protracted peace.

To the military character of the German are due these facts:

(1) His brusque manners, a certain cold and stand-off air. He acquired this on the drill-ground. It is as much a part of his uniform as his epaulets. He forgets in the drawing-room that the parade is over. He speaks to his wife as he would to a fellow-officer, and more demonstrative observers hence think him cold.

(2) His abominable table habits. No people, the best part of whom spend most of their lives in barracks, can have very elegant manners at the table. The camp is not a nurse of this kind of politeness. The recruit, in learning how to manage his musket, forgets how to handle his fork. It is a lamentable fact that many Germans of the middle, and even the upper, classes eat like swine, gorging themselves, shoveling the food in indifferently with knife, fork, and spoon more rapidly than any other person could swallow, as if the object was not to satisfy the appetite, but to clean the dish. There is no excuse for the vulgarity of an old people.

(3) His atheism. The bulk of the most intelligent Germans are not Christians. These soldiers, used to obeying the commands of officers who stand before them in the flesh, hesitate to do the bidding of the great invisible Captain who does not speak in words of sound.

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On the other hand, to his military training is due his splendid physique, exercised to perfection with martial gymnastics; his manliness, courage, contempt of danger; his love of science, which is the exact military part of knowledge; his love for music. What is music but a wheeling and countermarching battalion of sounds, moving in perfect order, commanded by law? German culture, therefore, tends to produce soldiers, and then scientists and musicians; and often one man combines them all.

Berlin is a much more modern city than New York. It became great with the establishment of the empire. The Kaiser has sought in every way to make his capital the center of European business and fashion as well as of politics. He has succeeded wonderfully, considering the obstacles against which he has labored. Brandenburg, in which Berlin is situated, is, from the sandy nature of its soil, almost sterile. Great cities only grow in very fertile districts or beside some large river or ocean harbor. Berlin has none of these advantages. Its growth has been a protest against all the principles of city-building, the triumph of German hardihood over the obstacles of nature. The empire must have a capital; that capital must be in Prussia; and it naturally came to Berlin as being the most important city in it.

Berlin has no Thames full of memories rolling by it, but it has a sky, compared with which the firmament which lowers over London is not fit for



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the stars to shine through—high, clear, blue, full of moteless sunshine. Clouds, white as steam from a locomotive, large and dense in some places, in others drifted into fleecy mackerel shallows, for all the world just like the heavens which hang over the Tennessee mountains, grow black and boil. It lightens and thunders. (I don't think I heard more than a dozen peals of thunder during a whole year in England, and those sounded low and far off, as if they had wandered by mistake from some other land into the tranquil isle.) The drops, when they do come, are big and splash merrily. You must go under cover; there is no weathering it with an umbrella. (German umbrellas are small and very poorly made.) For a time the air glistens with water, and then the spirit of storm, as if to atone for the drenching, dries off the face of the heavens with a rainbow—not a pallid, second-hand-looking rainbow such as you see in England, with the colors confused and run together like the dyes of cheap cloth after it has been washed, but new, fresh-looking. Fritz has an eternal luxury in his sky and weather.

Germany is the first country in which I have been where dogs (big brindled Brunos) are generally used for drawing small carts, and women are utilized as beasts of burden.

Any one in Berlin who looks out from his window early in the morning can see several of these dog-drawn carts standing in the street, tin milk-cans standing in them, which man-waisted women mo-

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mently tilt on their edges to let the white fluid they contain come bulging and gurgling into the cups held under. The dog lies on the ground resting, tangled in his harness, and scratching with his fore paws at the muzzle on his nose. (Everything in Germany, from the newspaper press to the dogs, is muzzled; the dogs are muzzled to keep them from biting the people, the newspapers to prevent them from attacking the government.) It is, however, a kind, a considerate muzzle. And while he scratches, his blond-haired mistress clacks her wooden shoes about the pavement as she measures her morning milk to her customers.

All the world over women say their lot is hard to bear. Some German women have more than their lot to bear; they are regular beasts of burden. I have seen them go along the streets of Berlin with as much fire-wood strapped to their backs as you could pile on an ordinary wheelbarrow. Sometimes they waddle along under hampers of vegetables larger than themselves. I will describe one of these female porters. A big woman with a figure like a man; stout arms, large wrists, and hands in which the veins are very prominent, caused, no doubt, from the constant strain; head covered with a "sundown" of dark straw. Her dress, of some coarse material, is more like a coat than a dress. She wears an apron of black cloth curiously embroidered with silk; she has perhaps had this twenty years and made it herself. Her dress, extending half-way below the knees, shows

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her big, shapeless legs and ox-like ankles, covered with blue yarn stockings; her feet are thrust into wooden shoes, which as she steps clack alternately upon the pavement. She has an empty "rack" on her back, attached by broad straps which go over her shoulders and back under her arms; to this her load is fastened when she carries one.

Although bearing no burden now, she leans forward from force of habit. Look in her face—pale, yellow, wrinkled; grizzled flaxen hair fringing her forehead; her chin firm set; it is, however, the determination of an animal, not as if fixed upon some high resolve. There is little more than the intelligence of a dog in her small steel-gray eyes blinking among their wrinkles. Notice how clean she is. There is not a rent in her garments that is not neatly patched. From her straw hat to her clacking clogs not a speck or stain.

That woman here should do the work of mules shows the fearfully overcrowded state of labor in this country. From all appearances she does the work cheerfully.

## **Death of the Emperor William**

From "University of the South Magazine," April, 1890.

## DEATH OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM

"THE Kaiser is dead!" I shall never forget the misty March morning when this cry rang through the streets of Berlin. Did you ever see a man read a telegram with bad news in it? For a moment his heart stops, and then leaps up thumping with excitement. Fancy a great city thus stricken and startled.

"The Kaiser is dead!" A thousand voices took up the cry. It swept in echo up every street, down every alley, until Berlin hummed and roared like a disturbed beehive. A vague apprehension, like that produced by the first tremor of an earthquake, seized upon every one. The Linden was thronged with people. They had rushed out of clubs and cafés and shops; rag-pickers and princes, bare-headed clerks with pens behind their ears, prelates and diplomatists, and waiters with napkins over their arms, each crowded his way to the edge of the pavement to look at the flag above the Emperor's palace. And even as they looked the flag slid slowly down to half-mast, and there hung languidly wrapping about its staff, limp and lifeless

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as the body of the old man who lay dead beneath it. The black eagle of Prussia on it, which had spread its wings over the old Kaiser in so many of his victories, now seemed to have folded them above him in his last defeat. Another chapter of German history had been finished. Death had splotted his period at the close.

Mounted messengers were flying hither and thither. The hoofs of their galloping horses cracked like musket-shots along the asphalt pavement. Bismarck and Moltke were summoned. They came and stood beside their dead master. Moltke wept; Bismarck simply bit his shaggy gray mustaches—there are no tears in that man of iron. They kissed for the last time the hand they so often before had kissed, and went away. And then Werner, the court painter, was sent for. Werner, who so many times had painted the Kaiser in his pride and power, was now to show in his last picture of him how little death cares for earthly mightiness. He came and brought his colors and his brushes. In the right hand of the Emperor he placed a red rose and a white one, and then, setting up his easel in the light of an open window, he painted the scene. He painted a plain apartment hung with red tapestry, and near the center of it he painted a narrow iron camp-bedstead, and on it a long, emaciated figure propped on pillows and covered to the waist by a white counterpane. He painted the medicine bottles on the table, and the pair of cavalry boots in the corner; painted the

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Bible lying open on a chair, and the wooden crucifix which above the head of the bed hung in the mute agony of its holy pain. And he painted the dead King's face—painted the high bare brow and bold hooked nose, the closed eyes which once had looked with terror on the great Napoleon, the drift of white whiskers on the hollow cheeks, the firm, rocky chin and curling gray mustaches; painted the lips which in the last century his mother, Louisa, loveliest queen in Christendom, had kissed, and which four hours since, as the gray dawn stole through the window, had murmured his last words, "My Fritz! Oh, bring back my Fritz from Italy!" And he painted the hand which held the flowers. What did those roses signify? Had Werner meant to mock the Emperor's fallen estate? Was the hand which yesterday grasped a kaiser's rod of power to-day deemed fit to hold only a posy? Could he who for more than ninety years had reaped the world of its honors and gold, destroyed one empire and made another, now that the end was come and the game was over, show as the sum total of all his gains and spoils only two roses, whose leaves a breath might in a moment scatter? No; those roses did not mean that. That red rose meant that the old Kaiser had done his duty by his country in war, and that white one meant that in so far as in him lay he had given to his people the gentler blessings of peace. Fate had made him a king, and, being a king, he had been as good a man as a king could be. That right hand of his,



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however cold and powerless it might be now, during his whole long life had wrought its best for what it had deemed most good, and it was proper that it should crumble into dust mixed with the scent of flowers.

At midnight of the Sunday following a snow-storm was falling over Berlin. It covered the bare boughs of the linden-trees, and, settling on the outstretched wings of the bronze goddess standing above the Brandenburg Gate, purified her into the likeness of an angel. It roofed the houses with whiteness, and beat fast and thick upon the heads of a vast crowd which had assembled in front of the imperial palace. The Emperor was about to be borne to the cathedral to be laid in state. It was a solemn hour—the last hour of a day which pious Germans all over the world had spent in prayers for the Kaiser's soul; and I was pleased to think that the snowflakes which rustled so softly around us were simply some of the holy thoughts and hopes that had lost their way and settled back over the earth. It was an historic spot. Here in ancient times had stood the little fisher-village which was the first considerable possession of the Hohenzollern family. Here it waxed rich and powerful, and its head, from a simple *Markgraf*, became successively Elector, King of Prussia, and Emperor of Germany. There, a hundred yards to the left, lay the Lustgarten, where the father of Frederick the Great used to drill his gigantic grenadiers. Sixty years after a frightened little boy

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looked down from the palace windows on the same spot, but the tall grenadiers had disappeared, and in their places Napoleon's troops were marching up and down. That little boy was the Kaiser Wilhelm, and it is said that he took then the vow of vengeance against the family of Napoleon which he afterward so fully accomplished in the Franco-Prussian War.

Behind us stretched the classic façade of the university, and before us, just in front of the portico of the palace, a bronze statue of Frederick the Great sat astride the bronze horse, which, with fore foot uplifted, seemed about to step from its pedestal on the heads of the people. The snow had settled on his short cloak and turned it to ermine. Frederick was a king again, and I fancied that his thin, wizened countenance peered from under his cocked hat with a look of intense anxiety upon it, as if, even in this metal shape, he was deeply concerned at the crisis through which his family was passing. Up there in the palace, stretched on his iron bedstead, one Emperor lay dead, and out yonder at Charlottenburg the new Kaiser lay prostrate among his pillows, coughing and wheezing through a tube in his throat. Dark days indeed for Germany!

There was a sound of tramping along the muffled street. I turned and saw a drum-major advancing, waving his gilt baton. Behind him came a military band, and still behind followed a regiment of Potsdam grenadiers. At their approach the

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crowd fell apart, evenly and silently as an opening door. Through they marched and formed a double line from the palace gate to the cathedral steps. Then in an instant every fifth man lifted up a blazing torch, and at once a red glare spread like a conflagration over the heavens. The snow hissed in the waving flames, as if rebuking them for trying to light a dead man to his grave. There fell from the cathedral tower a sudden clangor of bells. A widening wedge of light issued from the opening doors of the palace, and eight strong fellows came out, bearing a huge black box on their shoulders. Their footsteps crunched on the frozen ground. Down the path of torches they passed, up the cathedral steps, and into its quiet aisles. The bells in the tower above were hushed; the flambeaux were extinguished, and night and the snow again had the world to themselves.

**Autumn Leaves Picked up Here and  
There with a Quill**



AUTUMN LEAVES PICKED UP HERE  
AND THERE WITH A QUILL

JANUARY 1st. The air was full of flying mist. It lay in quiet serenity upon the dim green waters of the creek, and with cloudy fingers lazily outstretched drew itself from tree to tree along the bluff hillside, which with rocky terraces descended to the margin of the stream, where for a moment, like a Triton, pausing, it plunged silently under and disappeared, to come up dripping at the other bank, where it rested itself, stretched at comfortable length, beneath a row of dappled sycamores. It was New Year's and a holiday, even for the little creek which in unyoked play ran by the gray old mill; for to-day its whirling wheel was motionless and its mumbling stones were dumb. The little, square window, which, high among the warped weather-boarding, looked down upon the waters bobbing with dizziness just above the headlong plunge from the dam, was closed. It was there that the face of the miller was wont to be seen, crowned by his dusty hat, his beard powdered like a Santa Claus, while his quiet eyes gazed down

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into the passing stream, and his elbow, upon which he leaned, vibrated with the shaking of the mill. To-day the miller was grinding a more pleasant grist than that of wheat and musty corn, which lumbering wagons and stamping mules deposited daily at his door. At home with his good wife, he was dandling his young ones on his knee. Holding them up in the light of the New Year dawn, he invoked a twelve months' blessing on their heads. Time, oh, how it flies! and he sets his babies down with a sadder look. He rapidly casts up in his mind how old Johnnie would now be—Johnnie who died seventeen years ago this Christmas past; and beneath the silence of his thoughts he seems to hear the dull thunder of the stream of years moving resistlessly on, even as there still resounds in his ear the murmur of the waters which he has heard pass his gray old mill. . . .

January 2d. Upon a cliff overhanging the stream there sat a gloomy building whose windows were grated and barred with iron. It was the county jail. A decrepit apple-tree swung its branches over the front paling, and in the summer-time doubtless offers in its shady nooks pleasant places for the birds to come and with their free songs mock unwittingly the unhappy prisoners within. How many a time has a malefactor, overtaken by the deserts of his evil deeds, pressed his brow against his dungeon grate until it made checkers on his forehead like the chess-board upon which youth and innocence had played their los-

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ing game with debauchery and crime, to hear the first twittering of the morning sparrows in the dusky green of the tree, or thrilled with heaving pain to have his memory rapt back to the pleasant days of his mother-tended childhood by the shrill cry of a catbird, balancing among its ashy branches, and bringing back to him visions of orchards and meadows and the quiet eyes of grazing kine. As I stood there a vision out of my memory arose before my eyes. It was a day of sunshine and celestial quiet above, and I beheld the precipitous street leading down to the bridge thronged with people, a buzzing concourse, exerting upon a spectator the peculiar influence which a regiment of soldiers, all keeping step, exert upon a bridge when crossing it; for the thoughts of every man and woman there were centered upon one horrible idea, and that was the condemned man who was about to be brought through the open gate of the jail and taken to the gallows, erected down there, and be hanged. There was talking and even laughing. Now and then a brandy-bottle would be seen glistening in the sun as it passed from hand to hand. There stood an express-wagon at the gate, and in it a coffin, and all the time the noise and murmur of the crowd was accompanied by the subdued roar of the waters over the dam. The miller had shut off his sluice, his wheels had stopped, and in awe-stricken anticipation he stood at his window to see the cart bear its grist to the mill of justice; and the waters of the creek, gathering the purpose



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of the crowd from the looks of their horror-boding faces, hastened along their course, darting with an impulse of fright through the shadow of the bridge, as if they sought to hurry past the gallows spot before their thin, clear faces should be stricken by the ghastly sight of the fatal deed. And from the hillside the great oaks lifted themselves in majesty, as if in stately pride, to see the people do the duty of the law upon a murderer; and from overhead the gracious sky gave its light, and heaven seemed to be holding her candle to show them how to do it. . . .

January 3d. The Sunday sun hung clear above the mountains as if pleased to light a happy world at rest. Over all the wide dominions upon which he shone all sounds of toil and labor had ceased. Silent in their steeples the bells of thousands of churches hung, just ready to fling forth an invocation, wide and far, to the idle folk to come to the house of God to hear his servants expound the Holy Word. The Spirit of the Christ, who made him and instructed him in his kind offices of humanity, was glowing kind and luminous in his heart. On the outskirts of a little town, his eye rested upon a naked grove of trees, which surrounded a house whose inhabitants were not given to church-going. A little cloud like a look of painful solicitude passed over his bright brow as he thought of their worldliness and lack of sympathy with the holy institutions of earth; and in tones of clear silver, which is the voice in which angels speak, he said aloud,

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"Behold, I will myself be their preacher; I will take a bare twig of one of their own oaks and a sheaf of my own beams, and write before their eyes a sermon." And straightway a bar of sunshine shot through the window of the room in which the people sat, and dropped its bright spot upon the ashes under the grate, reminding them thus of the passing of life, and that the exhausted cinders of the present a moment ago were glowing coals. Ashes, ashes, ashes! fit only to be borne out and scattered to the winds, all possibility of usefulness forever gone; and if in their burning they did not warm human fingers and illumine kindly the faces gathered around them, it is too late now to even regret. Tenderly was the lump of dark coal set on, nurtured by shavings and spewing matches, but now roughly shoveled into a scuttle and packed away. The moral: While the fire of strength is in your heart do the charitable deed to all who stretch forth their fingers to warm them at the fireside of your heart, for soon you will be ashes and the heat will have departed from you. And as the sun-spot became conscious that its lesson had been observed, it grew brighter and swayed about in noiseless dance; and suddenly those who watched noticed that it had caught the twigs of a phantom tree in its embrace, and seemed to be waltzing with its dryad over the ash-pan and fender and the dingy bars of the grate. Pausing at length, but with sun-bright arms still around the companion, it lifted up its voice, so small and sweet that those who

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heard it scarcely seemed to hear, and said : " Read these lessons in what you see : God loves to see his innocent things dance when they dance innocence. You see the twig of yonder oak-tree in the ashes of your grate. Sunlight can bring all the outer world into your home if you will let it ; all the beauty of nature will dwell with you beside your hearthstone if you will permit it. Open your window, and we will come dancing in together. And chiefly take notice of this fact : it takes sunlight to make a shadow ; dwell not in its gloom, but look about at the merry sun, which surely can be found. This tree casts its image far from itself only because the sun is higher than it. By virtue of sunlight it comes into your house, and if you would cast the image of help and charity into other homes, you must get under the bright light of God's grace and promises." . . . (Written on Sunday, on Mary's seeing a sun-spot in the grate.)

January 4th. Between the jail and the courthouse, which in frowning dignity sits upon the eminence toward which with many a curve and upward slant the road ascends, there is on the left side of the highway a deep gully, and to the edge of the red-clay chasm the skirts of an old hedge straggle down with its frazzled fringe of grass and briers. Here and there among the Osage oranges arise groups of the slim trees called heavenwood, and it is upon them that I wish to spend a word this evening. Heavenwood the tree is called, but why I have never heard mortal man conjecture. Its very

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celestial name outdoes itself, for it is of no use under the sun. Not only does it not provide for the utile, but it does not appeal to the dulce. Mankind with one accord have agreed to despise it, and wherever it is found growing where better trees should be, it is ruthlessly grubbed up and thrown aside. Now the peculiar thing—I had almost said the pathetic thing—about the tree is that it follows man wherever he goes, as if it depended upon his presence for existence. In this instance the trouble between Apollo and Daphne has been reversed, and it is the tree which pursues the unwilling lover—mankind. Not permitted to spring up in his garden, or, like the lilac and snowball, to grow around his door and climb to the level of his windows to partake of the merry sights within, it yet waits for him in places where he is sure to pass, and, beside old fences along the highway, it stands to watch its lover come and go. Especially does it like to fortify itself in a neglected hedge, defended by its thick brush and pricking thorns, and, rising in the exhalation of its desire above the tops of its protecting friends, looks up and down the road with nods of timid salutation.

January 5th. One of the most beautiful things about forest-trees is that, without any lonesomeness, they are able to dwell in the deserted solitudes of the woods. Night and isolation have no terror for them, even when they are set in some cliff-embattled glen where night means more than darkness. They have all the quietness and complacent

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contentment of a child with its arms around its mother; and, indeed, are not their arms around their mother? Do they not put out their roots, like fingers, and feel beneath the mold of the soil to clasp the assuring hand of the great mother? The wild flower, growing in the dizzy crevice of a cliff, does not feel the giddy height because of the spirit of mother-heart it feels in even the poor pinch of earth from which it springs, and, thus sustained, it can look with gentle eye unmoved upon the approach of the black and threatening storm. The lightnings flash, but their blanched dazzling falls harmless upon its calm and untroubled face; the thunders roll, and the stern crag shakes with affright, but the little flower trembles never, except in sympathy with its mother. They are the very Christians of nature: their faith is fixed above the moving clouds of earthly change, and it matters not to them if they are set in the lonesomeness of ghost-haunted hollows or on the sunlit eminences of neighborly hills. This is not true of the heaven-wood. Some terrible recollection seems to make solitude unbearable to it. Like a criminal in whom enough of conscience has been left for all the keenest purposes of remorse, it seems always to flee the recollection of some black and damning deed. Its bark reeks with a noisome odor, as a malefactor's hand might smell of the putrid blood of some foul and long-committed murder. For this reason it dwells never in the woods alone, but seeks distraction in its endeavor to bring itself in



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contact with the powerful life of man. In the sight of his joys and cares it finds nepenthe. Its fluttering leaves, drunk with the spirit of his laughter, reel to forgetfulness, and in his tears, charged with the essence of immortal grief, it drowns its thoughts with eager swoon. For this reason it loves the neglected fence-corners of cemeteries—for this reason and for another: for, spurned by living man, whom, with all the fury of an abandoned woman, it loves, it has yet a pensive solace in watching the spot where he is buried, and, again, a passionate paroxysm in its endeavor to thrust its roots down to embrace him in his coffin.

January 6th. The heavenwood is sometimes called the "Judas-tree," and in this we have a hint of the crime for which, from time immemorial, it has been the vegetable pariah—the outcast of the earth. It was to a limb of a tree of this species that Judas Iscariot hanged himself, and with his death-struggle the terror and the tremor of his unutterable guilt passed into the tree; yea, more than that: for his black soul, unworthy even of hell, not being permitted by the beneficent powers to emit the scenes which had witnessed his betrayal of his Lord, drove out the gentle dryad from his possession and incorporated itself within the tree, and there and in its descendants it has ever since been cowering and shivering. And then it was that the tree ceased to bear the flowers of pure and maiden white, for which it had formerly been so celebrated

## Igerne, and Other Writings

that virgins about to wed loved its blossoms for their hair. It once bore a fruit of exceeding fragrance and relish, but that, too, summer refused to squander upon her polluted branches, but gave it to the orange-tree, which up to that time was an unnoticed thorny hedge-shrub. And its bark, which theretofore had been smooth as the skin of a maiden's brow, became pitted and scarred by the sharp bitings of remorse. What the Wandering Jew is among men, that among trees is the heaven-wood: doomed to wander everywhere, but yet to have no fixed habitat; courting death, yet denied even the poor comfort of extinction; with heaven in its name, but hell in its earthly lot. "Just the tree," you might say, "to grow at the gate of a jail!" The jail gate has another appropriate neighbor—a thorn-tree. On one side of it stands Christ's betrayer, and on the other an emblem of his crown of thorns; but within there is that which has betrayed him as basely as Judas, and which stings him sharper than his thorny crown—the criminals, who have betrayed the image of the great God in which they were made, and their misdeeds, which pierce him more keenly than the crown of thorns which, for man's sake, he wore.

January 7th. Trees, like men, have characters, and I am not sure that in some mysterious way they have not consciences, and at the close of their career have a sense of satisfaction from well-spent lives. I am sure that I have known old oaks from whose gnarled tops the stiff leaves murmured



## Autumn Leaves

words of sedate and ancient wisdom. Who has not noticed the look of contented usefulness which a nut-bearing tree wears? It is of use in the world and knows it. It has food to give away to bird and beast. The bowers of its branches are formed for hospitality, and are halls in which it entertains its chance guests of air and field. The grasses love to grow under trees of this sort; like humble retainers under the shadow of a great lord's bounty, they wait there like servants for the cast-off clothing, the leaves which are shed at autumn.

They put on the livery of Kendal green, and, like the bowmen of Robin, stand all winter long at the feet of their master with spike set in cross-bow and delicate blade drawn. Who has not seen these circles of green under walnut-trees spread like a basement carpet for the peerless squirrel inn above?

It is, however, of the thorn-tree growing by the jail gate that I wish this evening to speak. It is a honey-locust, and its fruit, which it bears aloft upon its highest branches, is, when the frost has touched it, exceedingly sweet and delectable; but it is a miser of its harvest, and would rather feel it wither on its stem than see it enjoyed by beast or bird. Its leaves are small, as befits the ears of a miser, and whenever it is in bloom and a breeze comes to steal even a scent of its hanging blossoms, those leaves rustle and flutter like the ruffling feathers of an angry bird, and its unkind thoughts have at last taken the shape of sharp and



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triple thorns, which on all sides encircle its trunk in order to prevent ascent. Like the heart of its own unkindness is the pod which bears its honey, for the skin which covers it is so tough and callous that the bees cannot bore into the sweets. But there is one thing which never fails to get even with human misers, and that is death. He breaks into their strong boxes and scatters their gold. This the hard freeze of winter does for the honey-locust. The hoard which it has gripped with such miser greed and selfishness is loosened and dropped upon the ground, where grunting swine consume it before its very eyes. There is among trees a system of rewards and punishments, and the thorn-tree is the faint image, cast deep down in the bottoms of life, of the selfish man, who, growing high on the uplands of opportunity, yet refuses to give his fruit for the good of the world. The frosts of winter will overcome him, and he shall behold the ruin of that which he cherished.

January 8th. The jay-bird is the small boy of birds—noisy, rattling, nervous, forever darting about among the trees upon no special business, but only after his own fun, his topknot looking for all the world like a cap cocked up on his head, and with the light of boyish mischief and cruelty twinkling in the corner of his eye. He is a practical joker, but his jokes are harsh and heartless. Nothing delights him more than to conceal himself in the topmost boughs of a tree on a spring day and shriek forth the terrible cry of the chicken-hawk.



## Autumn Leaves

He can imitate it perfectly, and he laughs in rasping glee to observe the effect of it among the other birds. In the poultry-yard the hen huddles down among the gravels and with alarmed clucking calls her brood beneath her wing, and, with head cocked on one side, peeps up into the sky, momentarily expecting the swoop of the descending hawk. A minute passes—still no attack; and one by one the little chicks thrust out their heads through the feathers of their mother's breast, and one even ventures to peck at a crumb a few feet away; but again comes the terrible cry, and the little fellow scampers back to its protection, and old domineer is again on guard, with the feathers sliding up and down her nimble neck. Here and there wrens and sapsuckers flash from tree to tree, each seeking some knot-hole or other coign of vantage from which to defend itself against the clutching claws of the pursuer; and all the time the jay-bird is hanging on to his perch with main force, convulsed with merriment, cachinnating through his open bill his rasping, malicious laughter.

The jay-bird is saucy and cheeky, and in his dress and general deportment has none of that subdued refinement which makes such a gentleman of the mocking-bird. He is a ranter and a roisterer and a bully; he is all the time prying into the domestic affairs of other birds, and nothing delights him more than flinging the scandals abroad from the tree-tops. Has Mr. Wren left Mrs. Wren all day long, to his certain knowledge, without even

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a worm to eat, and she, too, in the third week of her sitting, he goes around and informs the whole grove of Mr. Wren's horrible neglect of his spouse; and without knowing how in the world it came about, Mr. Wren finds himself cut at the club, in society, and on the street, while of all his former friends the jay-bird is the only one which shakes his hand with apparently the old cordial grasp.

January 12th. If the jay-bird exhibits symptoms of a warped and crooked nature, it is at least to his credit that he is not meaner than he is; for, according to the popular superstition, his opportunities of acquiring great proficiency in the wicked arts, owing to his close connection with the devil, offer unlimited possibilities. He is, in fact, a sort of blue-coated Mephistopheles, who, in the guise of a bird, spends six days of the week on earth flying around and pecking about like other birds, just to keep it from being noticed that on Friday he pays a visit to his home government to carry a bill full of sand to hell. How pathetic, then, becomes the fun of the small boy when had at the expense of him, when viewed in this light—the boy, I say, who, with teeth pressed down over his under lip, creeps stealthily under the bough on which the jay-bird sits, and, with eye squinted with aim, lets fly the gravel of his sling-shot at the unsuspecting quarry! Bing! It strikes the limb under him, and away the startled jay-bird flies, screaming down upon the head of his enemy such imprecations and threatening promises as would

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turn his curly young hair gray if he could understand them aright. "Goin' to hell, goin' to hell, goin' to hell Friday," he says; "and I'll take some sand for you—for you. Jay-y-y-y, jay-y-y-y, jay-y-y-y ! "



## **Address of Welcome**

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## ADDRESS OF WELCOME

ON BEHALF OF TURNEY BIVOUAC TO THE CON-  
FEDERATE VETERANS OF THE STATE  
OF TENNESSEE AT THE RE-  
UNION AT WINCHESTER  
10 SEPTEMBER  
1891

**C**ONFEDERATE VETERANS: The world calls you rebels. Franklin County is proud for the world to see how she loves rebels of your sort. She bids me say that among you all there is not one stranger. To each of you she gives a hearty hand-shake, full of affection and honor, full of tear-starting reminiscence. She remembers that you were companions in arms of many of her sons who once marched away from her and never came back. You know why they have not returned; you know why they tarry along the homeward path. You can tell on what fainting march they perished, in what trench they starved, and in the roar of what battle they met their glorious doom. The mother of those lost boys greets you to-day; in her proud bereavement she smiles upon you.



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She loves you for the tales you can tell. Like the mother of that soldier of the legion who died at Algiers, she has assembled you in the pleasant vintage-ground of this peaceful time to hear again the comforting story of how her loved ones died with honor.

It is, however, from Franklin County's surviving sons as represented by the Turney Bivouac that the greeting comes which I am charged to deliver to you to-day. Veterans, your old comrades are proud to have you within their homes; they are proud for their families to see what good company they kept during the four years they were absent from them; they are glad for their sons to look into your faces and catch there glimpses of the manhood to which they should themselves strive to attain; they are glad that you have come to see the beautiful country which gave them birth, and know for yourselves how well worth fighting for it is. To them this is the dearest spot on all this turning earth; it is their home. A thousand ties, inexpressible in words, bind them to these red-clay hills. These are the scenes, these are the mountains and fields and streams, which so often, when encamped by your side, arose in their minds in melting visions of home. Here lived the girls they left behind them, and here, after four years of danger and privation passed with you, thank God, they were permitted to return home to marry those girls, reset their broken hearthstones, and warm them afresh with the fires of a new and increasing

## Address of Welcome

prosperity. It is to them a source of exceeding pleasure, in the midst of their happy homes and in this hour of tranquil and thrifty peace, to be able to greet you, friends and companions of their days of doubt and darkness.

Proud as are your comrades of Turney Bivouac to greet you here, they yet feel that this spot is worthy of the honor. The spirit of that liberty which you loved and for which you fought is native to this region; it blows in its free winds, runs in its unfettered streams, and lives in the bosoms of its brave people. From Franklin County's rough old mountain-sides the spirit of patriotism flows down into the hearts of her sons as naturally as the waters run into her valleys. Hers was the arm which struck the first blow in Tennessee in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. One of her sons, Peter Turney, from whom this bivouac takes its illustrious name, was the first man in the State to stop talking and begin to fight. It was the shrill notes of the fife mustering his regiment in front of this courthouse door which started hesitating Tennessee and caused her to fling down her gage of battle.

There are counties in the State richer than this—counties which raise heavier crops of corn and cotton; but thirty years ago, when war thrust its fiery sickle into the harvest, there was not one could boast a finer crop of Confederate soldiers than was gathered from these red-clay hills. It is a fact of history, upon which those who follow me will dwell, that, with a voting population of fif-

## Igerne, and Other Writings

teen hundred in 1861, Franklin County during the four years following sent twenty-two hundred soldiers into the field. Nor were those all the rebels in the county. The preachers in the pulpit were rebels, turning the leaves of the sacred Book searching for texts promising victory to the brave and faithful. The mothers and wives were rebels, sewing and knitting and praying for their fighting rebels. And the girls were rebels, hoarding through anxious days and yearning nights their precious store of love and virgin selves, with which to bless the return of their sweetheart rebels.

I remind you of these facts in order that as rebels you may realize how perfectly at home you are among us.

Confederate veterans, I do not understand that it is any part of my duty, on this occasion, to even attempt to express the personal regard in which you are held by your comrades of Turney Bivouac. Homer calls words winged. Such indeed they may be, but I at least have no words winged enough to compass the full meaning of a soldier's love for his comrades tried and true. Like pearls in the ocean, the sentiments of that affection lie so deep under seas of feeling and recollection that no mortal speech can dredge them up. To-day the mystic masonry of look and hand-shake must interpret to you the completeness of your welcome. Search the faces of your comrades, and you will find uttered there in smiles and happy tears all that I am unable to say in their behalf.

## Address of Welcome

You old Confederates understand one another well. You have exchanged previous tokens of recognition and remembrance. Thirty years ago your likenesses were photographed upon one another's hearts by the flash-lights of your blazing muskets. Those pictures have not faded ; time has not blurred and death cannot obliterate them. By those tokens you know one another here and shall know one another wherever you may meet.



**William Cullen Bryant**



## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT MONTEAGLE

20 JULY 1891

THERE is not one of us who does not like to read of the heaps of silver and gold in the vaults of our treasury at Washington. It makes us proud of our great and thrifty country; it gives us a sense of security; it appeals to our national vanity; it pleases us to hear that the poverty-haunted inhabitants of the Old World are bewildered by the reports of our material progress, which to them seems to be rather the result of necromancy than the legitimate outcome of patient human endeavor.

Now all this is well enough, but it is not all that should be well. A nation is like a man, and a man may have a heavy purse, and yet an empty head. He may have broad acres and forests and flocks, and still be bankrupt in his mind and conscience. And a people may have pits and caverns filled with dollars, and still be pauper poor in many things more precious than silver and gold.

The real treasure of this nation does not lie in



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the vaults of the treasury. It is rather to be found on the shelves of our Congressional Library. There, year by year, are accumulated our real pearls and jewels of price. Progress along the highest lines of our development is indicated, not by the number of millions we save in a year, but by the number of good books we copyright in that time. The librarian of Congress is the bookkeeper who keeps our real debit and credit account with our duty and our destiny. Nothing in the world perishes which is worth preserving. Every excellent thing contains within itself an antidote against mortality. Whatever in a people there is worth saving—whatever of real courage, truth, or beauty there may be in their thoughts or actions—is sure to find shape and permanency in some form of literature. A literature is to a people what a shell is to a shell-fish: it preserves the outlines of its transitory inhabitants, and memories of the life which formed it, long after that life has passed away.

A hundred years ago it was by no means certain that we should ever have a literature. In the old country the best friends of our young republic predicted that we would set before the world a dazzling example of self-government and material achievement, but that circumstances rendered it forever impossible for us to develop a highly imaginative literature. We had been born too late. Like Adam, we had come into the world full-grown; like him, we had never known the pleasures of childhood, which is the most poetical period of

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a nation's as well as of an individual's life. We had never known the Santa Claus of superstition, and consequently had received none of his gifts. The epic and idyllic had passed and never could return. The dawn of poetry, in whose dim light all things are wonderful, had brightened into the day of science, in whose revelation nothing was strange. The mists of romance had lifted from the hills and from the valleys, and everything was too plainly discernible and prosaic for the purposes of poetry as it had hitherto been written.

Imagination is like Lot's wife—she is always looking backward; and we had no long past into which she could look, and in which alone she could find that background and perspective which is necessary to a poem as to a picture. Ours was to be life of physical achievement. We had a vast and shaggy continent to subdue, constitutions to frame, inventions to make. In the phrase of the iron-founder, "We had to prepare for the greatest run of melted metal on record." England and Scotland and Germany and France were furnaces, each roaring and swollen to the point of explosion with its pent-up population. Among our forests, over our prairies, and along our riversides we had to prepare the sand-trenches to receive this human flux and cast it in the shape of worthy citizenship.

What time could a people thus engaged have for the fine arts? What flowers flourish in a factory or spring up around the anvil-block? Such, at least, was the theory one hundred years ago.

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Nothing is so confusing to a theory as an adverse fact. Without the permission of our European friends and critics, and in defiance of the rules of logic as they construed them for us, we have developed in the last three generations a literature perfectly characteristic and unique. Like Burns, we have found time to do our plowing and write our poetry too. There was a time when Great Britain refused us representation in her Parliament. We now have at least one representative who is welcomed as a peer among a more august British assemblage than ever met in St. Stephen's. There is a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey. There, in equal comradeship with Chaucer and Ben Jonson and Dryden, the effigy of our venerated poet sits in representation of the bright and enduring names which we have added to English literature.

It is not, however, of Longfellow, but of a poet equally revered and more distinctively American, that I should like to speak a few words to you this evening, in some measure to fulfil the engagement which my father was unable to keep. If the poetry of Longfellow was the result of a growing refinement of American city life and a subtler culture of our schools, the poetry of Bryant was a voice from the depths of our primeval woods, sounding forth like the boom of a cataract mixed here and there with the sweet notes of shy birds, which sing, never on the outskirts of the forest, but only in the deep shades and glens. Bryant was the archdruid

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of our literature. Overtopping the underbrush of sapling writers, he stood like an oak with far-flung arms, venerable with mistletoe; and when, in 1878, he died, a hush fell over this land like that which follows the crash of a mighty tree in the forest. A great and famous man had fallen. The organ voice was stilled which early in the century had led the long chant of American poetry.

Bryant had lived eighty-four years—eighty-four earnest, active, healthy, productive years. His whole long life had been such as a good man leads, and at the end of it he closed with a good man's death a career which, in point of actual success achieved, is perhaps the most remarkable in our history. For Bryant was many men in one. He was at the same time an eminent and patriotic citizen, an editor, an orator, and a poet; and in each of these characters he has taught lessons surpassingly valuable to his fellow-men. There is on the banks of the Rhine a cliff called the Lorelei. As seen from a certain point of the river the outline presents an exact resemblance to the profile of the great Napoleon. There is the colossal forehead, the rocky nose, and underneath at the margin of the water the thin lips, closed with a giant's resolve. The illusion is complete. But shift the point of view however slightly, and the likeness vanishes. That which a moment before was a visible image of a Cyclopean intelligence and power becomes a blank jumble of crags and stones.

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This is too often the case with great historic figures. There are aspects of their genius which enchant us. As long as we look at them from certain positions we are in their thralldom. We have but to shift the point of vision to be appalled by the incompleteness or deformity of our idol. Bryant was not one of these. Like the pyramid of Cheops, each side of him stood up equally symmetrical. It is hard for a man to live eighty-four years and do no unjust or unwise thing. Yet this Bryant seems to have done. In him the elements were so kindly mixed, he was so justly balanced, so evenly freighted, that he moved through life with the tranquil energy with which a great ship goes on its way. There was ever ahead of him a light, from which he never took his eyes. He steered right for it, and neither storm nor tide could buffet him from his course. It was the light of personal purity and truth, which, under the name of the North Star, he so beautifully apostrophized as

“ That bright eternal beacon by whose ray  
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.”

There was no romance in the life of Bryant; there was simply the gradual enlargement of the acorn into the oak. The only wonder was that the small acorn should so soon have become the mighty oak. It must be remembered, however, that Bryant grew in the springtime of this century, and that the virgin mold through which he shot his roots was rich with forest drift of all ages.

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The boyhood of Bryant was passed among the mountains of Cummington in Massachusetts. Poverty was his playfellow. His father, an improvident country physician, did not have the means with which to educate him. The doors of colleges were shut against him, but that mattered not, for genius needs no mortal school-master. Bryant gathered his learning as the sheep on his native hills gathered their food—nibbling it here and there whenever chance afforded a mouthful. It mattered not what volumes were closed against his sight, so long as the great primer of nature lay open before his eyes; and it was from the woods and the cliffs and the streams that he learned the most enduring lessons of his life. There he spelled out the order and the beauty of the universe; there he, who was in love with nature and held communion with her visible forms, learned the various language which she speaks; and this language he translated into the every-day thoughts of man, just as later in life he translated the epic Greek of Homer into the English tongue. Thus he became a poet. Like Burns, the genius of his country found him amid rural scenes and threw her inspiring mantle over him. Nature took the boy and made of him her high priest and interpreter. She imparted to him the secret of her seasons, the meaning of her flowers, and unraveled for him the mysteries of death; so that at the age of eighteen he became the author of one of the most original and powerful poems in the language—"Thanat-

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topsis." There are poems more brilliant than "Thanatopsis,"—poems which stir the blood with a finer frenzy and heave the soul with more palpitant emotions,—but never was there a poem of equal length which exercised a more wide-spread influence or lifted its author more suddenly into fame. It was the first articulate voice of the New World. It had, indeed, somewhat of Wordsworth's accent, but in its tone and pitch the voice was as genuinely American as the death-song of an Indian. Within this poem Bryant the poet is almost wholly included. He never surpassed it. He continued to write poetry until the year of his death, but was never able to pass beyond the circle of enchantment which he marked down in "Thanatopsis." If Bryant's success as a poet was as sudden as it was phenomenal, his success in other respects, while more gradually achieved, was equally pronounced. From a penniless New England lad he became half-owner of one of the most influential papers in the country, and died worth nearly a million of dollars. Born a weak and sickly child, and for half his life threatened with consumption, he managed to live more than the psalmist's allotment of years. He has left an interesting letter concerning his daily life and diet, which I shall take the liberty to read in this connection :

"NEW YORK, March 30th.

"I rise early at this time of the year—about half-past five; in summer half an hour, or even an

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hour, earlier. Immediately, with very little encumbrance of clothing, I begin a series of exercises, for the most part designed to expand the chest and at the same time to call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumb-bells,—the very lightest, covered with flannel,—with a pole, a horizontal pole, and a light chain swung around my head. After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercises in the chamber, and, going out, occupy myself in some work which requires brisk motion. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies till I am called. My breakfast is a simple one—hominy and milk, or, in place of hominy, brown bread or oatmeal or wheaten grits, and in the season baked sweet apples. Buckwheat cakes I do not decline, nor any other article of vegetable food, but animal food I never taste at breakfast. Tea and coffee I never touch at any time; sometimes I take a cup of chocolate, which has no narcotic effect and agrees with me very well. At breakfast I often take fruit, either in its natural state or freshly stewed.

“After breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies; and when in town I walk down to the office of the ‘Evening Post,’ nearly three miles distant, and after about three hours return—always walking, whatever the weather be or the state of the streets. In the country I am engaged



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in my literary tasks until a feeling of weariness drives me out into the open air, and I go upon my farm, or into the garden, and prune the fruit-trees, or perform some other work about them which they need, and then go back to my books. I do not often drive out, preferring to walk. In the country I dine early, and it is only at that meal that I take either meat or fish, and of these but a moderate quantity, making my dinner mostly of vegetables. At the meal which is called tea I take only a little bread and butter, with fruit, if it be on the table. In town, where I dine later, I make but two meals a day. Fruit makes a considerable part of my diet, and I eat it at almost any part of the day without inconvenience. My drink is water, yet I sometimes, though rarely, take a glass of wine. I am a natural temperance man, finding myself rather confused than exhilarated by wine. I never meddle with tobacco, except to quarrel with its use."

Now that man, like St. Paul, treated his body as God's temple—as if it had been a tenement which he had rented from his Creator, and for the care of which he was solemnly responsible. One of Bryant's most prominent characteristics was thrift—thrift in saving his dollars, thrift in saving his strength. To such a man fame and fortune do not come by chance; they are his of necessity. It was Bryant's notion that the life should be the true poem of him who would himself be a poet. Like

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Milton, he drew his inspiration neither from the heat of youth nor from the vapors of wine; and in all that he ever wrote there is not one verse, one sentence, which countenances a degrading impulse, an unclean thought, a mischievous propensity, or an unmanly act. He lived up to his own ideal of a poet:

“ He let no empty gust of passion find an utterance in his  
lay,  
A blast that whirls the dust along the crowded street and  
dies away,  
But feelings of calm power, and mighty, sweep  
Like currents journeying through the windless deep.”

Bryant enriched posterity with his writings; but more precious than they was the example he set before them of his unspotted character and blameless life.



## **An Address**



## AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL  
MEETING 13 NOVEMBER 1891 IN RE-  
SPONSE TO A SPECIAL INVITATION  
OF THE CHEATHAM BIVOUAC  
ONE WEEK AFTER HIS  
FATHER'S DEATH

CONFEDERATE VETERANS: I speak to you this evening with lips consecrated by great grief. I am able to speak to you at all only because I know my father wished it. Deprived now of his presence and the words of his loving lips, but still, I believe, under his eye,—watchful to love me, anxious to approve,—I feel that I can best please him and honor his memory by constructing my life according to what I can remember of his precepts and wishes. I know he wanted me to come here. His last words to me expressed his pride that you, his old comrades, had desired to hear the voice of his son on this occasion. I had acquainted him with what I had intended to say to you. He approved. And when your telegram came to me in the country, urging me to come

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here even under these distressing circumstances, I felt that it was the voice of my father calling me to the discharge of a filial duty which in some way could give him pleasure, and I have come.

To all Confederates here, and to those who love the Confederate cause, this is a solemn meeting. We have met in the memory of the mighty name which in times past has stood for more Southern hope, and been uttered in more Southern prayer, than any other we have known. The great man who bore that name is dead, but his spirit has not passed from us. No longer limited and localized by the frail body which held it, it has arisen and spread in inspiration over the whole people whom he loved. Especially, my brethren, does it descend upon them wherever they engage in work commemorating the Confederate cause, and among us this evening it is felt like a living presence. We solemnly rejoice that Jefferson Davis is no longer ex-President of the Confederate States. Death has restored him to his higher place and to his old honors. He is no longer an aged man struggling with disease and lengthening years for the scanty remnant of his life. Mortality has been stricken from him. With one deep breath of the air which immortals breathe, he has caught back all of his old strength and fire; with one swift step he has retraced all the weary way which since the war he has wandered in exile and disappointment. Once more, in his coffin, he wears a uniform of gray. Once more he is commander-in-chief of a Con-

## An Address

federate army—the army of our dead who died in battle, those happy rebels to whom no rumor of their defeat has ever come. In triumph he has entered another Richmond—his grave—and there has been reinaugurated, and this time forever, as President of the Confederate States as they shall live in history. We do not think, this evening, of the Union which he attempted to destroy; we remember only the union which he created—the imperishable union between his own memory and that of the country which he served. The friendships of victors are rich and generous feelings, but they do not last. Like avalanches, after their work of thunder and devastation on the mountain-side, they melt and fall to pieces in the repose and sunshine of the valley. It is a comradeship like yours—a comradeship of an honorable defeat—which endures. Between those who have together tasted the bitter cup there is a sacrament which those who drink one another's health in the red wine of triumph can never feel. It is a more than brother's bond of loyalty and devotion; time does not relax it and slander cannot shame it. Such is the bond between Jefferson Davis and the South. His name and the love of his people can never be put asunder. In the hour of cheer, strength, and most daring hope they deliberately took that name and hung it upon their hearts, and, smitten there by the lightnings of disaster, its letters have sunk in forever.

In the eyes of the symbol-loving world, which likes to sum up a people in a man and remember



## Igerne, and Other Writings

an epoch by his name, Jefferson Davis will stand as a typical Confederate; and the South is satisfied with the standard of her judgment, for of all her great sons who in her hour of need stood by her, he best of all and in the largest sense stood for her. He was his mother's likeliest son; every feature bore the resemblance of her face. He was the incarnation of his people, expressing in his character not only all their virtues, but all their generous faults. By birth a gentleman, by profession a soldier, by temperament an orator and a persuader of men, by instinct a statesman, by necessity a patriot, he was the complete Southerner, coined and stamped in the mint of fate as an example of the Southern man. Unlike most of the names made widely famous by the war, his name could have been appropriately inscribed upon no other page of history than that upon which it has been so proudly and boldly written.

The career of Stonewall Jackson, with a little alteration, would have fitted the time of Cromwell as perfectly as it did his own. With grim jaws set and gray eyes outstaring fate, he could have led a regiment of Ironsides to the very life, or, if needs be, to the very death. Robert Lee, cavalier as he was, would have figured in the pages of "Woodstock" as naturally as did his ancestor, the Knight of Ditchley, and have turned his head with the lost cause of Charles with as noble grace as he bowed it with the fallen fortunes of the South. Stuart and Morgan and Gordon, and, in our own State,

## An Address

Forrest and Cheatham and Jackson, are luminous names, but names like them have lit this earth before. They belong to the world's race of heroes, which in her charity she has made peculiar to no age or clime, which is as old as Homer,—for it was in the service of their praise that his solemn song broke forth,—and which is as new as Khartum and Valparaiso, and which shall survive as long as noble cause shall crave a worthy champion. But Jefferson Davis was the man not only of his generation, but of his day. His unique personality would have fitted nowhere else ; his destiny was as broad as his country, and there was no other gap of American history wide enough to receive it. To us, as to all the world, he still stands for the Confederacy ; he was covered with it. Between the dates of his birth and his death was written all that stormy chapter. In the name of Jefferson Davis we must raise a monument to the old South, for in his long career the glory of that old South lies like a sword within its scabbard, inclosed from hilt to tip with years of precious service.

To you, Confederate veterans, Jefferson Davis is a memory ; but to the young men of the South he is an inspiration. For you he revives the past ; but for us he animates the future. To you he is a majestic figure of battle-smoke looming up in the distance and haze of a generation ago ; but to us he is a living presence—an example of a man striding on before all of our ambitions, showing us by his knightly footsteps where we should tread.

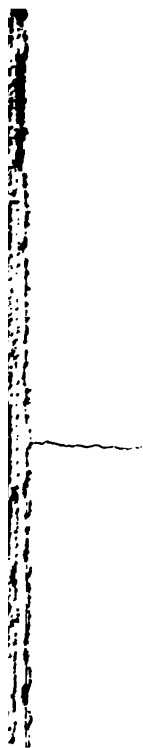
## Igerne, and Other Writings

I know I speak the truth when I say that we, the young men of the South, appreciate the solemn responsibility of being the sons of Confederate soldiers. It is said that our birthright inspires us—that running water can rise as high as its source. Being their sons, we feel that our sources are on the mountain-tops, and that there is no height in the world to which we may not aspire. We are no Hannibals, sworn to vengeance on an hereditary foe, but among ourselves we have taken a vow to be worthy of our sires. The cause of our fathers will be very sacred to us—that cause which, to my mind, can find in all the earth but one object which adequately symbolizes the beauty and pathos of its fate, and that is the Parthenon at Athens. On the hill of their most cherished city the old Greeks built a temple to their deity of maidenhood. Inspired by the smiles of her to whom they built, they made it so perfect and so fair that the elements grew envious of its beauty. The winds and the rain and the powers of storm and earthquake conspired against it and shook it until it fell, but its beauty did not perish. She in whose name it had been built invested each scattered scrap with an enduring loveliness, and for her own sake preserved enough of the roof to cover the altar and keep her worship alive amid the ruin.

The Parthenon typifies your lost cause, and, like the Parthenon, that cause was too fair in its truth and justice, and in its high ideals it was too beautiful, for this world. Four years it stood the shock

## **An Address**

of war, and then it fell. It is now a ruin, but the spirit of its beauty has not departed. It is now a ruin, but here and there in the wreck the characters of our great men arise like untouched columns, which bear the beauty of their sculptured capitals so high aloft that the sticks and stones of this slanderous world cannot reach to mar them. It is a ruin, but still there is enough of the roof left to cover the altar; and there, in their time, all the coming generations of the South shall gather for consecration.



## **An Address**





## AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT FARMINGTON ON THE OCCASION  
OF DECORATING THE CONFEDERATE GRAVES  
20 MAY 1892

THE lost cause is dead and buried, but we keep the right to tend the grave. "Peace to the blue, and love to the cherished gray"—*that*, I believe, is the sentiment of this meeting, and in its spirit I shall speak to you to-day. But first, ladies and gentlemen, let me thank you for this friendly welcome, which has been kind enough to make a stranger feel at home. I have come on my first visit to Marshall County, and as I look around me to-day I am glad to see that all I have heard is true. Your country is as fair as heart could wish, and smiling landscapes, rich soil, and kindly climate have met here and joined their blessings for your comfort and delight. Surely it is a fortunate thing to have a hearthstone set in this pleasant region, and who having one would not fight for it? To stand in its defense would stiffen a coward's nerves and fill with courage the empty heart of fear. But the sons of Marshall County were brave men to



## Igerne, and Other Writings

begin with. They had been bred in that strength and dauntless temper which this generous soil imparts alike to its trees, its grass, its horses, and its human children. You did not let your duty come to your door-step to summon you; you saw it coming and went to meet it. You made good Confederate soldiers, for history says you did. And when, after the surrender, you passed through your parole again into the recognition of the Union, you made good citizens; for you have gathered about you that abundance which belongs properly to the honest and thriving man. But your women were never paroled, and I perceive that they are good Confederates still. They have gathered all the flowers in bloom to-day, and brought them to decorate the graves of a handful of Confederates, whom thirty years ago the hap and hazard of war left bivouacked in your midst. It seems to be the earthly lot of the Southern woman to weave for the Confederate soldier. In time of war she wove the clothes in which he marched and fought and died, and now in peace she is still weaving for him,—and generations hence she will be weaving for him still,—weaving garlands for his grave. I ask myself to-day this question: If Marshall County ladies are now so tender and loving to these dead strangers simply because they once were Confederate soldiers, what in times past were they not willing to do for their own Confederates—their brothers and sweethearts, returning to them in life and honor? Old soldiers of Marshall County, you

## An Address

remember what they did ; you have it treasured up in the safe places of your recollection ; and if you have forgotten, there are scores of old front gates and vine-clad porches in this neighborhood which could tell the tender tale. You got a kiss for every peril you had passed, and for every wound that you brought back you drew the pension of some loving heart. That was the more than golden bullion which redeemed the Confederate money which you received. Out of the same treasury you draw your pensions, paid in coin minted by the beating of thankful hearts, and paid by lips ever ready to renew their thanks—pensions which it burdens no government under the sun to raise, which no agent by his rascality can cheat you of, and which, without ruling of judge or verdict of jury, at your death will pass perpetually to your children. Have I overstated it? Does not the Confederate soldier draw a full and sufficient pension?

Once when the poet Burns was at the extremity of his poverty, an Edinburgh publisher wrote and offered to pay for some songs which Burns had voluntarily contributed to a volume of Scotch national ballads. Burns's reply was : " I cannot take your money. I cannot sell 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled' ; they are either above or below price." Of such quality was the service of the Confederate soldier. It was paltry if it could have been estimated in dollars and paid for in cents. The able-bodied man who against silver coin can balance the leaden bullets

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which in battle have hit or missed him has made a trade of war and a business of his patriotism. At the same time it is a source of deep satisfaction to us to reflect that out of our increasing abundance we have been able to provide for our maimed and disabled veterans. But they did not demand the aid which we have freely given. The food and clothing and money which they get are items too paltry to be entered to our credit in the account. They draw their real pension in the thanks and gratitude of the people. God bless the Confederate homes in which those war-worn old heroes have been gathered! May sunshine and cheerfulness and rest abide there with them! May the birds love the neighboring trees! Green be the grass and soft under foot to make pleasant their lingering steps! And long may their days be lengthened to enjoy the bounty which ennobles us in the providing!

But, my friends, the Confederates who are uppermost in our minds to-day are not those who after the surrender lived to fight another battle with the untoward circumstances of an evil time. We have met to-day to decorate the graves of Confederate soldiers who never heard of Appomattox—who never dreamed that Lee could surrender, or that the Providence in which Stonewall Jackson placed his trust would ever let a hair of his sacred head be harmed. They died in battle. In the full tide of their hopes, with the cry of victory on their lips, they met their sudden summons.

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The last moment of their life was one of fiery endeavor, illumined by the thought that their offering had been accepted, and through it the way had been made plain to their country's freedom. That thought was the last in their minds, and in their dust they hold it still. Happy rebels! they are the only victorious Confederate soldiers.

Our hearts feel the influence of this inspiring occasion, and have been made soft to the seal of high thoughts and patriotic recollections. Let us be careful that no vain regrets or revengeful desires shall leave their marring trace upon those hearts to-day. The page is all too fair for such unworthy writing. This much we owe to ourselves and to these dead whom we seek to honor. In their breasts the wounds are now all healed; in their peaceful dust there is no longer sign of gash or scar. So let it be with us. Let us bring flowers here to-day, and not a single thorn or thistle. There is peace in our hearts, peace in our thoughts, and peace in the cheerful work with which our hands are busy. The Northern people need not be alarmed by gatherings like this; this is a Confederate meeting, but no sedition is stirring in it. We are about to form in line to set out on a march, but Grand Army men need not beat their drums and muster to receive the attack. We will not march far—only to the graveyard over yonder. The weapons which we bear are not dangerous; they are only flowers. There is no kissing good-by to our women this time; we will take them with

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us. There is no rumble of artillery among us, no rushing gallop of cavalry. To-day we will all be foot-soldiers, touching with every step the soil we love, and which we love the more for holding the dust of our Confederate dead, to whose graves we are about to go with honor and tear-starting thankfulness, and with flowers in which these sentiments are symbolized—white roses for their unstained names, lilies for their cause, and red roses for their bloody death. And here for a space we have paused in order that, with prayer and song and poetry and words of fitting speech, we should prepare ourselves for that communion. When Christians take the sacrament, the man of God who dispenses the wine and bread explains to them the uses of the holy food. On this occasion it is proper for us to examine the grounds of our devotion and feel the full meaning of our offering to-day. What does the South owe the Confederate soldier? A debt, my friends, which a thousand springs, with all their flowers, would not be enough to pay. Measure the blessing of our present peace and prosperity; look into the future and grasp the vast and hopeful augury of what is still to come; estimate the precious value which has been placed on Southern manhood by every history-reading people of the globe. Add all these together, and remember that they have been largely provided for us by Confederate soldiers. Before a country can greatly prosper it must be suffered for and bled for. It is the cementing power of blood, shed upon

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Canadian heights, Arabian deserts, and Indian plains, which holds the great empire of England together to-day. It was the memory of Jena and Austerlitz and Wagram which compacted the French people into a solid mass, which, like a cannon-ball, Napoleon shot about from side to side in the devastation of Europe. In the present day the power of the German empire arises from the close union of its states; but that union, which centuries of diplomacy and statecraft could not accomplish, was closed and made firm by the recollection of blood shed in a common cause at Sedan, Gravelotte, and before the gates of Paris. A similar result has been effected for us by the sacrifice of Confederate soldiers. The South has become one in heart, one in recollection, and one in destiny forever. They gave to our annals that warlike background upon which alone a bold and heroic history can be painted. That history the young men of the South are now called upon to make, and it will read like a lofty epic if we can only preserve to its completion the noble spirit in which it was begun. But have we not that spirit abundantly with us? Does it not call to us and greet us and inspire us from every side? There is scarcely a county of our States which has not received its baptism of patriotic blood. The beauty of our hills and fields is no longer the only thing which awakens the interest of the beholder. They have been the tilting-grounds of a knight-hood, the peer of that which dropped its bloody

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brand in the fatal dells of Roncesvalles, and are as deeply inwoven with legend and uplifting story as any of the glory-haunted spots of the Old World.

It is not necessary for me to lay before you an array of reasons which make it proper that we should decorate these graves to-day. There is one simple fact which, when I mention it, will unlock the deepest fountains of our gratitude and cause our hands to yield up every flower they have brought. These men died for us. The Maid of Orléans did no more for France, and *she* has been canonized among the saints. Arnold von Winkelried, gathering the sheaf of Austrian pikes into his breast at the pass of Sempach, did no more for Switzerland, and his monument is in the heart of every sturdy son of the old Helvetians. Andreas Hofer did no more for his beloved Tyrol, and his name inhabits every mountain gorge which his well-remembering Tyrolese awaken with their songs. They died for us. It matters not that we do not know their names. We do know that they died for us, and we do know that they were not worthless, worn-out old men, to whom life had become a burden, whose days were no longer pleasant in the land, and who, through these narrow doors of sod, sought an exit from a life which had become stale and unprofitable. Existence was sweet to them. They were green boughs of life's tree, budding and burgeoning with a thousand unopened hopes and joys. Some of them had left young wives and little children at home; some

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had left unmarried sweethearts—girls who to this day have remained unwedded, the virgin widows of the Confederacy. Let us remember all these things as we scatter our flowers on their graves to-day.

I would be unkind to the living if I did not remind the Confederate veterans present that the Southern people hold them and their dead comrades in equal estimation ; they both offered themselves for the sacrifice. The offering of those brave fellows out yonder was accepted, while you, Confederate veterans, were preserved for the saving of the old sort and the perpetuation of the noble breed. They showed us how to die, while you have taught us the art of living nobly under adverse circumstances. You have taught us how to grow fearlessly familiar with disaster, and, calmly studying its secret, to turn it to our advantage and advancement. For four years you struggled with a fate whose iron armor blunted the keenest weapons of your might ; but when you gave over the contest, you did it with such grace as made that fate your ally and your friend. It followed you with good luck when you returned from Appomattox ; it cheered and supported you as you entered your pillaged homes and gazed upon the scattered ashes of your hearthstones. Your negroes had been freed, but off went your tattered gray coats, and you set your hands to the plows they had left idle in the furrows ; and it did seem, in the light of what happened afterward, that the old earth, no



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longer debased by being cultivated by slaves and aliens, but proud and pleased to be harrowed and planted and plowed by the hand of him who owned her, stretched her bounty to the utmost to give her increase of harvest, and you prospered. The mountains opened to you their treasures of coal and iron. Monsters which in a forgotten age floundered into the sea-coast swamps of Carolina and Florida gave up their bodies as a rich compost for your fields. You have triumphed over defeat, and that is more noble than in the first place to have been victorious. Dear to the hearts of your children will be the story of your valor in war, but not less dear to them will be the report of your temperance and fortitude in peace. You have kept your parole as chivalrously as you kept the faith which in that parole you laid down forever. Your associations of veterans you have called bivouacs, and bivouacs they are. Amid the shadows of your lost cause, around the camp-fires of burning recollections, with foe and fight forgot, you lay down to rest. One by one you fall to sleep. Insensibly, almost, the camp-sounds are being hushed—the jest, the laughter, and the long-told tale. You may be dimly conscious of it, but it is a fact which the younger generation of the South has noticed with anxiety and concern. Your bivouac fires are beginning to burn low; the morning star hangs over your camp, and soon not one of you will remain awake. Sleep in peace; your rest will not be left unguarded. The young men

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of the South—your sons and your comrades' sons—have come to keep you company. On the outskirts of your encampment we have kindled the fresh fires of our bivouacs, and we intend to keep the woods lighted until morning. The sentinels we have set will protect you, and the example you have set shall protect and restrain us.

And now to these young men—these sons of Confederate veterans. As one of them, let me say that life contains for us no duty more sacred than the remembering, and the remembering always to honor, the high sources from which we drew that life. Let us cherish our fathers' comrades, the living and the dead. Narrowly and in reverence let us observe the walk of the old Confederates still surviving, in order to catch their manly step, so that, when they are gone, in our country's honor we can keep up the stately march. Let us learn the lesson by heart while the page is still open before our eyes; soon the volume will be closed. The brave old fellows are now safe from Yankee bullets, but a foe of surer aim than any they have met on battle-field is ambushed along their line of march, and is relentlessly picking them off. Old age and disease and sudden death are claiming them one by one. As their numbers dwindle, let us rally to them with words of cheer; let us gather with them at their reunions, so that, comforted by the presence of their sons, their minds may not dwell upon the absence of their comrades, and in our faces and hearty words they may read the assurance that with

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them the springs of Confederate memorial will not run dry, but, given over to their children and children's children, they will swell into a stream as large as all the generations of the South.

And as for the Confederate graves, let us always regard them as among the most precious of our possessions. To our eyes they are simply mounds of green, but to our hearts they are hills of pride. We could as well afford to let our fields lie uncultivated as to let these graves go uncared for. Corn and wheat at best can but feed the body, while from these grassy hillocks we gather a harvest for the soul—the inspiring food of patriotism. We are now thankful that during the war most of the fighting was done on our soil. It was awful at the time to be in the midst of the flame and thunder of the volcano, but it left our dead at home. They died with feet touching the land they loved, and, falling, they sank into its bosom.

Finally, in our cherishing of the dead past, let us not forget the living present and the hopeful future, which looks to our hands to complete the work which our sires so nobly have begun. And if with any of us there lingers a desire for retribution on the North, let us take a manly revenge upon our old-time enemies, and humble them by showing them a section of the United States more prosperous than theirs and filled with better and purer men than they. And if ever they taunt us with the boast that in war they slew the South, remind them that it is the pride of our fathers that in peace they raised their

## An Address

country from the dead. Point them to the figure of the South revived and radiant—the old South touched and transfigured with new life, new duties, and new strength. And when they look they will see that she is girded for a race along the prosperous years. Her feet, like those of the morning star, are set for a course through dawn and sunrise toward the noon of a glorious day. Run it she will—run it swiftly and run it well; but in all her swiftness she will not outrun the recollection of her Confederate soldiers, the living and, least of all, the dead—those in whose death she perished, and who, resurrected with her now, taste the life of immortal fame. Swift will be her course; but whenever her path passes a Confederate grave she will pause, and if it be springtime she will gather flowers to scatter on the low tent-roof of her sleeping soldier; and if it be not spring, she will linger by the spot with such love and tenderness as shall make it spring.

Remember, too, that the cause in which they died has not been so wholly lost as it has been called. True, it wears every outward sign of rout and defeat. Its banner has been furled forever. The columns of gray have broken ranks, and at their heads the fifes will never again scream like pitchforks of sound, clearing the way to show the path to battle, or the drums beat like the pulse of that manhood which, seeing the way, feared not to tread it to the last step that mortal foot could take. That is all past. It is now a

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settled fact that the union of these States is indissoluble; and, thanks to the Confederate soldiers, it is also a settled fact that this is a union of *indestructible* States. *That far* they were able to conquer, and with that we should be satisfied.

In the days of ancient Greece, Leander, a lover, once attempted to swim across the Hellespont to the home of his sweetheart, Hero. His bold heart was stronger than his arm, for he perished in the waters with the light from Hero's tower window shining in his drowning eyes. What was the result? Poetry took the pathetic story and embalmed in it forever the memory of Hero's loneliness and the loyalty of her lover. Shall I complete the comparison? Need I say that the Confederate soldier was a modern Leander, who sank midway the bloody tide across which his bold heart made him dare to swim for the sake of a clear principle of his? Like Hero of old, the Confederate doctrine of States' rights is widowed and childless in this day and generation, but, like the old-time Hero, her name and the name of her lover are in the songs and story-books forever. The Confederate soldier died for his cause in such a knightly way that the scrutiny of the world will always be drawn to that cause and thus be open to the pleading of whatever justice it contained.

## **An Address**





## AN ADDRESS

AT THE SOULE FEMALE COLLEGE AT MURFREES-  
BORO 2 JUNE 1892

### WOMAN AS A POET

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS  
OF SOULE COLLEGE: You will be gracious  
enough, I know, to permit my first words to be  
personal to your venerable president. Dr. Graves  
taught my first sweethearts, and a fondness for  
him and a liking for the favor of his kindly face,  
associated as it is with well-remembered faces of  
the past, will linger with me until my head is as  
white as his. I have long since forgiven him that  
with strict watchfulness and surveillance, like some  
tall castle tower, he held my youthful lady-loves  
above my reach. All that has been forgotten, and  
there remains only that proper and warm regard  
which, as having known him well, I am bound to  
feel.

It is inspiring indeed to find myself in the pres-  
ence of Dr. Graves's pupils; and here, before him  
and you, I want to deliver a message from the



## Igerne, and Other Writings

people of his old home. Winchester is proud of many things, but among the most satisfying of her honors she remembers that Dr. Graves was once her citizen. He made our old clay hills classic, and in tender recollection hung pictures of our mountains upon the walls of thousands of Southern homes. The scene of his old-time labor knows him no longer. A widening horizon and an opportunity for a broader work have drawn him from us. But, go as far as he will and stay as long as he will, a home will still be saved for him in the hearts of my well-remembering people. I want to tell him that this morning the old Mary Sharp still stands in our midst. With becoming pride we point it out to strangers and call it the master's workshop. And what better name than workshop can be found for a good school? In it are hammers and anvils which do immortal work on imperishable material. The metal they forge is not mined out of the hills of the earth, but out of the hills of heaven. It is the elemental ore of human character. Out of it are made engines of resolution and endeavor, darts of daring, and shields of defense; and out of it are forged and tempered and wrought the bolts and bars with which honor and purity secure their treasure-boxes against the thieves of this world, who would break in and steal. The old Mary Sharp was Dr. Graves's workshop, and as such, although deserted and in decay, it attracts the interested attention of even the passing stranger. Dr. Graves came there

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when a young man. There he set up his forge and kindled his Promethean fire, and there for forty years, like some new-world Cellini, he wrought in the precious gold-work of Southern womanhood—the minds and hearts of our daughters. You are Southern people, and need not be told with what skill he fashioned each vessel which was brought into its most becoming shape—polished it, ornamented it, and filled it to the brim from the clear waters of his own deep understanding, and upon each that would receive it stamped the visible image and superscription of his own exalted character. There is scarcely a household between us and the Gulf which has not been beautified by some specimen of his handiwork. He has raised the level of feminine purity and culture in the South by pouring into it the volume of his clean and consecrated life. The Southern people know this, and wherever he goes their thankfulness will follow him, like a lover, in praise and triumph.

I have not come here to-day to praise Dr. Graves. His works are before you; they have spoken and have praised him. I wish simply to deliver this message from the people of his old home. We claim no right to say where Dr. Graves shall work. Let him go wherever the largest duty beckons. The needs of the world are great, and men like him are few. We claim no right to say where he shall work; but when at last his long toil shall crave the rest which only his long sleep shall give, we do claim the right to say where he shall take

## Igerne, and Other Writings

that rest. He must come to lie down under his own maple-trees in the midst of the children of his oldest friends, and then, perhaps, feeling again the inspiring presence of the master who founded her traditions, the old Mary Sharp may rekindle her dead forge-fires and resume the position of usefulness in the land from which for a space she has fallen. At any rate, the hearts of my people will be satisfied to know that Dr. Graves has come home to stay.

And now, young ladies, and ladies and gentlemen, let me say that the subject which I have chosen to discuss before you to-day embraces two of the most charming things in the world. Search your library, and what volumes do you find there most alluring and inspiring? Poetry. In the landscape of literature, history makes up the mountains and the crags of rocky fact; on the rich lowlands of science, theology, and politics grow the useful harvests which furnish the every-day food of the world; while the flowers and grass, the keen airs, the shifting clouds and pouring cataracts, stand for the poetry which over all spreads the spirit and the spell of beauty. And upon what, of all living creatures, does the eye of mankind linger with keenest delight and most approving choice? Let us take the old-time answer of Apollo for our own. From his bright station in the sky he could overlook all of this wide-spread world; he had every breathing thing from which to select an object of his admiration and devotion; yet, as the

## An Address

myth tells us, when he descended to earth it was in pursuit of Daphne—a woman.

Of woman, then, and poetry I shall speak to you this morning. I will speak of woman as a poet. Mankind professes to know little of the nature of poetry and nothing of the nature of woman; but in this it is hypocritical and thankless to two of the chief ministers of its delight. Is the nature of poetry uncertain, or that of woman doubtful? Two of the most constant facts of all human experience have been the unfailing pleasure of poetry and the trustful devotion of woman. A scrap of old Greek history has come down to us inscribed with meaning so delicate that it might have properly been written on one of Sappho's rose-leaves. It represents a love-passage between Sappho and her lover, Alcæus. He, myrtle-crowned and striking his lyre, says to her, "Violet-weaving, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho, I wish to say something, but shame hinders me." And she replies, "Hadst thou had desire of aught good or fair, shame would not have touched thine eyes, but thou wouldst have spoken thereof openly." There spoke out the woman and poet in tones so clear that all the distance between Sappho's time and now has not confused them with a single echo.

Any discussion of woman as a poet should properly begin with Sappho and as properly extend to Mrs. Browning. These two stand for woman and poetry—figures which stand at either end of the long vista: Sappho at the end which opens on

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the blue Mediterranean and the old, beautiful, god-haunted days of Greece ; Mrs. Browning at the end which merges insensibly into the green hedgeways of England, and leads into highways whose dust is stirred by the moving feet of the present generation. Sappho, the pagan ; Mrs. Browning, the modern Christian woman. Sappho, the voluptuary, seeking with every art of fancy to gild with a more precious gold the pleasures of this life in order to make it seem more richly worth the living, adding in imagination a keener sweetness to the honey of the bee, a deeper redness to the rose, a more passionate throb to love's intoxicating fever, in order to garland the brow of the mortal for the feast of the passing moment. On the other hand, Mrs. Browning, the austere, the meditative, the self-denying, the invalid, feeling in the pain and weakness of her own frail body the universal pain and weakness of mankind, yet in the strength and love of her own spirit made conscious of the strength and love of the great God, who into all these wounds pours the balm of his peace and who around all this restlessness spreads his rest. It is the philosophy of Epicurus set over against the faith of Christ. It would be difficult to imagine two lives more different in their inspiration and result. Sappho, the self-seeker, kindling love's torch with such a burning flame that at last it consumed her, and flinging herself, as if to cool its parching ardor, into the drowning sea, where in the corpse of the poor suicide the self-seeker found

## An Address

herself at last. On the other hand, the love and sympathy which Mrs. Browning sent into the world returned with multiplying blessings to attend her path. The saddened world to which she had spoken so many words of solemn cheer made room, in all its turmoil and confusion, for a happy home for her. So full was she of the gospel of ultimate good out of all this evil,—ultimate rest out of all this pain,—that it seemed her faith worked a miracle upon her own stricken body and upon the prospects for her meager life; for it gave her a husband of whom she was so proud, who loved her so much, and made her so happy, that they removed their hearthstone to Italy in order that they might have an atmosphere on the outside of their windows as serene and sunny as that within. Diverse as were these two women in their environment and in the spirit and ending of their lives, still the light which their works throw upon our subject, namely, woman as a poet, is one and the same. In that light these facts appear:

First, that woman in the most ancient as well as modern times has been worthy of and has used well the highest gifts of song. She has been capable of the most delicate technique; for in some of the lines of Sappho's graceful Greek the odor of flowers, the whisper of lovers' voices, and the sound of the swift flight of spring birds have so scented and filled and coiled within the meaning of the words, they seem in spirit to be the objects which they describe.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

And woman; too, has exhibited capacity for the profoundest feeling. Mrs. Browning has dropped the plummet of her understanding into the very under-deeps of the ocean of this world's mysteries, while over its wastes of wide and unknown waters her sympathies have spread their white wings, like albatrosses, to drive away the lonesomeness.

Second, it appears that feminine genius, as manifested in poetry, is limited to one variety. She is essentially lyric; she sees by the light of her own eyes; she is subjective; she interprets nature, not selfishly, but in terms of her own self. The maiden who invokes the rose is Sappho's self. She is the Venus who sorrows so musically for Adonis. Mrs. Browning is Aurora Leigh. In the golden chapters of the Portuguese sonnets it is the history of her heart that is told. In her God giveth his beloved sleep. She seems to stretch out her hands in mother tenderness and blessing. Some one has said that Mrs. Browning wrote with a pen that had been drenched in the very blood of life. The blood was her blood, and the life her life. The letters varied, but the ink in which they were traced remained the same. Not a page of her poems that does not frame the dim outlines of her pensive face; not a note of her song in which is not heard the distinct accent of her sympathetic spirit.

This is lyric as opposed to dramatic poetry. There is the difference between Mrs. Browning and Shakespeare that there is between one who casts a javelin and an archer. The javelin falls in the

## An Address

view of him who threw it, while the arrow, with a loftier and more winged flight, passes out of the archer's sight. Mrs. Browning's imagination, wide-sweeping and deep-delving as it is, is so bound up with her personality that it carries her with it and flings her shadow upon every spot it visits. On the other hand, in Shakespeare's work there is no sign of Shakespeare. The art has been projected so far from the artist that they are entirely out of each other's view. The arrow has struck out of the archer's sight. "Macbeth," for instance, is a creation as complete and perfect, so far as it goes, as is this universe. The power to do this is what is meant by man being made in God's image. Shakespeare, like Vishnu, yearned to create a world, and did it. Mrs. Browning, like Freija, yearned to touch that world with love and brotherly kindness, and she did it. The feminine note in poetry, then, is essentially lyrical; it belongs to the skylark tribe—the Shelleys, the Pindars, the Bérangers. It is the voice to soothe and to inspire. In short, considering the gracious and tender functions of women among men, it is just the voice you would have expected her to lift up when she took the lyre to sing.

Young ladies, not all the poetry—not even the best poetry—which woman has contributed to the enrichment of the world has been composed in verse and printed in books. Her noblest poems have been lived, not written. In them beauty has been set to rhyme with duty, and at their comple-



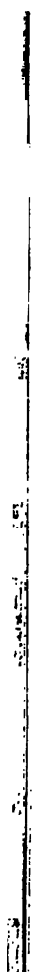
## Igerne, and Other Writings

tion the manuscript was given, not to a printer, to be blazoned among men, but to the almighty God, to be spread within the volume in which he keeps the record of his worthy women. The beauty of a noble deed is fairer than any image of fancy, and there are lives which, without the utterance of a single rhyme, have yet in themselves and in their wholesome teaching been lyrics of strength and odes of hopefulness and cheer. Let me remind you, young ladies, that in the poems you are making in your lives you have this morning, like the girls of a Greek chorus, turned from the strophe of your school-days to lift up your voices in the deep and solemn antistrophe of womanhood.

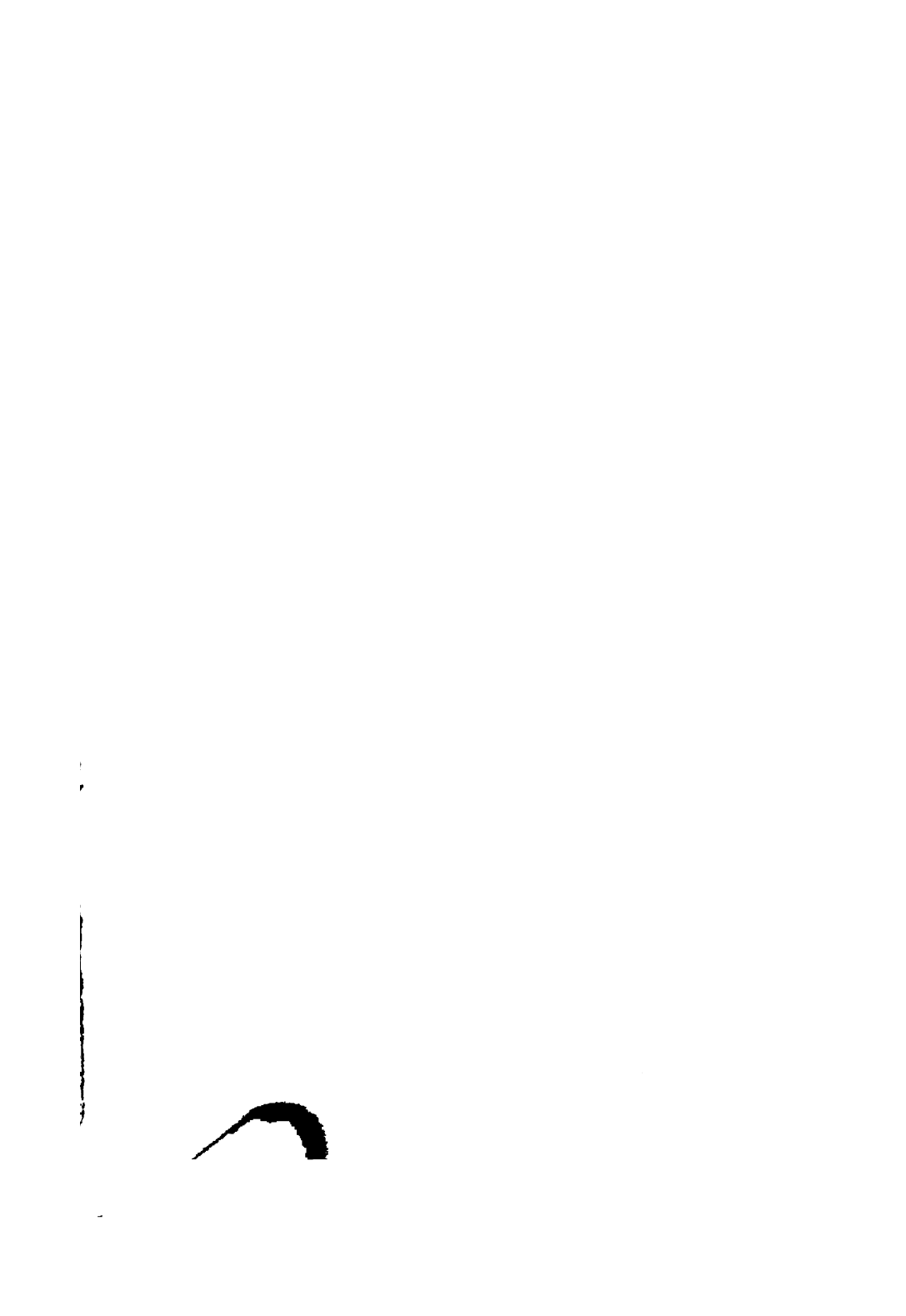
The Syrian Gnostics defined life as a moving music. Such may it prove to you. May your hours and days be so set as to make melody as they pass. You can do this by learning the essential rhymes of life and using them in your song. Learn the rhyme between living and giving, for all noble life is a giving. Our lives are gifts of God, and we can render them back to him best by exhausting them in good works. He who hoards himself loses himself, while he who spends himself in helpful deeds finds himself at every turn. Learn the rhyme between health and wealth. Health is wealth; it is the poor man's riches, and the lack of it is the poverty of the rich. Health and a good conscience are the two elements which compose happiness, just as oxygen and hydrogen make up water. Get these two and put them together,

## An Address

and the problem of life is solved. Temper your hearts with enthusiasm and love. Heat and pressure are able to extract a dozen beneficent gifts from even a lump of coal—oils and cosmetics, potent medicines, warmth and light. Enthusiasm is the pressure, and love the heat, which can resolve you into blessings a thousandfold more precious. You women are the real poets of earth ; in the old sense of the Greek word, *poietes*, it meant “maker,” and you make for men the sweetness and the joy of life. You rhyme his thoughts into lyrics of love, compose the epics of his peaceful days, and with the threnody of your sympathy steal the pains of his lamentation. Quest of you, desire to win and keep your hearts, has led him on his most renowned adventures. Two women led the hosts of Homer. The love of Helen drew Agamemnon and his Greeks to Troy ; and Ulysses, yearning for Penelope, led them home again. Dante sought through purgatory for his Beatrice. Mankind, like Apollo, is still following the woman, Daphne. That he should do so is a wise provision of Providence, for woman, having been the last created, came from heaven last, and better than he remembers the way along which to return. Let him always follow her and find in his earthly love a path to heaven.



## Common Sense



## COMMON SENSE

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT  
OF PRIOR INSTITUTE JASPER TENNESSEE  
6 JUNE 1892

COMING as I do from the county in which Judge Turney lives, and speaking to the people among whom he was born, I feel that I am still at home. Winchester and Jasper are divided by a mountain, but they are also united by a mountain—that mountain of a man, in the honors of whose birth and breeding they share part and part alike. Let me hasten to assure you, young ladies and gentlemen, that I meditate no campaign speech before you this evening. I am well aware that within these quiet walls, dedicated as they are to studious pursuits and tranquil thought, no echo of political strife should find its way. I have mentioned Judge Turney's name solely for the purpose of setting before you in the beginning a rough image of my talk; for he, better than any man I know, sums up and illustrates in himself the rugged virtues of that common sense of which I shall speak to you this evening.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Common sense. How did it ever get that name? What land has there been under the sun so fortunate that the people who dwelt in it had so much hard sense that it was called common? It must have been some of the Islands of the Blessed, of which the ancients knew—some Atlantis, long since submerged by an envious ocean. The fact is that in this day and generation a first-rate article of common sense is as rare as genius, and is a thousandfold more precious and comfortable to its possessor. Genius is the whistle of the locomotive, which with steaming shrieks indicates its progress, but common sense is the driving-wheel which moves the train. The world is better off, and has been set farther along the course of its highest progress, by one page of Franklin's common sense than by all of Byron's egotistical rhapsodies. About this common sense I come to speak to these young men and women this evening, and for my words I invoke a might equal to my desire to say something which will benefit and strengthen them.

When a carpenter sets about the building of a house, the first thing he does is to get a straight-edge with which to square his corners and keep his framing plumb. You are about to build houses of your lives. You have gathered here the ornaments and furniture for them—tapestries of curious learning, pictures of poetry, and mirrors of philosophy, into which you can look and see yourselves. As fancy has sketched them to you, your houses will be fair and beautiful. So may they be. But

## Common Sense

remember the lesson of the carpenter, and before you strike a single nail get a straight-edge of common sense and use it in the construction.

And what, then, is common sense? Common sense may be defined as a talent for deciding things in the right way. It is to the judgment what genius is to the understanding. It is in fact a genius for judgment. It is to a man what a watch is—a constant companion, an ever-present friend, ready at any minute to tell him the time of day; reminds him, reassures him, warns him, and sets his daily walks and habits according to that moderate pace which best permits happiness to keep up with a man in this world. Common sense has several other names, such as good fortune, luck, providence, and the like, but they are all fingers of the same hand, and common sense is the strong palm which grasps and holds the benefits which each in turn claims to have secured. Common sense means intellectual and moral sanity. It is to the mind what the clear eye of health is to the body. It sees plainly, without blur or distortion, the object before it, and for that reason it is the sworn enemy of shams and deception. It is no worship for a bedizened beauty, for it is too keenly conscious of the rouged blushes and the patched and enameled cheek; but, on the other hand, it gives its heart away to truth and honesty, for with careful eyes it has scanned their beauty and knows that they are lovely.

It is easy to recognize the man of common



## Igerne, and Other Writings

sense. You can tell him by his walk, for he walks straight; he is going somewhere; he has something to do. You can tell him by his laugh; it is clear and hearty; for it is the common sense of life to keep in the sunlight as much as possible, and out of the swamps and bottom-lands, where the miasma and fever germs of melancholy breed. And you can tell him from his hand-shake. If he is your friend, you feel in the grasp of his hand the pledge and promise of friendliness, and when you turn away it is with a heart renewed and strengthened. His presence is wholesome and invigorating, like the balsam odor of a pine-tree. I saw the other day just such a man; he was a farmer, and, as a matter of business, invited me out to visit him. I hitched my horse at the rack, and as I opened the gate I felt as if I were entering a territory presided over by good divinities. A neatly graveled walk stretched up to his doorway. It is common sense to keep your feet as well as your heart clean. On either side was fresh, smooth grass, with here and there clumps of those honest, old-fashioned flowers which look at you so tenderly, as if to remind you that your mother and grandmother and great-grandmother, in the days of their girlhood and courtship, had pulled them and worn them. And right here let me say to those who love flowers that the common sense of flower-culture is to cling to the old sorts, which have been our friends for generations, and let the new varieties, the stranger blossoms from the tropics,

## Common Sense

alone. They do not belong here; they are not worth the trouble they cost. The first frost kills them beyond hope of resurrection, while the old-fashioned flowers, the true and the trusty, are as regular as the springtime. They are part of the earth, and in the general gladness of May days they burst the clods with their smile; and I would not give one hollyhock, as in old-time gardens I have seen it stand in spiral beauty, holding on every side its crimson trumpets out for the bees to wallow in, or one snowball, tossing its airy spheres aloft or dropping its white leaves until the garden path became a milky way, for all the geraniums and fuchsias and orchids in the greenhouses of the land. Such was my friend's taste in flowers. As I stepped on his front porch he came out to meet me, a hale and hearty old man whom age had only softened and mellowed, but not withered. He was in his shirt-sleeves, for that is common sense in summer-time, and we sat down to talk business; and I thought then that if every citizen of the State had been like my old friend there would be no need for a law-court or a lawyer in the land. He knew his rights and upheld them; he knew mine and respected them. He held the scales with such an even hand that no one could doubt that justice had been weighed. There was the print of common sense on everything he had. He had caught the spirit of thrift and neatness, and built it into his fences and his barns. His fields were kept with care; for it is common

## Igerne, and Other Writings

sense for a farmer to keep his lands, like his character, free from weeds, which choke his crops and take away the richness of the soil. Presently his wife came to the door, the aged partner of his happy days. Her kindly mother-face was so full of gentleness and contentment that to look upon it was to read a poem of domestic love. She was still his sweetheart, and the gracious consciousness that she was fell like sunshine on her wrinkles. They had made the most of life, although life had been for them, in some sense, narrow and restricted. Riches had not gilded their home; in the usual acceptation of the term, they had not been educated; but still they were rich—rich in the comfortable result of their lives and in the quietness of their consciences; and educated, too—educated in the heavenly art of kindness and in the homely virtue of common sense. And as I rode away I turned to look at the evening sun, touching with its gold of a premature harvest the wheat-fields which surrounded that happy homestead; and I felt that if we could only catch and keep in every farm-house in the land a good article of common sense, we could afford to wipe out every city on the continent, and, as in the golden days of Hesiod, let perfect peace and tranquillity come back to dwell with mankind in the midst of his flocks and herds.

There is such a thing as national common sense, just as there is such a thing as national honor. Like men, there have been states that have been

## Common Sense

fools, and bitterly in their history have they paid for their lack of common sense. Take, for instance, Ireland, the land of the shamrock and the harp—the shamrock, whose divided leaves cause to be typified, even in the national emblem, the discord which has confused and brought to naught the noblest efforts of her sons; and the harp, whose sad strings have rung with the pitiful tale of her misfortunes. Why does she linger, a laggard in the race of this world's power? The sun shines as fair upon her as upon any other spot on the earth. She has a soul which in its exuberant richness, like a fond mother, provides for her wayward children a more abundant harvest than their careless tillage has deserved; but still they starve. Full of all that beauty and those romantic associations which draw the hearts of her people to her, they have yet been forced to see her the slave and drudge of an English lord, the minion of an alien power. Why has this been? Have her sons been lacking in manhood? In every land and in every cause they have done their duty nobly; they have fought well all battles but their own. Have they wanted intellect? Irish wit and humor are proverbial. Take out what is Irish in the literary and political history of England, and you have taken out some of its brightest names—Burke and Grattan, Goldsmith, Swift, and Sheridan, O'Connell and Curran, Moore, Lady Blessington and Lady Morgan. Ireland has had plenty of sense, but with it all she has had no common sense; and for

## Igerne, and Other Writings

that reason, in these days of wealth and freedom; she stands poor and dowerless, inheriting a rich soil, but still a famine-threatened pauper. With a keen sense of the delights of liberty, yet, from the lack of common sense necessary to achieve it and preserve it, doomed to stifle those yearnings within her breast, while unsuccessful revolutions from time to time have bereft her of her noblest sons—such is Ireland; and in close proximity, as if to contrast thrift with squalor, sound sense with the lack of it,—as if to make the beggar's rags seem more poor by laying them alongside the robe of royal purple,—lies England. With what words shall I speak of that great people? How shall I describe the vigor of that nation, which has been strong enough to sow the earth with the seeds of her colonies and hold together in one empire dominions in every clime and hemisphere? Where lies the secret of that strength? In this: there has never been the time when the average Englishman has not been a person of good common sense. It is a heritage from his Saxon forefathers and that sturdy race which, on the rough seas of its native Norse coast, learned to hold firm and true the helms of its Viking ships, and ever since has known how to manage its own business. There is something solid and conservative in every respect in England and the English people. Every landscape picture seems to have been the slow work of time. The hedges have been generations lacing themselves together. The hamlets scattered here and

## Common Sense

there so harmonize with their setting that they appear to have grown up out of the earth, with the soil still clinging to them in the shape of vines and running flowers. Even the rains fall gently, and there are no thunder-storms. Nothing is sudden, nothing revolutionary. The people have that deliberate and steady pace which is becoming to those who walk in that quiet country. There is no hurry, no excitement. "*Festina lentè*" is their motto. They have made haste slowly. At each step they have been sure of their footing, and each step has meant progress toward some ideal of politics and social ethics. They never have been dreamers of dreams. They have never sought to realize upon this earthly planet systems of government and society which would only be possible among the angel inhabitants of the stars. They have been content to make the best of things by bettering existing conditions in the most effective and prudent manner. The constitution under which they live is one of the most wonderful growths in human history. It has now been six hundred years since the bold barons who stood for England snatched from the hand of King John the seed of liberty, and, turning up the sod with their swords, planted it in the meadows of Runnymede. Like an oak-tree it has grown, enlarging with every generation, broadening with every age, until it has now gathered almost the whole people within its shade and protection. When France wishes to change a clause of her constitution she does it

## Igerne, and Other Writings

with the guillotine. Revolution spreads open the volume, and the ink in which she writes it is the red blood of her citizens. The fire at which she softens the wax for affixing her great seal is the holocaust of her cities and villages. On the other hand, the English constitution, expanding with common sense, has been a growth of peace. It has developed with the ideas of the people, neither in advance nor behind them, and for that reason it fits them. And if I were asked how long the power of the English people will endure, I would say, As long as they keep their common sense; as long as they hasten slowly; as long as they keep their homes clean and their lives honorable and thrifty.

Four years is the usual time required for a college education. During four years of the Civil War this Southern country of ours learned lessons which she will remember till the closing moment of her history. Her sons learned how to die for her, and those who survived learned how to live nobly for her, and turn disaster and defeat into benefit and advantage. In what seemed to be the eclipse of all earthly hope we suddenly found a revelation of that practical common sense which has taught us, like modern Sindbads, to gather up in the very valley of despair the jewels of our most precious riches. In the light of practical common sense we have seen that our mountains are full of iron. We have set our drills to the seams of coal which for generations have been staring at us from

## Common Sense

bluffs and hillsides and inviting us to their possession. The blast-furnaces which by night illumine our valleys are for us the flushing dawn of prosperous years. Common sense has explained to us that a spindle will run as easily in Tennessee as in Connecticut, and that it is nonsense to take our cotton to New England to be spun. We have heard the clamor of our mountain streams as in their tumbling strength they have besought us for wheels to turn, and in gorge and glen with mill and factory we have yoked them to their work.

Speaking to this young generation, who soon will possess this country, I would charge my words with such weight as would cause them to realize that in their hands lies the sowing of all the harvest of the future. The time of our lives has fallen in a momentous epoch. We stand in the gathering twilight which marks the close of the nineteenth century. Strange sounds fill the air, and vast and awful figures are taking shape in the deepening gloom—anarchy, the ruining rule of the rich, a snobbish, mushroom aristocracy, and a perverted and idolatrous form of the religion of Christ. A hundred years ago, after the earthquake of Lisbon, the terror and tremor of the French Revolution were convulsing the earth; and now, a hundred years later, after the Charleston earthquake, we feel those tremors and that deep uneasiness revived. All that is best in humanity and in human institutions is girding itself for a struggle with the powers that fight against light and liberty. It will be no



## Igerne, and Other Writings

distant contest waged in a far-off land ; it is now and here, and your name has been called in the muster. Arm yourself with that common sense against which nothing foul and false shall prevail, and be of good cheer ; for the stars which fought against Sisera are fighting on your side.

## **The Ancient Water-mill**

From "Cap and Gown," 1883.



## THE ANCIENT WATER-MILL

**B**ESIDE a little gurgling creek  
That runneth like a shining streak,  
Under a cliff-faced hill's rough, rock-boned breast,  
Standeth an ancient water-mill,  
Whose dry old wheel hangeth as still  
As if, with life's work wholly done, it took death's  
rest.

No more adown the steep, rough road  
Tight-reining teamster drives his load  
(Brown autumn's harvest gift) unto the rumbling  
mill;

No more upon his broad, strong back  
The miller heaves the string-choked sack  
From boy-rid horse into the dusty, trembling sill.

For silence now doth grind a grist  
Of death between the millstones' whist,  
Nor need the little creek that runneth idly by,  
Babbling in bubble words the truth  
That God's things have perpetual youth,  
And that man's mill falls down before His stream  
runs dry.

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Greece, with her proud tiaraed hills,  
White-palaced Rome, were water-mills  
That once stood grandly grinding in the stream of  
time.

Their wheels have stopped, their glories gone ;  
But still the flood of years rolls on,  
As if, with pulse in tune, to calm eternity's slow  
rhyme.

I think the universe in all  
Its pomp, the star-embroidered pall  
That night spreads over dead day's rosy, cofined  
face,

The earth that blooms, the sun that burns,  
All make a mighty mill that turns  
In the deep, bankless river of God's strength and  
grace.

Its mill-race is the Milky Way,  
That runs from heaven's hillside gray,  
Beating its white tide on its wheels until they move ;  
And thither singing angel swains  
Bring golden grain from sunset plains,  
And this fair grist it grinds to human life and love.

The flaming worlds will melt like snow  
Sometime from the blue sky, I know ;  
Day will grow old, and morning break her crimson  
bars ;

But then the stream outwears the mill,  
And still the stream of God's strength will  
Flow on, seeping through shining scraps of shat-  
tered stars.

## **An Indian Death-song**

Recited to the Lotus Circle of Nashville, January 10, 1886.



## AN INDIAN DEATH-SONG

OR THE DYING INDIAN TO HIS BRIDE

COME nearer, my love, and kiss me good-by;  
Let our lips touch once more ere we part:  
For I feel the red springs of my life running dry;  
Death's shadowy hand is over my eye,  
And his cold finger touches my heart.

I am going away to the beautiful isles  
That float in the blue western sea,  
Where evening drops down rosy sunset smiles  
On the amber beds and coral piles  
That bescatter its white, sandy lea.

I will follow thro' wood and oozy swamp  
My lonely course afar;  
And when day's brow is wet with night's death-  
damp  
I will walk by the light of a firefly lamp  
Tow'rd the home of the evening star.

I will rest not until by a strange, wild sea  
With trackless feet I stand;



## Igerne, and Other Writings

Where the billows swell in dismal glee  
From the welling deeps of eternity,  
And die into time on the sand.

I will launch in a boat that is spangled and pearled  
With beads of the ocean's dew;  
And then, with my shadowy sails unfurled,  
I will float to the shores of the beautiful world  
In my spirit-wafted canoe.

Oh, thither the brave and the virtuous go  
When they've smoked life's pipe till it's cold;  
When death knocks out in a grave below  
The ashes of love and the dust of woe,  
And covers up mold with mold.

Then the soul flies out from its cage of clay  
Like a forest bird from a cave,  
And, warbling a song to the smiling day,  
Wheels its spirit-wing and skims away  
Peaceward, o'er the western wave.

There sorrow comes not, and the dew on the flowers  
Is the only thing like a tear;  
And the winds that steal down from the storm's  
watch-towers  
To whisper their woes through the green hanging  
bowers  
Make the only sighs you can hear.

There autumn shakes down her yellow-leaf'd hair,  
And flowery-moccasin'd spring

## An Indian Death-song

Blows her blossomy breath of fragrant air  
On summer's ripe cheek, fruit-hanging and fair,  
And the touch of joy is on everything.

Sweet bough-minstrels warble among the green trees  
Until every wind is a tune ;  
And music floats on the odor-drunk breeze  
In drifts of song like foam on the seas  
Which swell 'neath the silver moon.

Through moss-vested glades where magnolias grow  
And nod their white plumes in the air,  
I will twang the dim string of my shadowy bow  
At whirring pheasant and bounding doe,  
And fierce-fang'd, bristling bear.

I will climb to the tops of the snow-cloak'd hills,  
Where old winter sits and weeps  
Till his sparkling grief at his eye o'erspills,  
And in icy glee the silver-shod rills  
Trip down the mountainous steeps.

I will plait me a line from a white moonbeam,  
And in the clear running brook,  
Where the trout glide about thro' the glancing  
stream  
Like shadowy thoughts thro' a silvery dream,  
I will drop my skimming hook.

But the sweetest joy that can come to me there  
Will be remembering thee ;

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Far sweeter the thought of thy dark eyes and hair  
Than any sound of the musical air  
Or song of the shell-blowing sea.

And every eve when the red sun lies  
Low-hung in the purple west,  
Like a prophecy about to drop from the skies,  
With the great Spirit's love all alit in his eyes  
And his glories heaped up on his breast,

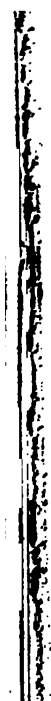
I will stand alone on the pearl-sanded lea  
Where the wave-crowning foam-wreaths float,  
To see if over the shadowy sea  
The billows are bearing my love to me  
In her white-prowed, spirit-blown boat.

And one eve you will come, and together we'll turn  
Back into the spice-breathing grove;  
And anew the lesson of bliss we will learn,  
And the lamp of our love, fresh lighted, will burn  
Like the stars God has lighted above.

. . . . .

This kiss is our last, for the black-browed singers  
Are chanting the hymn of woe.  
My hand feels the touch of strange spirit-fingers,  
That bid me to haste—that so lovingly lingers.  
Take your arms from my neck—I must go.

## A Speech



## A SPEECH

SECONDING THE NOMINATION OF PETER TURNEY  
FOR GOVERNOR 9 AUGUST 1892 FOUR  
WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH

**M**R. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-DEMOCRATS:  
Speaking for Franklin County, whose red-clay hills to-day swell with mother's pride, I second that nomination.

We know the man that you have named. He is all a Tennessean and a Democrat. He springs from that sturdy pioneer stock which, if Democracy had not existed, would have invented it in Tennessee. Invited by their own bold hearts, they crossed the mountains, and here in the virgin freedom of the wilderness they founded this State in that liberty which is Democracy. We are wedded to its doctrines. Andrew Jackson did the wooing, and in the name of the Volunteer State married our destiny to it forever. In the executive chamber below us the portrait of our great sponsor hangs on the wall, scanning with stern scrutiny the Democracy of each succeeding governor. Peter

## Igerne, and Other Writings

Turney is the man who can sit easy in that searching presence.

He sums within himself the ideal Tennessean and Democratic citizen. Born on a farm and himself a farmer, he has crowned that noble calling with the ripest learning of the law. In war his courage made him a leader, and in peace his justice made him a judge. Learned without pedantry, strong yet gentle, stern yet merciful, with not a thorn of arrogance in all the roses of his fame, the man is so great that honors would grow humble when they touched him, did he not bear them with such grace as makes them more worth the wearing. He is a Roman in every inch of his noble person, in every impulse of his noble heart. For thirty-five years he has walked in the public presence, and not an eye has marked a single swerving step in all that stately march. This son of hers, in whose raising she has honored this State, Franklin County, at your bidding, proudly gives for Tennessee to honor.

The End





